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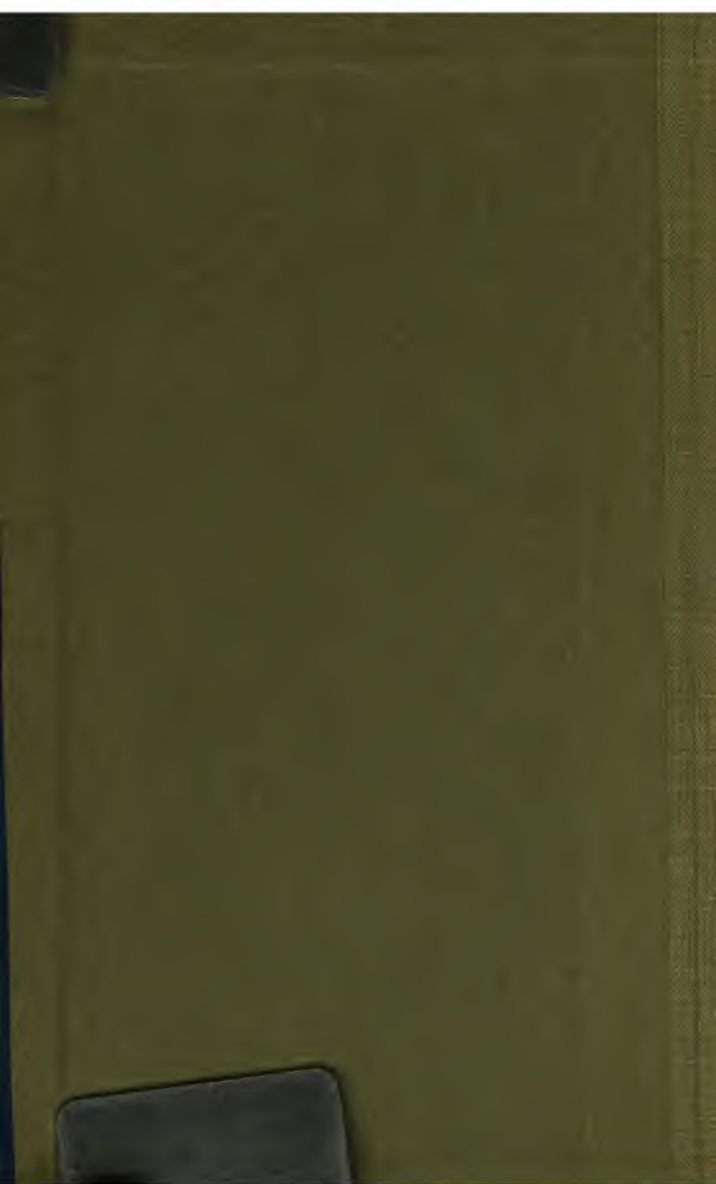
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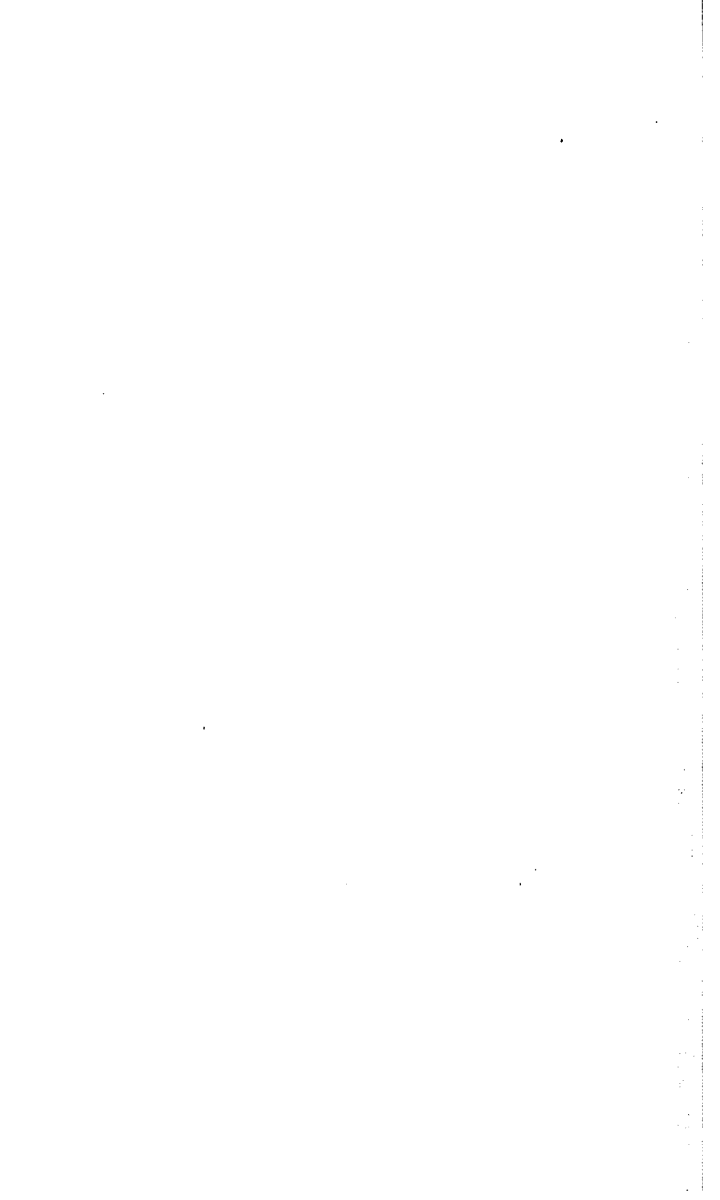
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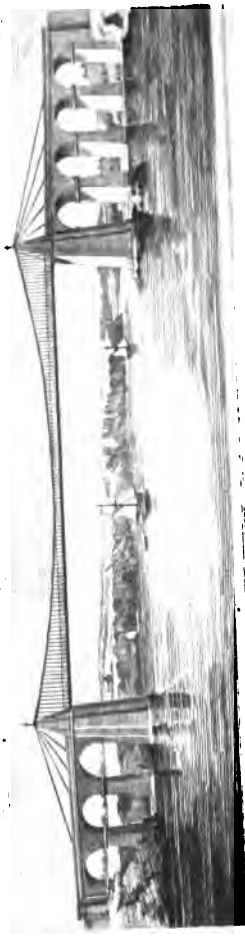
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ACCOUNT

OF THE

WELSH LANGUAGE.

THE FORCE OF THE LETTERS—LIST OF PRIMITIVE WORDS—
CHARACTER OF THE LANGUAGE AND OF THE POETRY.

It is supposed, that there were anciently, in the Welsh or British language *, no less than thirty-six letters, sixteen of which were radicals, that expressed the primary sounds ; and the rest, modulations or dependents on them. For each of these, it is probable that there was formerly a simple appropriate character ; but, since the invention of printing, and the introduction of Roman letters, it has been necessary, for want of a sufficient variety of cast for

* For much of the present essay I am indebted to the following works :—*Commentarioli Britanniae descriptionis fragmentum*, Auctore Humfredo Llwyd ; *Powel's History of Wales* ; *Edward Llwyd's Notes*, in Gibson's edition of *Camden's Britannica* ; *Rowland's Mona Antiqua Restaurata* ; *Stukeley's Medallie History* ; the Preface to *Owen's Translation of the Elegies of Llywarch Hen* ; *Jones's Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards* ; the *Monthly Magazine*, and the first and second volumes of the *Cambrian Register*.

the purpose, to adopt two, and in one instance even three, of those letters, to express one sound or character, by which much of the simplicity and beauty of the proper alphabet has been lost.

The present printed books contain only twenty-seven characters : A, B, C, Ch, D, Dd, E, F, Ff, G, Ng, H, I, L, Ll, M, N, O, P, Ph, R, S, T, Th, U, W, and Y ; having neither J, K, X, nor Z. C answers the purpose of K, when joined with W or Q ; and when placed with S, of X. It is said that Z is used in the Armorican language, which is a dialect of this, but the Welsh disown it.

No letter has any variation of sound, except the accented vowels \hat{a} , \hat{e} , \hat{i} , \hat{o} , \hat{u} , \hat{w} , \hat{y} , which are lengthened, or otherwise, according to the power of the accent, and all are pronounced, as there are no mutes.

A has the same sound as the English open *a* in the word *bard*.

C is always hard as *k*.

Ch, which is accounted but as one consonant, is a guttural, as *Chi* in Greek, or *ch*, *Cheth*, in Hebrew.

Dd is an aspirated *d*, and has the sound of *th* in the words *this*, *that*. *Dda*, good, is pronounced *Tha*.

F has the sound of an English *v*.

I is sounded as in the Italian, or like our *ee* in *been* : thus *cſl*, a retreat, is pronounced *keel*.

Ll is an aspirated *l*, and has much the sound of *thl*. *Llangollen* is pronounced *Thlangothlen*.

R, as in the Greek language, is always aspirated at the beginning of a word.

U sounds like the *i* in *limb*, *him*, &c.

W is a vowel, and has the power of *oo* in *soon*.

Y is in some words pronounced like *i* in *third* ; in others

like *o* in *honey* ; and again, in others as the *u* in *mud*, *must*, &c.

V is sometimes used instead of *f*. *B* and *P*, *C* and *G*, and *U* and *Y*, are used promiscuously, as were formerly *V* and *M*.

The following is a list of primitive words, which as they very commonly occur in the names of places, &c. the tourist may find them of use.

Aber, a confluence ; the fall of one river into another or into the sea, as *Aberdovey*, the conflux of the Dovey.

Avon, what flows ; and from thence a stream or river.

Allt, a cliff ; the steep of a hill.

Ar, upon ; bordering or abutting upon.

Bach, and *Bychan*, little : these are of the masculine gender, and *Vychan* and *Vechan* are feminine.

Bôd, a dwelling, residence, or station.

Bryn, a hill.

Bwlch, a gap or pass between rocks.

Cader, a keep, fortress, or strong hold.

Caer, a fort, or fortified place, generally constructed with stones and mortar.

Castell, a castle.

Coed, a wood.

Carnedd, a heap of stones.

Cefen, a ridge ; a high ground.

Clawdd, a dike, ditch, or trench ; and sometimes a wall or fence.

Clogwyn, a precipice.

Craig, a rock :—from this the English word *Crag* is derived.

Cwm, a great hollow or glen ; sometimes a valley.

Dinas, a fort, or fortified place, constructed in general

with a rampart of loose stones and earth without any cement.

Dôl, a meadow or dale in the bend of a river.

Drws, a door, pass, or opening.

Dû, black.

Dyffryn, a wide cultivated valley.

Ffynnon, a spring, well, or source.

Garth, a mountain that bends round, or that incloses.

Glan, a bank or shore.

Glyn, a deep vale, through which a river runs :—from hence was derived our word *Glen*.

Gwern, a watery meadow.

Gwydd, a wood ; woody or wild.

Gwyn, white.

Goch, or *Coch*, red.

Llan, a smooth plot ; a place of meeting ; the church, place or village ; and figuratively the church.

Llech, a flat stone or crag ; a smooth cliff.

Lhwyn, a grove or copse.

Llyn, a pool, pond, or mere.

Maen, a stone.

Maes, an open field.

Mawr, great :—*Vaeh*, little.

Moel, fair ; bald ; a smooth mountain.

Morfa, a marsh.

Mynydd, a mountain.

Pant, a narrow hollow, or ravine.

Pen, a head, top, or end.

Plás, a hall, or mansion.

Pont, a bridge.

Porth, a port.

Rhiw, an ascent.

Rhôs, a moist plain, or meadow.

Rhyd, a ford.

Sarn, a causeway.

Tal, the front, head, or end.

Traeth, a sand on the sea-shore.

Tref, a township.

Ty, a house.

Ynys, an island.

The Welsh language is possessed of numerous beauties. Its copiousness is very great; and it has no rival in the variety of its synonymous forms of expression, principally arising from the rich combinations of its verbs; for every simple verb has about twenty modifications, by means of qualifying prefixes; and in every form it may be conjugated, either by inflexions, like the Latin, or by the auxiliaries, as in English. It rivals the Greek, in its aptitude to form the most beautiful derivatives, as well as in the elegance, facility, and expressiveness of an infinite variety of compounds. The author of letters from Snowdon has justly remarked, that it has the softness and harmony of the Italian, with the majesty and expression of the Greek. Of these I will give two singular and striking instances, one of which is an *Englyn*, or epigram on the silk-worm; composed entirely of vowels.

O'i wiw y [^]wi weu ê â, a'i weuau

O'i [^]wyau y weua;

E' weua ei [^]we aia',

A'i weuau yw ieuau iâ.

“ I perish by my art; dig mine own grave:

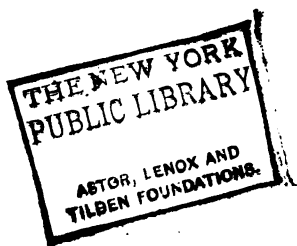
I spin my thread of life; my death I weave.”

The other a distich on thunder, the grandeur of which is scarcely to be surpassed in any language.

Tân a dŵr yn ymwriaw,
Yw'r taranau dreigiau draw.

“The roaring thunder, dreadful in its ire,
Its water warring with aerial fire.”

The metre of the Welsh poetry is very artificial and alliterative, possessing such peculiar ingenuity in the selection and arrangement of words, as to produce a rhythmical concatenation of sounds in every verse. The old British language abounded with consonants, and was formed of monosyllables, which are incompatible with quantity; and the bards could reduce it to concord by no other means than by placing at such intervals its harsher consonants, so intermixing them with vowels, and so adapting, repeating, and dividing the several sounds, as to produce an agreeable effect from their structure. Hence the laws of poetical composition in this language are so strict and rigorous, that were it not for a particular aptitude that it has for that kind of alliterative melody, which is as essential as harmony in music, and which constitutes the great beauty of its poetry, the genius of the bard must have been greatly cramped. To the ears of the natives, the Welsh metre is extremely pleasing, and does not subject the bard to more restraint than the different sorts of feet occasioned to the Greek and Roman poets. From the reign of Llywelyn to that of Elizabeth, the laws of alliteration were prescribed, and observed with such scrupulous exactness, that a line not perfectly alliterative was condemned as much by the Welsh grammarians, as a false quantity was by the Greeks and Romans.



S. WALES.

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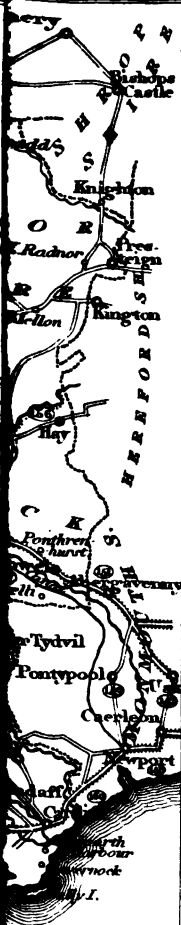
S T G E O R G E S



EXPLANATION.

- Market Towns as..... North
- Villages..... Llanelli
- Mail Coach Roads.....
- Turnpike Roads.....
- Canals.....

B R I



Scale to Ten miles shown.

THE

CAMBRIAN TOURIST.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt. THOMSON.

As a central situation from which to undertake a Tour to either North or South Wales, and to which conveyances are now established from all parts of England and Scotland, I fixed on Oxford. And should the Tourist's undertaking be commenced early in the season, and his time to enjoy it be ample, he will have the opportunity of viewing this seat of learning and nursery of the arts to advantage; the elegant piles of building which Oxford exhibits, the stores of learned wealth which it possesses, and the beautiful paintings which adorn its halls and colleges, are so cheaply and so fully described in the Oxford Guides, that to attempt to do it in this work would be superfluous, if not ridiculous: still I may be excused for pointing out to those whose period of stay may be limited, the objects more particularly worthy their attention. The three churches generally viewed are St. Mary's, All Saints, and St. Peter's in the East. St. Mary's is the church used by the University on Sundays and holidays: All Saints is a beautiful modern structure, in the High-

street : St. Peter's in the East is very ancient ; it was formerly the University Church, and is now, during Lent, attended by the members of it, for afternoon service.

The Bodleian or University Library, one of the largest in Europe, as well as the Picture Gallery, are to be seen in summer, from eight to two o'clock, and from three to five ; in the winter only till three in the afternoon. The Arundel marbles are placed in a large room on the north side of the Schools. The Theatre, in which are held the Public Acts, called the Comitia, and Encœnia, and Lord Crewe's annual commemoration, in June or July, of the benefactors to the University, when the prizes adjudged to particular performances are publicly recited, is a superb edifice, and was built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expense of Archbishop Sheldon : it cost 16,000*l.* ; its roof has been greatly admired. Near this, on the west, stands the Ashmolean Museum of natural curiosities, coins, &c. &c. and on the other side of the Theatre, the Clarendon Printing-house. Southward of the Schools stands in a fine area the celebrated Radcliffe Library, a noble building with a handsome dome.

St. Mary Magdalene College at the east end of the city, near the river Cherwell, is particularly worthy of attention, were it only to see the picture of our Saviour bearing his cross ; supposed to be painted by Guido. Such is the awful solemnity of the place, and the impressive beauty of this painting, as well as of the windows, particularly of that representing the last judgment, that none can be better calculated to give a favourable bias to the mind of youth ; for should religion waver in the mind, the sweet benignity of Him who died to save mankind

Shall on the heart impress such grateful love,
That Atheist ne'er can shake, or Deist move.

The Cloister of this College, which remains in its primitive state, is the most venerable of the University; the interior is ornamented with curious hieroglyphics, the key to which is very fully given in the Oxford Guide, from an ancient manuscript in the College.

Passing by numerous other Colleges and Halls, all interesting, if the time and inclination of the Tourist permit him to visit them, I shall proceed to Christ Church, which merits particular attention. This College consists of four courts: 1. The great Quadrangle; 2. Peckwater square; 3. Canterbury court; 4. The Chaplain's court; and some other buildings. The noble west front is 382 feet in length. Over the great gate in the middle of this front is a beautiful tower, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, erected by Dr. Fell, in which is hung the great bell, called Tom, the weight of which is eight tons and a half: on the sound of this bell, the scholars of the University are to retire to their respective Colleges.

The great Quadrangle is 264 by 261 feet in the clear. The Hall takes up more than half the south side: we ascend to it by a spacious and stately staircase of stone, the roof of which, supported by a single pillar, is beautiful. The staircase, lobby, and entrance into the hall, have been altered under the direction of Mr. Wyatt. The Hall is by far the most magnificent room of the kind in Oxford. There are near 300 compartments in the cornice, which are embellished with as many coats of arms, carved and blazoned in their proper colours. At the upper end of the hall the beautiful gothic window merits attention.—For the long list of portraits of eminent persons that adorn the walls, *vide* Oxford Guide.

Christ Church, which is the cathedral of the diocese,

formerly belonged to St. Frideswide's Monastery ; for the roof of the choir, which is of beautiful stone-work, it was indebted to Cardinal Wolsey.

The east window was painted by Mr. Price, senior, of London, from a design by Sir James Thornhill. The window at the north corner of the west end is curiously painted, representing St. Peter delivered out of prison by the angel. It was executed by Oliver, in his eighteenth year. The fine ring of ten bells in the steeple, as well as Tom before described, were brought from Oseney Abbey. Choir service is performed every day at ten and five ; except on Sundays and holidays, when it is at eight in the morning.

Three sides of Peckwater court are uniform, designed by Dr. Aldrich. On the fourth side is the Library, 141 feet long, built in the Corinthian order. In the lower apartments to the right and left are deposited the celebrated collection of pictures, given to the College by Gen. Guise. Amongst these is the celebrated performance of Annibal Caracci, representing his family in a butcher's shop. St. Francis in a vision supported by angels, by ditto. A Medusa's head, by Rubens. Two Nativities, by Titian. A Nativity, by Raphael. The flight into Egypt, by Guido Rini. Two half-lengths of women, by Dominichino. Jesus and Saint John embracing, by Raphael, &c. &c.

For a farther account of the various beauties of Oxford, I must again recommend the Tourist to refer to the Oxford Guide, as well as for information with respect to Heythrop, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, 17 miles N. of Oxford ; Ditchley, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Dillon, about four miles and a half from Heythrop ; or Nuneham Courtney, the seat of Earl Harcourt,

which affords the richest treat to the admirers of fine paintings that the country affords.

But if a soldier's ardour warms his soul, and he would fain be led to deeds of arms, pursue the road to honour, and seek the pinnacle of fame, to Blenheim's towers let him turn his steps; and let the gentle Rosamond's hard fate midst Woodstock's bowers beguile him of a sigh; for love and war should still go hand in hand. Here well-earned honours have been well repaid; and great as Marlborough's noble deeds in arms shall shine in the historic page, still shall a sovereign's and a nation's gratitude outvie the hero's deeds.

Blenheim, the princely residence of his grace the Duke of Marlborough, is situated about eight miles from Oxford, to the west of Woodstock, from which town you enter the Park by a spacious portal of the Corinthian order. The noble view of the castle of Blenheim, the extent of the park, the lake, valley, and richly varied scenery, are from hence highly impressive. The architecture of this noble pile of building, the interior finish and display of the arts, increase rather than diminish the first impression. The circumference of the park is about eleven miles: the gardens are tastefully displayed, owing much to nature, whose beauties are here happily blended with art.

The distance from Woodstock to Witney is eight miles and three quarters, by a turnpike road; thence to Burford, seven miles and a quarter; Northleach, nine miles; Cheltenham, twelve miles and three quarters.

CHELTENHAM.

'Twas from hence with a friend, an equal admirer of Nature's landscapes, and attached to pedestrian independ-

ence, that they agreed to visit the wild and impressive scenery of the Cambrian mountains. The outlines of their route being arranged, they sallied forth in the month of July from this place so much resorted to, and celebrated for its mineral waters. Since it has become a place of fashion, the lodging-houses have been considerably improved, and rendered comfortable for the company, who make this place their residence. The season usually commences about May, and frequently continues till the beginning of November. The majority of the company who frequent Cheltenham resort here not so much for the purpose of water-drinking, as to enjoy the delightful walks and rides, and partake of the sociability of the neighbourhood.

The Walk at the Pump-room, well planned, and kept in excellent order, is planted on each side with limes; at the end is a small square, where the pump is situate, with a room on the left for the accommodation of the company to promenade, measuring sixty-six feet by twenty-three: on the opposite side a reading-room, with a billiard-table over: and a house, the residence of the attendant at the Spa: beyond that is a similar walk which leads to another serpentine walk; from the end of this, the spire of Cheltenham church forms a beautiful object. Near these walks stands, on an eminence, the seat of the Earl of Fauconberg; which was the royal residence during their Majesties' stay from July 12 to August 16, 1788.

In respect to the Rides, Cleave Hill, Dowdeswell, &c. Tewkesbury and Gloucester, are most admired.

Speaking of the history of the place, we find Cheltenham was a town in the reign of King William the Conqueror; Edward likewise is supposed to have marched through it, before he encamped his army on the field of

Tewkesbury, previous to the battle of the houses of York and Lancaster.

Three days may be passed very pleasantly at this place, in viewing the various improvements that have been made in the last twenty-five years, tending both to increase the health and pleasure of its numerous and respectable visitors : for these improvements the town is greatly indebted to the exertions of Messrs. Moreau, King, and Fotheringham, the masters of the ceremonies. Duty with such men scarcely required the additional stimulus of interest to render it efficacious ; but with so powerful an auxiliary it was irresistible : thousands have been expended after thousands ; public spirit was roused, and competition excited. The public as well as Messrs. Thompson, Skillicorne, Capstick, Smith, Barrett, Watson and Co., and all others who have spiritedly adventured their property, will, I hope, derive mutual advantage, if not checked by the high charges of some of the head inns, and the enormous establishments of the overbearing, monopolizing barrack lodging-houses, apparently better calculated for workhouses or houses of correction, than places of residence for valetudinarians.

The wells and baths are numerous, and calculated, under proper medical superintendence, for all chronic disorders and constitutions ; but they are not to be trifled with : professional advice, for their proper use, is absolutely necessary.

Of the efficacy of the water, to which this town is indebted for its present celebrity, I refer my readers to a Treatise published by Dr. Fothergill, of Bath.

The church is a respectable old building, by far too crowded and encumbered with galleries, and what are intended as accommodations for a large congregation, to

allow all parties to participate in and profit by the excellent and elegant moral and religious discourses there delivered.

The rooms and public receptacles for company, it should be the business of some party to see closed, at all events on Sunday, and particularly on Sunday morning, against those errant gamblers, that will eventually be the bane of Cheltenham.

Libraries and Banks are numerous, as are conveyances to London through Oxford, and to Bristol through Gloucester: here likewise are conveyances to Hereford, Worcester, Birmingham, &c., and by that route to North Wales; but this is not to be depended upon: but to South Wales, through Gloucester and Hereford, the conveyance by coach and waggon for passengers or baggage is ready and convenient.

For further particulars relative to this splendid modern establishment, for such Cheltenham certainly may with propriety be designated, I must refer the reader to the Cheltenham Guide; the information derived from which will amply repay him for its trifling cost. From hence to Gloucester, eight miles one furlong, the road excellent; and if time allows, Tewkesbury is worthy of a visit, being only nine miles from Cheltenham, and ten miles and an half from Gloucester.

Its ancient abbey is a venerable building, founded in 715 by two brothers, Odo and Dodo, who endowed it with the manor of Stanway in Gloucestershire, &c. &c. sufficient to maintain a prior and four monks of the order of Benedictines: this priory was afterwards, about the year 980, subjected to the priory of Cranbourne, in Dorsetshire, but being subsequently rebuilt in 1102, by Robert Fitz-Hamon, and its endowments greatly enlarged,

Girald the Abbot of Cranbourne, on account of the fruitfulness of the soil and superiority of its situation, removed his establishment to it, leaving only a prior and two monks at Cranbourne. From this period it appears to have risen in consequence as a town.

The ashes of many noble characters are here deposited ; and amongst the rest, amidst the mingled heap of slain and murdered at and after the battle of Tewkesbury, those of the accomplished and lamented Edward, Prince of Wales, son of King Henry the Sixth ; Edmund, Duke of Somerset ; his brother John de Somerset, the Earl of Devonshire ; Lord Wenlock, master of the horse to the Prince, with numerous others. Here likewise rest in peace, where all animosities are forgotten, the remains of *false, fleeting, perjured Clarence* ; as also those of Isabel his wife, who was buried with great pomp and solemnity.

Further particulars of this ancient town, the reader will obtain by reference to a small but interesting historical work, on the Antiquities of Tewkesbury, by W. Dyde of that place ; who, after giving a very full and explicit account of the contest betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster, concludes by saying, “ The local memorials of this very decisive battle are but few. The principal scenes of the action are the meadow, which has received the appellation of Bloody Meadow, and the Vineyard. The former lies between two gently descending banks, about half a mile south-west of the town, and was the spot where the slaughter was the greatest. The latter was the place where Queen Margaret lay, and where some intrenchments are still to be traced.”

Stebbing says, “ to the monastery and convent of Tewkesbury, King Henry the Seventh granted the parochial church of Towton to pray for the soul of Edmund

Duke of Somerset, his brother John, and others, who lost their lives in the quarrel of the house of Lancaster."

The entrance to Tewkesbury from Worcester, or Hereford and Malvern, after a heavy fall of rain, presents to the eye the largest moveable body of inland water I have witnessed in England; the junction of the Severn, and the Warwickshire Avon, each overflowing their banks, rushing down two beautiful vales to join their currents opposite the town, and augmenting their volume by the two tributary streams of the Carron and the Swilgate, impress you with the idea of the vicinity of the sea, and the power of the tide, to collect so large a body of that fluid element in such overpowering currents. The drive or ride from Tewkesbury to Upton, and from thence to Malvern hills, is beautiful; indeed not one inch of this delightful country should be missed or slighted, by travelling over it in the dark or in bad weather: the view from Malvern hills over Worcester, and the rich vale through which the Severn's current rolls, is perhaps as fine a one as the eye of the painter could wish to be indulged with. Winding round the Malvern hills by a good turnpike road, you gain the Herefordshire view, with the mountains of Wales in the back ground, having Ross on the left, and Bromyard, Leominster, and Salop on the right; descending the hill, you soon reach Ledbury, scarcely remarkable for any thing but the antiquity of its houses, and the fine quality of the cider and perry made in its vicinity. Malvern is about an equal distance from Ledbury and Upton, and those places are nearly equidistant from

GLOCESTER.

The pin manufactory was established here by John

Tisley, in the year 1626, and the business is now become so extensive, that the returns from London alone are estimated at near twenty thousand pounds per annum. Before the introduction of pins into England, anno 1543, skewers of brass, silver and gold, and likewise thorns curiously scraped, called by the Welsh women pindraen, were used. Though the pins themselves are apparently simple, yet their manufacture is not a little curious and complex. The wire in its most rough state is brought from a wire company in the neighbourhood of Bristol: till the year 1563, English iron wire was drawn out by manual strength. The first operation attending this curious process is the fixing the circular roll of wire to the circumference of a wheel, which in its rotation throwing the wire against a board, with great violence, takes off the black external coat: vitriol is next applied to bring the brass to its common colour. The brass wire being too thick for the purpose of being cut into pins, is reduced to any dimension the workman pleases, by forcibly drawing it through an orifice in a steel plate, of a similar diameter. The wire being thus reduced to its proper dimensions, is next straightened: it is then cut into portions of six inches in length, and afterwards to the size of the pin, and each piece respectively sharpened on a grinding-stone, turned by a wheel. We now come to a distinct branch of the manufactory: the forming the heads, or, as the workmen term it, head spinning: this is accomplished by means of a spinning-wheel, which, with astonishing rapidity, winds the wire round a small rod: this, when drawn out, leaves a hollow tube between the circumvolutions: every two circumvolutions, or turns, being cut with shears, form one head. The heads thus formed are distributed to children, who, with great dexterity, by the

assistance of an anvil, or hammer, worked by the feet, fix the point and the head together. The pins, thus formed, are boiled in a copper, containing a solution of black-tin pulverized, and the lees of port; and by this last process, it changes its yellow brassy colour, and assumes the appearance of silver or tin. The labourers are all paid according to the weight of their work.

Near Gloucester, at the small island of Alney, formed by the river Severn dividing itself into two branches, historians relate that Canute and Edmund, after many bloody engagements in Essex, determined to prevent a farther effusion of blood by a single combat. Neither, however, as the story relates, obtaining a victory, peace was concluded, and the kingdom divided between them. We paid, however, little regard to the supposed place of this contest, as it was not for us puerile antiquarians to discuss points, on which the greatest historians had so materially differed.

The roads round Gloucester have been greatly improved of late years, more particularly the one to Ross and Hereford, which was hilly, rocky and generally dangerous: their texture and surface are now totally changed, and, winding the hills, the gradual ascent removes both danger and difficulty; the expense must have been enormous, and the traveller pays proportionably in turnpike tolls; they are, generally speaking, round Gloucester and Hereford, the highest in England. Nothing can surpass the excellence of the road from Gloucester to Bristol, to which conveyances are constantly going; and to such parties as have not visited that eager bustling mart of trade, two or three days may be afforded with a certainty of meeting with the most ample return for the trouble and expense bestowed. The Church of St. Mary Redcliff, which is

both ancient and beautiful ; the Abbey Church or cathedral ; the docks ; the charities, and particularly that for teaching the blind to work ; the hot wells at Clifton ; St. Vincent's rocks, and the diminished vessels gliding on the Avon ; the beautiful views, mansions, villas, and pleasure grounds in every direction in its vicinity, evincing at once the taste and opulence of its merchants and citizens, but particularly those going to and returning from King's Weston, the view of Lord de Clifford's mansion, and the varied prospects it commands, as well as those from the park and plantations, which are open to the public, constantly varying the scenery on the Avon, Kingroad, and the distant Cambrian Alps, afforded pleasure so exquisite to my romantic fancy, that for ten times the labour and expense bestowed, I would not have debarred myself of them. Here most happily are blended commercial riches and the life of trade with all that nature's bounty can bestow to please the fancy or delight the sight.

The antiquity of Bristol is recorded by Gildas, who has set it down as one of the principal fortified cities in Britain, when the Romans abandoned the island in the year 430. But little mention is made of it again in history till the year 1063, when Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, embarked from Bristol with an army to wreak his vengeance on Griffith, King of Wales, who had committed divers aggressions. After sailing along the coast and landing his men at various points, he reduced the country to yield obedience to King Edward, and having compelled the Welsh to cut off the head of their king and give him hostages for their fidelity, he returned again to England.

The Castle of Bristol was formerly of great extent and strength, and is repeatedly mentioned by historians for

the gallant defences it has made, and the noble prisoners it has held in safe custody ; but it was not till the time of Charles the First that it belonged to the city, when being found to be a harbour and receptacle for rogues and vagabonds, it was first added to the jurisdiction of the county of the city of Bristol, and afterwards sold to the mayor and burgesses for 959*l.*, to be held under the manor of East Greenwich in Kent, at the yearly fee-farm rent of 40*l.*

Both Henry the Second and Henry the Third, during their minorities, were placed at Bristol as a place of security, at which they might receive their educations. It was here in the year 1211 that the following infamous act of tyrannic cruelty was exercised by King Jehn. That monarch having laid a heavy tax upon all the Jews throughout his dominions, one of that race, named Abraham, having refused to pay the tax, was fined in the sum of ten thousand marks ; this the obstinate Jew likewise refused to pay, which so much exasperated the King, that he commanded one of his teeth to be drawn every day till the sum was paid ; the unfortunate Jew had seven of them taken out of his head, and then submitted to the payment, rather than lose his last tooth, he having but one left.

Bristol sends two members to Parliament ; the first regular summons by writ was issued by King Edward the First, directing that two proper persons should be sent as its representatives to the Parliament at Shrewsbury.

“ King Henry the Seventh visited Bristol in 1490, and held his court in St. Augustine’s Back, when the citizens, willing to shew the King all the respect they could during his residence, arrayed themselves in their best clothes ; the King thinking some of their wives rather too well dressed for their station, ordered that every citizen who

was worth 20*l.* in goods, should pay twenty shillings, for that their wives went so sumptuously apparelled."

The present Cathedral was the collegiate church of the monastery of St. Augustine, originally founded by King Henry the Second, and Robert Fitzharding, father of Maurice, the first of the Berkeley family. At the suppression of the monasteries by King Henry the Eighth, after that of St. Augustine had been destroyed, with the exception of the gate, and the west end of the collegiate church had begun to share the same fate, the King changed his mind, and resolved upon erecting it into a bishopric, directing the church to be repaired, and thenceforth termed the cathedral church of the holy and undivided Trinity, appointing Paul Bush, rector of Winterborn, to be the first bishop, appropriating the revenue of the suppressed monastery, amounting to 765*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* per annum, partly to the bishop and partly to the chapter; consisting of a Dean and six Prebendaries. He likewise took the county of Dorset from the see of Salisbury, transferring it to that of Bristol.

The interior of the Cathedral, though not to be named with those of Gloucester and Worcester, is still worthy of attention; particularly its vaulted roof, those of the side aisles, and an emblematic picture of the Holy Trinity, by Vansomers, over the altar. The windows of the side aisles, which are of enamelled glass, are said to have been the gift of Nell Gwynn.

On the south-west of the cathedral are the cloisters; and at the south-east corner of the cloisters is the bishop's palace, which was in great part rebuilt in 1744, when the following extraordinary circumstance happened. "A parcel of plate, supposed to have been hidden during the time of the civil wars, fell through the floor in the corner

of one of the rooms ; this accident occasioned the floor to be taken up, when, to the surprise of those persons present, a dungeon underneath was discovered, in which were found many human bones, and instruments of iron for torture ; at the same time was laid open a private passage to this dungeon, which passage was part of the original edifice ; it was an arched way only large enough for one person to pass, and was made within the wall ; one end led to the dungeon, and the other end to an apartment of the house, which by appearance had been made use of for a court of judgment. Both the entrances of this mural passage were walled up, and so concealed, that no one could suspect the wall to be hollow."

St. Mary Redcliff Church, which is supposed to be one of the most beautiful gothic structures of a parish church in England, next merits attention. The present edifice was erected by William Caning, an eminent merchant of Bristol, about the year 1456 ; the foundation having been commenced by his grandfather of the same name, on the site of the former church, built by Simon de Burton, in the year 1294. Caning having been rendered unhappy by the death of his wife, and being pressed by the King to a second marriage, he took holy orders to avoid an act so repugnant to his feelings ; he was afterwards Dean of Westbury, to which he was likewise a great benefactor. He died in 1474, and was buried in the south end of the aisle of this church, in which are two monuments erected to his memory ; in the one he is represented in his magisterial robes (he having been five times Mayor of Bristol) with his lady by his side, with a long inscription on two tables. In the other monument he is habited as a priest.

The roof, which is of stone displaying many curious devices, with much good workmanship, and the lofty

pillars which support it, are beautiful; the interior, which consists of a middle and two side aisles, has a light and highly pleasing effect, and is generally much admired. The altar is very elegant and richly decorated, and over it are three capital paintings by Hogarth. The organ, which is of great size and compass, contains upwards of one thousand speaking pipes, and for richness of tone is scarcely to be equalled. It was in a room over the north porch entrance in an old chest that Chatterton, then a youth of seventeen, gave out that he found the poetical manuscripts, ascribed to Rowley and others, and said to have been written in the fifteenth century. Chatterton's father was sexton of St. Mary's Redcliff and master of a charity school in Pile-street, in which school, under a Mr. Love, who succeeded his father, and at the Colston Blue-coat school, he received his education.

The Exchange in Corn-street is a noble building of freestone highly finished; it cost upwards of 50,000*l*. The principal front is 110 feet; it is of the Corinthian order upon a rustic basement. Next to the Exchange stands the Post-office, and higher up on the opposite side of the street, the Council-house, where the mayor or some other magistrate sits daily to administer justice, from twelve till two o'clock.

The charities of this city are numerous and extensive; the Infirmary is a noble building, situate in Earl-street, St. James's; it is conducted on the most liberal plan.

The port of Bristol has of late years been greatly enlarged and improved, principally on a plan suggested by the Rev. William Milton, Rector of Heckfield, Hants; an excellent engineer, and a man of most extensive mechanical abilities, whose only reward for so great a service rendered to this wealthy port was a present of a piece of

plate; had he rendered as great a service to the merchants and corporation of Liverpool, he would most likely have obtained a handsome independence for life; for although the charities of Bristol speak highly in its favour, still its high spirit, its hospitality, or its generosity are not quite so proverbial as those of Liverpool.

The Hot-well is distant about a mile and a half to the west of Bristol, in the parish of Clifton: the water is too well known for its great efficacy in pulmonary complaints, and cases of general debility, to require any recapitulation of its virtues, in this slight sketch of the Hot-well and Clifton.

As a place of fashionable resort, not only for invalids, but for pleasure, its beautiful situation, both for walks and rides, the gentility of the company that frequent it, the easy and well regulated expence with which persons may with comfort and respectability reside here, must always ensure it an overflow of company in the season. The Avon below St. Vincent's rocks is but little wider than it is at Bristol; but as the spring tides rise from 30 to 36 feet, the heaviest ships can navigate it at such times.

St. Vincent's rocks, overhanging the Avon, afford to the pedestrian, and particularly to the botanist, an infinity of amusement; a great portion of the plants, if not peculiar to this spot, are but rarely to be met with elsewhere.

These rocks are chiefly composed of a species of chocolate-coloured marble, bearing a good polish; it is worked into chimney-pieces, &c., with good effect, the refuse burning into a strong and beautiful white lime. The reverberation of sound occasioned by the miners blasting these rocks, and the dreadful crash of the masses thus hurled from their native beds down the craggy precipices is grand and terrific; it is in the fissures of the rocks thus

opened that those beautiful crystals, called Bristol stones, are found.

CLIFTON

is one of the most charming villages in England. On every side the views are beautiful; and although its population is great, still it has not lost its rural appearance. From the salubrity of the air, numerous respectable families have taken up their residence in the village and its vicinity; but these elegant mansions being surrounded by their gardens and shrubberies, they have prevented the ground from being too much covered with buildings.

KINGSWESTON,

the seat of Lord de Clifford, is about four miles north-west of Bristol. It is a noble mansion, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, somewhat in his usual style; but the situation according with the style better than usually fell to the lot of that architect, it has a grand and noble effect. The collection of paintings here are by esteemed masters, and very fine; the gardens, hot-houses, &c. are kept up in very great style. The park, which is richly wooded and beautifully diversified, offers a rich treat to the painter; the varied prospects obtained at every turn and opening of its numerous walks and vistas are as rich and extensive as nature in this climate can afford. The whole, under very trifling restrictions, are most kindly and liberally left open by his Lordship, for the public to enjoy. Kingsweston inn, just above the park, is a comfortable house, delightfully situated.

To the west of Kingsweston, on a hill called Penpold, is a pleasure-house: from this hill, which is of great height, the most beautiful prospects are to be enjoyed.

You look down on that fine sheet of water, Kingroad and the Severn Sea; commanding alternately views of Somersetshire, Glamorganshire, and Monmouthshire, with Wales in the back ground; Gloucestershire and Wiltshire: this with the bustle of the shipping in the nearer sea view, so engage the attention, that time flies unheeded by.

From hence proceed to Shirehampton, a pleasing village, leading to a good inn, called Lamplighters' hall, a place of considerable resort, during the summer months, to witness the busy scene at the mouth of the Avon: it is situated close to high water mark, on the bank of the river, opposite to Pill or Crockern Pill, where is a Customs-house, at which all vessels leaving the port of Bristol are obliged to take their last clearance in going out, and from which they are furnished with pilots inwards. The ride from hence, when the tides are not too high, over turf to the mouth of the Avon, is very fine. The house is built purposely to enjoy the busy scene which the river and Kingroad here present; and its accommodations are remarkably good, and the charges reasonable.

Frenchhay, in Gloucestershire, is about four miles north-east of Bristol; the drive this way is beautiful, from the numerous noblemen and gentlemen's seats and highly cultivated grounds, which occupy both sides of the road. It was here, during the war, that the great dépôt of French prisoners was established.

At the east end of the common is a remarkable lustræ naturæ, which was taken out of a stone quarry at Downend; its form is an entire perfect muscle, consisting of the upper and under shell, which are closed together; its weight is nearly two tons.

Bristol is but one stage from either the Old or New

Passage; it is eleven miles to the New, and nine to the Old. The mail and most of the coaches pass their passengers, &c. by the New Passage, as saving a stage on the Milford road. Chaises or horses are generally charged at the rate of twelve miles to either.

At Aust (or the Old Passage) it is about two miles over to Beachley, in the parish of Tidenham, Gloucestershire. This is the direct way to Chepstow, Newent, and all the forest of Deane, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and the upper part of Monmouthshire.

At the New Passage, it is about three miles over at high water to Port Skewith, near St. Pierre in Monmouthshire. When the wind is S. E. or N. W., it is directly across the river, therefore you must be at the passage where you intend to cross, an hour before high water, as they can only go over then, and that but once, there being no passage during the flood or ebb.

Should the traveller have before visited Bristol, or decline this excursion, he will find the walk from Gloucester to

WESTBURY

is by no means uninteresting; the distance eight miles and three quarters, through Highnam and Minsterworth; the country is studded with half-seen villas, and animated with churches, whilst the retrospect commands a fine view of Robin Hood's hill, with the dark tower of Gloucester cathedral, just rising in the perspective.

At Westbury is the seat of Maynard Colchester, Esq. The church, with a detached spire, stands close to the house. Near this place mineralogists will be highly gratified by visiting a cliff, called Garden, or Golden Cliff; which is most beautifully encrusted with mundic and

crystals. This rock, standing close to the Severn, is only accessible at the reflux of the tide : and when illuminated by the sun wears a most beautiful appearance.

Between Westbury and Newnham, in an extremely delightful valley, bordering on the forest of Deane, is situate

FLAXLEY ABBEY,

the seat of Sir Thomas Crawley Bovey. This valley was formerly called Castiard, or the Happy Valley ; and a monastery for Cistercian monks was founded here by Roger, the second Earl of Hereford, and the charter confirmed by King Henry II. The abbey was standing till the year 1777, when part of it was unfortunately consumed by fire ; since that a considerable portion of building has been added, and it is become a very desirable summer residence. The views from the park, behind the house, are very extensive, commanding the vale of Gloucester, and the river Severn, gay with vessels ; whilst the extensive forest of Deane, and Flaxley Abbey, form nearer objects for admiration. This wood abounds with the most charming walks ; and while it affords refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, admits partial views of the adjacent country. Camden, in speaking of the forest of Deane, derives its name from Ardene, a wood, in the Gaulic and British languages. It lies between the two rivers Severn and Wye, and contains thirty thousand acres. The soil is well adapted for the growth of oaks and forest timber ; and the situation particularly commodious for exporting it for ship-building, and other purposes. The immense quantities of wood annually felled for the use of the navy have so thinned this forest of its timber, that it is now preserved till a certain growth, by act of parliament. Camden observes, that the oak of this forest was so con-

siderable, that the Spanish armada had orders to destroy the timber of it in the year 1588. It suffered considerably in the great rebellion.

The iron manufactory has long been carried on in this forest; and to this day immense beds of iron cinders are found, the reliques of the Romans. These cinders are not half exhausted of their ore, and are consequently worked over again: a proof that the Romans knew only the weak power of the foot blast. As we drew near

NEWNHAM

the Severn became more considerable. The town, situated on the banks of the river, and backed by the forest of Deane, is very ancient, and in the year 1018, this manor was granted by King Canute to the Benedictine abbey of Pershore, in Worcestershire*. The churchyard affords a variety of objects worthy the attention of the passing stranger, amongst which the church of Westbury forms the most conspicuous feature in the landscape. The view, previous to our descending the hill to

LIDNEY

is extensive and beautiful. In this place iron-works are carried on by Mr. Pitchcock. About a mile from Lidney, the Old Passage.—King's Road, with the merchant ships lying off Bristol,—Glocestershire and Somersetshire hills, studded with gentlemens' seats, churches, and half-seen cottages, form a cheerful landscape.

CHEPSTOW.

The weather prevented our seeing the celebrated walks of Piercefield, but we promised ourselves the plea-

* Atkins's Gloucestershire.

sure of visiting them on our return down the Wye. The castle of Chepstow, called Cagwent, or Castell Gwent, stands on a rock washed by the river Wye, near its influx into the Severn. "Topographical" writers differ in their accounts concerning the antiquity of the castle, but it is generally supposed to have been built at the same time with the town, "appearing at that period to have been a kind of citadel to Chepstow". The castle was formerly of great extent; as, according to Leland's account, the "walls began at the end of the great bridge over Wy," yet, "in the castle is one tower, as I have heard say, by the name of *Laingine*". Little now remains of its former grandeur: but, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, we ascended the decayed steps of this tower, from whence the eye traced with pleasure the windings of the Wye, till it was at last lost in conjunction with the Severn. "We examined the apartments in which Henry Marten, one of the regicides, who sat to condemn King Charles I., was confined twenty years.

Grand views of the Bristol Channel still continued to form interesting objects from the road; but about three miles from Chepstow, we turned into some fields on the right, to examine the ivy-mantled walls of

CALDECOT CASTLE.

On our first entrance, we gazed with that rapt astonishment, which fears to disturb, or be disturbed, by the mutual communication of thought. Mr. Warner, in his survey of this ruin, was much disappointed; but I cannot help allowing, although the view from it was inferior to Chepstow, that its antiquated walls wear a nobler appear-

ance; and the gloom, that reigns around it forces a sigh, and evinces the transitory nature of sublunary greatness. The antiquity of the building is very obscure. Passing through the village of Caldecot, we soon entered

CAERWENT.

on the western side, through the broken fragments of its walls, of which one immense mass has recently fallen. This ancient town is now a village, with a few scattered cottages, but was formerly celebrated, under the auspices of Agricola, for its temples, theatre, porticoes, and baths; few vestiges of its former splendour are now extant. A few fragments of loose stones only remain to point out its former extent. In an orchard, adjoining a farm-house belonging to Mr. Lewis, is the beautiful tessellated Roman pavement, discovered in the year 1777. The tesserae or dies, about an inch in breadth, and half in depth, are nearly square, consisting of four colours, red, yellow, blue, and white*, which are still in great preservation; the whole is surrounded with a border, much resembling a Turkey carpet. The daily depredations on these curious remains of antiquity are greatly to be lamented.

In the road from Caerwent, amongst other objects for admiration, the mansion of Sir Robert Salusbury, on the left, commanding an extensive view, attracted our notice. Passing through the neat village of Christchurch, animated with white-washed cottages, and graced with its simple church, which stands on an eminence, we left the turnpike-road at the thirteenth mile-stone; and following a footpath through some fields, near the banks of the Usk, soon entered the ancient city of Caerleon.

* Warner's First Walk through Wales.

CAERLEON

has been celebrated in all ages of British History. It was a Roman city of great power, strength, and importance, under the name of *Isca Silurum*, and their chief station in the country of the *Silures*; and equally, and perhaps still more known, for having been King Arthur's seat of government: a prince, equally renowned in history, chivalry, and poetry. This city was formerly a metropolitan see, but Saint David, the national saint of Wales, thinking the noisy intercourse of a populous city, like Caerleon, ill adapted for contemplation, or the solitary cast of his mind, removed it to Minevia, which from that period has been called Ty Dewi by the Welsh, and Saint David by the English*. The remains of its ancient grandeur are still discernible. Whilst tracing the extent of its amphitheatre, surrounded by a circular entrenchment, we took a retrospect on the exertions of man, the fate of kingdoms, and of rulers; and, marking the grand destruction of ages, it seemed to convince us of the transiency of human worth and happiness!

Reascending Christ-church hill, we had a fine view of the county of Monmouth like a map beneath us. Near

NEWPORT.

a new stone bridge has been erected by contract for ten thousand one hundred and sixty-five pounds, by Mr. Edwards, son to the Edwards, who built the famous Pont-y-pridd. It consists of five arches.

* He was buried in the cathedral church of St. David, and many hundred years after canonized by Pope Calistus II.—Godwin's English Bishops, p. 414.

The commerce and population of this town are greatly increased of late years. As a sea-port it is safe; its chief trade is in iron and coal. The Monmouthshire Canal communicates here by a basin with the Usk river, and by that means with the Bristol Channel; and as the Monmouthshire Canal again communicates with the Brecon Canal and the Avon, Ebwy and other rail roads, Newport becomes the grand depôt for the heavier articles of trade of that part of the interior of South Wales. The Crumlin bridge branch is eleven miles five furlongs, its falls, three hundred and sixty-five feet. Pontypool, eleven miles, falls four hundred and forty-seven feet. Brecknock, thirty-seven miles seven furlongs.

A circuitous, but more romantic route from Chepstow to Newport, is recrossing the Wye, passing over the forest of Deane, through Saint Briaval's to Monmouth. The road is not bad, but narrow; if travelling with a carriage; it will be necessary to be provided with a horti, which, upon your sounding, if you find answered, you must wait till the party so answering comes past.

The views to the right over the Severn and Gloucestershire are most rich and extensive, and those from the summits of the overhanging rocks of the Wye, awful and terrific: before you reach Monmouth the country becomes thickly inhabited, which the beautiful situations it affords readily accounts for; and from Monmouth to Ragland and Usk, the same continues to be the case.

RAGLAND CASTLE,

one of the finest ruins in Wales, (for although Monmouthshire is now an English county, it formerly was Welsh,) stands near the village of that name: it may be

pleasantly and leisurely viewed in the day, with Usk and Caerleon, affording time to reach Newport.

The first view of it is considerably impeded by the surrounding trees, but the closer inspection presents such a mass of ruin as well proves its ancient strength and grandeur. From the citadel, which lies to the south of the main building, the communication was by a drawbridge over the moat, by which it was surrounded; it was a hexagon, apparently five stories high, and of much strength, with bastions.

Round the citadel were raised walks, and in the walls are small recesses. A stone staircase still remains, leading to the top of one of the towers, from which not only the ruins, but the adjacent country, are viewed to much advantage. The two courts of the castle both communicate with the terrace.

The main entrance is magnificent, much overhung with ivy; the gothic portal is defended by two massive towers, and the building being faced with hewn free-stone, exhibits a less desolate aspect than it would otherwise do. The whole range of offices and apartments appears to have been on a splendid scale, and the building shows various specimens of architecture, from the time of Henry the Fifth to that of Charles the First.

The large banquetting hall divides the two courts; it still retains the arms of the Marquis of Worcester, with the motto "*Mutare vel timere sperno.*"

During the civil wars, Henry, first Marquis of Worcester, several times afforded a refuge to Charles the First, but at length, when that monarch's fortune was past retrieving, Ragland Castle, after having been various times summoned by detachments of the Parliamentary forces, was regularly invested and taken by Sir Tho-

mas Fairfax; a window is still shewn, through which a girl in the garrison, by waving a handkerchief, introduced his troops. The aged Marquis was sent prisoner to London, where he died in the 85th year of his age, and his property having been confiscated, and the castle dismantled, it became a prey to his own tenantry, who pulled it down for the sake of the materials, but more particularly for the staircases, of which they removed above twenty.

At the Restoration, this with other estates was restored to the family, but in such a state of ruin, that being considered unworthy their repairing, it was left as an object of pillage to the vicinity, which it has but lately, since its ruins have become venerable, ceased from being. It appertains to the noble house of Beaufort.

The library, which was here destroyed by the mad fanatic soldiery of Cromwell, is greatly to be regretted, as it possessed Welsh manuscripts of great importance; the collection was very large, and the loss not to be estimated, many being unique.

The domain appertaining to this princely residence was very extensive and well arranged, and in Ragland Church are still to be seen the vestiges of splendid memorials erected for Marquisses of Worcester, and other noble personages.

USK, or CASTRUM ISCA,

which is the next place of note on the route, is believed to be the Burrium of the Romans. It was formerly a place of much note; its situation is low, but capable of being rendered most beautiful, its surrounding scenery holding forth the most tempting lures to improve nature by art, at a trifling expense.

The Uak is here become a noble river, and its fish, particularly its salmon, are held in the highest estimation. Along the river is a beautiful walk to the ruins of the castle, from which you gain a fine view of the town, and the surrounding slopes and heights, and in few places is to be seen so large a body of clear water, in so expanded and rapid a stream. When I visited it, it was not the season for fishing, but I must confess, I sighed to leave it behind me. To the flyfisher few places hold forth such inducements to settle as Uak. I fancied myself in a Swiss valley where I could cultivate my vines, my lavender, and my roses, supply my table with exquisite fish and game, enjoy pure air, and a fine climate.

The best and pleasantest road to Caerleon is over the bridge to Llanbaddock, three furlongs; by Llangibby castle, and Llangibby, one mile two furlongs; to Llanhenock, three miles; Caerleon, two miles seven furlongs; Newport, five miles.

CAERLEON

boasts numerous inducements to stay the progress of the antiquary; it is by some called the Isca Augusta, or Isca Colonia of the Romans, and was a principal garrison, being the head quarters or main station of the second Augustan legion, having under it numerous other stations.

Mr. Cox states the shape of this ancient city to be an oblong square, three sides straight, the fourth curved; the south angle is near the end of the Round Table field, where the walls are nearly twelve feet thick; the south-west side passes the amphitheatre parallel to the Uak; the walls are again to be traced by the Broadway along the Benhouse field; the west angle runs alongside the Malpas road; on this flank a gateway leads to Goldcroft.

common; the north angle forms part of a stable in the New Inn yard, is again visible in the Castle yard, and turns the east angle near a rail-road by the Castle ditch; hence the line curves again, touches on the foot of the Castle, passes through gardens, &c. and is lost in a lane near the quay till it again becomes discernible near the south angle. The circumference of the walls, in which there appear to have been four gates, one in the centre of each flank, was about 1800 feet.

It was a station of the Prætor, and its splendid palace, its stately edifices and gilded roofs, might, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, exaggerated account, have vied with those of Rome itself; its baths, its aqueducts, its stores, and proofs of ancient grandeur, were even in his time amply displayed in their ruins; numerous are the coins that have been here collected, and the niches this spot has afforded to the cabinets of the curious.

Between Caerleon and Newport is St. Julian's, once the residence of Lord Herbert of Cherbury: the walk to it in fine weather is pleasant, and although now converted into a farriehouse, traces of its former respectability are evident. In a small barn near to it are likewise to be seen the remains of St. Julian's abbey. According to some accounts, such was the extent of Caerleon in the days of its grandeur, that it extended as far as Christ Church and this place, and covered a tract of country nine miles in circumference.

Ascending the Gam, the ships in the Bristol Channel, with the islands Flat and Steep Holmes rising in the midst of the sea, and the shores of Somerset and Devon, formed pleasing objects in the distant view, whilst the mellow green of nearer woods and meadows, watered by the Usk, made a combination of views gay and beautiful.

Newport Castle, standing on the bank of the river Usk, is a small distance from the bridge: it evidently appears to have been once a place of considerable extent, and built for the defence of the passage over the river; three strong towers commanded the Usk, but towards the town, a common wall, without any flanks, seems to have been its sole defence. Some of the windows still remain, the relics of Gothic architecture, and appear to have been elegantly decorated. From the tower is a fine view of the Usk. Between Newport and

CARDIFF

we crossed the little stream of Ebwith, near the Park of Tredagar House, belonging to Sir Charles Morgan. The grounds are well planned, and command the hills of Machen and Twynbarlwm, with the Church of Bassaleg rising in the centre, on an eminence. The whole valley, indeed, lies prettily. Passing through the villages of Pediston and Castletown, we soon reached the bridge of two arches, over the river Romney, which divides England from Wales.

The situation of Cardiff is on a low flat, near the mouth of the Taff, over which is a bridge, built by Mr. Parry, in the year 1796; it consists of three large and two smaller arches. The tower of the Church is very light, and of elegant workmanship; but there is nothing in the inside worthy of notice.

The Castle derives its name from the river Taff, which washes its walls; Caertaph signifying the town or castle upon Taff. Robert Fitzham, on having conquered Glamorganshire, divided the country into different portions, among the twelve Norman knights, as a reward for their service, and took for his own share the town of Cardiff;

and erected, in the year 1110, this Castle, in which he generally resided, and held his court of chancery and exchequer. In the beginning of May, 1645, during the troubles under King Charles I., it was in the possession of the Royalists, but it was surrendered to the Parliament before August, 1646.

We entered the Castle by two strong gates, which still remain in great preservation, but we were displeased with the modern architecture of the new-built mansion; the neat shorn grass and the gravel walk were circumstances that ill accorded with the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin, which has braved the storms of so many centuries. The circumstance which tends to ensure this castle a melancholy place in history, is the unjust confinement of Robert, Duke of Normandy, brother to William Rufus, and King Henry I. The accounts, however, of his confinement have been greatly exaggerated by historians; but a dark vaulted room beneath the level of the ground, measuring nearly a square of fifteen feet and a half, is still pointed out as the place of his confinement; a small crevice in the top, about half a yard in length, and three inches wide, was the only place to admit the air. In this situation he died, after an imprisonment of twenty-six years, and was buried in Gloucester Cathedral, where his effigy as large as life, carved in Irish oak, and painted, is yet shown.

The Keep, which is still very perfect, of an octagon shape, stands on an eminence in the centre of a large square. Having walked round the ramparts, which command extensive views of the adjacent country, we visited the castle itself, which has within these few years, been repaired, but still remains in an unfinished state.

In the dining-room are some portraits, in length, of

the Windsor family : the most striking are, Sir William, who first raised forces for Queen Mary. Sir Edward, who first entered the breach, at the taking of St. Quintin, in Flanders, where the famous constable De Montmorency was taken prisoner.

In the breakfast parlour is a family piece, consisting of seven figures : it was painted in the year 1568. Holbein, I rather imagine, was the painter : it consists of two sisters playing at cards, and two brothers at drafts, with Edward, Earl of Windsor, and his lady looking on. The style is stiff, with ruffs, small black caps and feathers.

Andrew Windsor, to the right of the fire-place ; general in the reign of Queen Anne, serving in the twenty-eighth regiment of foot,

Kaeller.

Thomas Windsor, to the left, who served in several wars of William and Queen Anne, and was colonel of the third regiment of Dragoon guards, in the reign of King George I.

Kaeller.

Lady Ursula Windsor

Ibid.

Hon. Master Windsor

Unknown.

A good painting of Ursula, Countess of Windsor, with her grand-daughter Ursula Windsor

Kaeller.

Thomas, Lord Windsor, governor of Jamaica,

Vandyke.

Hon. Charlotta Windsor

Dahl.

Hon. Ursula Windsor

Ibid.

Hon. Dixia Windsor, storekeeper of the ordnance, and for six successive parliaments member for Cambridge.

This Castle belongs to the Marquis of Bute. In this place, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, founded a priory of White Friars, and another of Black, which continued till the reign of King Henry VIII. Only the shell of the White Friars is now extant, and the ruins of the Black

Friars are inhabited by fishermen. It has only one church, which is of Norman architecture, with a rich and handsome west door, and an elegant tower.

The races at Cardiff, in October, are very good, and with the balls, are frequented by a brilliant display of beauty and fashion; the ordinaries are likewise well attended by the principal nobility and gentry of the country, and are very good.

From Cardiff we walked to inspect the remains of the once celebrated city of

LANDAFF.

The ruins of the old Cathedral are very beautiful, the door-cases are all Norman architecture, elegantly moulded, two of which, on the north and south sides, are fine specimens of that era. All the other parts are Gothic: the nave is unroofed. Within these ruins we entered the Cathedral, which carries with it more the appearance of a modern theatre than a place of divine worship, so erroneous was the taste of the architect, in combining with the sacred Gothic a fantastical work of his own. Among several ancient monuments, are two very elegant ones of the Mathews family*, whose descendants own the site of the bishop's castle, of which only the gate remains: the rest, with the archdeacon's house, was destroyed by Owen Glendour†. There are likewise the monuments of two Bishops, with another, and the figure of Lady Godiva, full length, carved in marble on it.

The present cathedral was built by Bishop Urban, about the year 1107: its length is two hundred and sixty three feet and a half, breadth sixty-five feet, and height

* Willis's Landaff, p. 34.

† Grose—Willis.

one hundred and nineteen feet ; like Bangor, it has no cross aisle.

Near this city is the rural village and the castle of St. Fajans, celebrated for a sanguinary battle, fought in its vicinity between the Royalists and Republicans during the Protectorate of Cromwell, in which the former were defeated with the loss of nearly the whole of their troops. Landaff, although it ranks as an episcopal city, and was one of the first places in the British dominions in which a religious establishment was founded, boasting the erection of its first church A.D. 186, is now little better than a village dependant on Cardiff for its supplies : even its clergy find few inducements to draw their attention to it, beyond what duty requires : they possess a chapter-room, kitchen, and office for the Proctor-general, yet seldom meet more than once a year for the audit.

Landaff stands on a small eminence, commanding a view of Cardiff and the surrounding country.—We returned again to Cardiff, and the first six miles of our road to

CAERPHILY

were not very interesting, till ascending Thorn Hill, the beauties of the vale below, with the Flat and Steep Holmes rising in the distant prospect, the ruins of Cardiff Castle, and the ivy-mantled walls of Landaff cathedral, amply compensated for the trouble of climbing this eminence. A little farther on, Caerphily Castle burst upon our sight, and

“ seemed to frown
In awful majesty on all around.”

The founder, and the time of its erection, are very uncertain ; but I refer my readers to the first volume of

the *Archæologia*, to an ingenious Dissertation, by Daines Barrington, where it is satisfactorily proved to have been the work of King Edward I. This castle is one of the noblest ruins of ancient architecture now remaining in the kingdom, and exceeds all in bigness, except that of Windsor. The hall and the chapel may still be traced; the former measures about seventy feet in length, thirty-four in breadth, and seventeen in height. The roof is vaulted about eight feet high, and supported by twenty arches. On the north side is a chimney ten feet wide, with two windows on each side, extending down to the floor, and carried above the supposed height of this room. At each angle was originally a round tower of four stories, communicating with each other by a gallery. On the west side of the hall stairs is a low round tower, of one story, called the Mint-house, with three painted arches on the south side, and a square well on the west. The leaning-tower, towards the east end, more particularly engaged our notice: it is divided into two separate parts by a large fissure, which runs from the top down almost to the middle. Its lineal projection is supposed to be on the outer side about eleven feet and a half. On the west and north are visible vestiges of a draw-bridge.

The east wall, on the south side of the principal entrance, is fluted between the buttresses, with battlements on their tops, to protect the intermediate walls.

This castle was that to which the Spencers retired in the reign of Edward II. but being taken, there were discovered within the walls, 2,000 fat oxen, 12,000 cows, 25,000 calves, 30,000 fat sheep, 600 horses, 2,000 fat hogs; besides 2,000 beeves, 600 sheep, and 1000 hogs salted: 200 tons of wine, 40 tons of cider, and wheat for 2,000 men for four years.

We now came to the celebrated

VALE OF GLAMORGAN,

so justly styled the Garden of South Wales : the rapid Taff forms an almost continued uproar for many miles ; on the opposite side the mountains rose almost perpendicularly in a massy wall, and sometimes to the water's edge, finely clothed with wood. Every circumstance conspired to heighten the solitary grandeur of the scene, and to prolong the luxurious melancholy which the views inspired. In this celebrated vale is found the famous Pont-y-prid, or New Bridge, about three quarters of a mile from the Duke of Bridgewater's Arms. This wonderful bridge of one arch is the segment of a circle ; the chord of it is one hundred and forty feet, and the height of the key-stone from the spring of the arch, thirty-two feet and a half. It was erected in the year 1750, by William Edwards, a country mason, who failed in his attempt three times, till, on lightening the abutments, it has resisted for many years the torrents of the Taff.

This bridge, which in its present state is nearly useless, might, at a very trifling expense, be made as useful as it is wonderful ; but the river, which is at most times fordable, renders this perhaps unnecessary. Till this bridge was erected, the Rialto at Venice was esteemed the largest arch in Europe ; its span or chord being ninety-eight feet : but this bridge is forty-two feet wider ; being, it is supposed, the largest arch in the world.

Wales is generally remarkable for its white-washed cottages, the origin of which custom is attributed to Glamorganshire : the cleanliness, as far as this county is concerned, is chiefly on the outside ; but so great is their attachment to lime white, that even the stone garden-wall,

the pig-sty, or any stone within moderate distance of the cottage receives its due share of attention ; in some parts even the blue slate roof, which to the eyes of an Englishman forms a happy contrast to the whitened wall, is offensive to the eyes of the Welsh, and the roof undergoes the same process as the walls.

The intrusion of art in this romantic valley, where nature has been so lavish of her beauties, is much to be lamented. A canal, for the purpose of conveying the iron from the Merthyr works to Cardiff, renders that a place of frequent business and confusion, which was originally so well adapted to retirement and reflection.

Not only the road from hence to Merthyr, but all the way from Cardiff to that place, the road is esteemed amongst the best in Wales ; the views along it are likewise such as to keep the attention alive, nature and art combining to give effect : in one place the rapid Taff is seen breaking its way through the woody cliffs, to the lowest level of the vale, and in the next instant the boats are seen navigating the canal, which winds its course most strangely round the mountain's brow, three hundred feet above the current of the Taff.

Long before you reach Merthyr, the blackened atmosphere points out the site ; but when immediately upon it, you are obliged to inquire where it is, and the way to it : from Cardiff you approach it by the Plymouth works, belonging to Mr. Hill : these lie wide and scattered, and are still extending, the road passing through them for a considerable distance ; they are altogether worked by water, forming various fine falls from the same source, viz. the Taff.

After passing these, you appear entering on an extended suburb to a large town ; but the town itself is nowhere

visible: it is without form or order; in short, to get to your inn you can scarcely find your way along the main road; for to dignify it with the name of street, is more than it merits; yet here is collected together a larger and more bustling population than any other town in the principality can boast; its markets are large, well attended, and more than reasonable; its shopkeepers are numerous and thriving; and all that seems to be required to make this town one of the most respectable in the principality, is, a little attention to order and cleanliness: the lower classes, it is true, are miserably poor; still, even about the iron-works, there are so many better provided for, and so much money is monthly put into circulation, that but little trouble would be wanted to make it assume the appearance, as well as enjoy the reality, of being a populous busy town of trade.

The largest works at Merthyr are the Cyfartha, belonging to Mr. Crawshay: these now consist of six blast furnaces, and two near the town, with fineries, air and puddling furnaces, mill forges, &c. in proportion. The blast is furnished by a steam engine of eighty horse power and an immense overshot water-wheel, fifty feet in diameter, by seven feet in width: this wheel rests on gudgeons which weigh one hundred tons: it consumes about twenty-five tons of water per minute; part of the water is brought a considerable distance along a trough supported by stone pillars; the rest is furnished from the Taff.

The gudgeons of all the wheels, and of such parts of the machine where there is any friction, have water continually running over them, to prevent their taking fire. It is the particular office of one man to grease every part of the machine whilst in motion; to accomplish which, he is frequently obliged to ride on an iron bar, similar to

the lever of a pump when in motion, a considerable way from the ground. The whole of this machinery is worked by water, not more than a foot deep, which is conveyed by a long spout to the top of the wheel, where it discharges itself. The ore, lime-stone, and coals, which they use to promote the fusion of the ore, are all found on the spot. The ore, previous to its being thrown into the furnace, is burnt in a common lime-pit, the goodness of it is afterwards proved, by its adhesion to the tongue: the coal is all charred, and continually put into the furnace with certain proportions of ore. From the pigs, the iron is rolled into flat plates by a cylinder; this is performed with the greatest despatch. The gaunt figures of the workmen excite both pity and terror, and the sallow countenances and miserable air of the people prove it is a labour very prejudicial to their health.

Mr. Crawshay employs upwards of five thousand men in his works only; but to form an estimate of the numbers employed, and the produce of iron afforded, I subjoin the following list of the principal works in the vales from Abergavenny to Neath, each furnace producing, on an average, from forty-five to seventy tons of iron per week. The two large furnaces belonging to Messrs. Crawshays, near to Merthyr, are said to have furnished, for a short period, upwards of one hundred tons each per week.

FURNACES.

Clydac, or Llanelly (in the parish of latter)

Freer	2 furnaces
Blenavon, Hill	4
The Varteg	2
Nant-eglo, Bayley	4

Beaufort, Kendal	3	furnaces
Ebro Vale, Harford	2	
Sirhowy, Harford	2	
Tredegar, S. Homfray and Co	5	
Romney, Mrs. Hall	2	
Dowlass, Guest and Co	8	
Penydarran, Forman and Thompson	5	
Cyfartha, Crawshays	8	
Plymouth, R. I. and A. Hill	5	
Aberdare, formerly Thompson and Scales, now Scales and Co	3	
Abernant, ditto, Tappendens	1	
Hirwaen	2	
Myers and company, four miles short of Neath, charcoal furnace, &c.		

The immense collections of cinder, or refuse from the ore, astonish the beholder : it appears almost incredible, that the labour of man could transport such quantities of materials ; but when, added to this, you reflect that nearly the whole has passed through the furnaces, and been moved two or three times, how much is the wonder increased ! In short, to witness what immense capitals, indefatigable industry, and human ingenuity can accomplish, in dragging forth the bowels of the earth, the vales of the Taff from Brecon to Cardiff, and the very numerous vales running parallel with the Taff, betwixt Abergavenny and Neath, should be explored, both above ground, and in the mines ; the value of the inclined planes and railroads only would be immense.

About three miles to the north-east of Merthyr, are the remains of Castle Morlais, an extensive and singular ruin : it was originally a British post, afterwards rebuilt by

Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, in the reign of Edward I., and the source of a quarrel betwixt that nobleman and Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, which brought down the anger of the monarch on both their heads to such extent, as to subject them to fine and imprisonment : it was so completely destroyed by the Parliamentary army in the seventeenth century, that its form and extent are difficult to trace ; a small keep, or look out, on the most elevated part of its scite, still however remains : its upper story is much dilapidated ; and the walls as well as roof, nearly destroyed, except the door-way and window, which are of freestone : from the top of one of these, the view of the Black Mountains, &c. is most extensive : the lower apartment (part of the vaulted roof of which has at length yielded to time, and the injuries of the animals who have resorted to the upper apartment for shelter) has once been curious ; the arches, twelve in number, which supported its roof sprang from a pillar in the centre ; the rib of the arch is freestone, and shows good masonry ; the wall is likewise rubbed stone, part of which has been defaced, apparently to see if it communicated with any other part of the castle, or contained any thing worthy the searching for. The pleasantest way for an active person to ascend to this ruin, is at the bridge above the Cyfartha works, to take the right bank, ascending the little Taff : for some distance you pass along the quarries, and at length reach a path cut through the woods, along the banks of this romantic stream : the termination of the path obliges you to incline to the right, and passing two fields, you begin to ascend the hill between a stone wall and extensive limestone quarries, belonging to the Pendarren works. The ascent is steep ; but if fine, you are amply repaid, on reaching the summit, by the extensive views you com-

mand. Dowlass works, which, as well as Cyfartha, have eight furnaces, are seen from here to great advantage. The descent to Merthyr, along the rail-road from the lime-stone quarries you passed in ascending, is easy and pleasant, running alongside the beautiful grounds of Mr. Forman, formerly belonging to Mr. S. Homfray, and which a former tourist describes as containing all of elegance or comfort that Merthyr can boast of. From hence we travelled the road to Pont Neath Vechan, the first part of which is hilly, rough, and through a barren country; but the latter half is rich in scenery, sublime and awful, from pendent rocks and gushing cataracts, and worthy the time and observation of the admirer of nature's beauties.

PONT NEATH VECHAN.

About a mile and a half from Vechan, we unexpectedly descended by an excellent road through a wood into a rich romantic valley, watered by Neath river. In this retired situation we found the Angel inn, of Pont Neath Vechan. Description can scarcely suggest the full grandeur and magnificence of this valley: woods, rocks, and waterfalls, all unite to render it beautiful. Our Cicerone first conducted us to the fall of Scotenogam, on the river Purthen, about a mile and a half from the house. This fall we saw to great advantage, the river having gathered in its course the accumulation of many torrents after the rain, precipitated itself into one majestic expanse of water, near seventy feet high; whilst the dark lowering rocks, on each side, contrasted finely with the varied vegetation around us. The descent is by no means easy; but the grandeur of the scene amply compensated for all difficulties. Our Cicerone next conducted us to a very in-

ferior one, called the Lady's Cascade, on the river Neath ; but of this we caught a very indifferent prospect, the ascent of the mountain being inaccessible, and the water too high to admit of our obtaining a due inspection of it. We then returned to our inn, and set out on a different road, in quest of nature's landscapes.—Having walked about three miles, we heard the angry roar of small cascades ; these we considered preludes to scenes of nature's grandest cast, where the rushing waterfall swells into a torrent ; and accordingly we soon found ourselves near the fall of Lower Culhepste. The character of this cataract differs very much from that of Scotenogam ; being broken in its descent from projecting rocks, of an immense size. About a quarter of a mile from hence we descended a rugged and steep rock, to examine the fall of Upper-Culhepste, about fifty feet high. The singularity of this fall invites the curiosity of the traveller more than any other in Wales : the whole river precipitates itself with such violence, as to leave a space between the rock and the fall sufficiently wide for a horse-path. Though in less than two minutes we were completely wet by the spray, yet the effect was awful and sublime ; and it was necessary to remember the fixed foundation of the rocks above our heads, to soften the awe they inspired. “ The effect of sunshine on the cascade,” says Mr. Malkin, “ when behind it on a fine day, is both grand and beautiful. The particles of water glittering with a silvery brightness, as they fall ; the uncommon brilliancy of every thing without, seen through such a medium, contrasted with the dark green of the moss, everlastingly wet with spray ; the corroded dinginess of the rock ; the damp and vaporous gloom of the atmosphere within ; altogether form a singularly mingled scene of awe and gaiety.”

Near this fall is Porthogo Cavern, through which the river Vendre runs. The water was too high to admit our entrance; our conductor, however, informed us, he had penetrated about half a mile, but found the river wind so many ways, he judged it safer to return, lest he should share the fate of a poor man, who lost himself in this cavern for the space of three days. On our return, a very intelligent gentleman, staying in the neighbourhood, strenuously recommended us to descend a steep mountain, on our left, to survey a curious quadrangular strata of marble in the rock below. With some difficulty we effected our purpose, having waded twice through the river. This strata in Welsh is called *bw'r maen*, which signifies a stone bow: it is situated close to the river Dynnas, which, forcing its way through some broken fragments of the rock, forms a cascade a little above. The price offered for this grey marble, in London, is fifteen shillings a foot square.

About five miles from Vechan, is the seat of Mrs. Holbrow, on the right. We were prevented visiting the waterfalls of Melincourt and Aperdulas, the river, owing to the late floods, being too deep to ford. Our route still continued through the valley we had so much admired the evening before. As we drew near

NEATH,

the tower of Knole Castle had a pleasing effect from a distance: it was built by Sir Herbert Mackworth, and is at present in the possession of H. I. Grant, Esq. The windows from the banqueting-room command a circle of many miles in diameter, composed of Neath valley and river, with the smoky town of Neath—the Mumbles' Point—Swansea, and the Channel. The artificial cas-

cade is well contrived; but, after the foaming torrents of Scotenogam and Culhepste, appears very tame.

The site of the refectory, the chapel, the hall, and several other rooms, in the ruins of Neath Abbey, may still be traced. It stands on the east of the river, and was formerly, by Leland's account, the "fairest abbay of all Wales;" but in his *Collectanea* * he seems to give Margam the preference of all the Cistersian houses in these parts. It was founded for white monks, by Richard de Granville. About the time of its dissolution, it contained only eight monks and was valued at 132*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* per annum. In this abbey the unfortunate King Edward II. secreted himself in the year 1326, when prevented, by contrary winds, from his intended escape to Ireland; he was soon, however, discovered, and confined in the castle of Kenilworth, under the custody of the Earl of Leicester. Near the ruins are the copper-works: the ore is chiefly imported from Cornwall and Wicklow in Ireland; being calcined, and thereby losing its sulphur, it is refined by the simple process of frequent melting, and taking off the dross, which forms a scum: lastly, being moulded into small plates, or pigs, it is shipped for the market. The method of reducing the metal, when melted into small particles, is by pouring it into water; and when thus reduced, it is called copper-shot. Brass is a compound of copper thus reduced, and lapis calaminaris pulverized in crucibles, and moulded or cast into plates. Lapis calaminaris is dug in great quantities near Holywell in Flintshire.

Neath, although surrounded by beautiful scenery, is itself unpleasantly situated: it is low, the streets narrow, the buildings old, and there is in the first view of it an air

of desertion and poverty, that sets the traveller against it ; yet it possesses some trade as a sea-port, in coals, iron, and copper, for which it is now considerably indebted to its canal, which communicates betwixt Aberdare and Britton Ferry. The ruins of the castle still exist, but possess no particular merit, derived either from strength, beauty, or antiquity. A navigable canal has been made to communicate with all the interior parts of the country to Pont Nedd Vechan. The market days at Neath are Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is one hundred and ninety-six miles one furlong from London. Near Neath is Cringell, the residence of Wm. Davis, Esq. author of a History of this County ; and about a mile up the vale of Neath, is Cadoxton Lodge, near which is a cascade. The road from hence to Swansea is very good, and not incommoded by the smoke of the copper-works, as it was formerly ; but for horse or foot passengers, though more circuitous, there is a pleasant way by

BRITTON FERRY.

This village is much resorted to, on account of its beautiful situation ; and many a white-washed cottage straggles through the hamlet. The plantations of the Earl of Jersey, late Lord Vernon's, are well disposed, and edge the water's brink : the river is constantly filled with vessels, whose gay streamers glittering to the sun-beam, present to the eye a constant moving object. The richness and beauty of this spot is scarcely to be equalled in all the principality : and the climate is so mild, that myrtles, magnolias, fuschias, and other tender exotics, grow luxuriantly in the open air. The church-yard is very beautiful, and beneath the shade of its trees a friend of

the Editor of the present Edition wrote the following lines :

When death has stolen our dearest friends away,
 Some tears to shed is graceful:—but to mourn
 Loudly and deeply, that their pains are o'er,
 Is but to prove, we lov'd ourselves far more,
 Than e'er we cherish'd, lov'd, or valued them.
 To bear misfortune with an equal mind;
 To mount the aspiring pinnacle of fame,
 With a warm heart, and temperate resolve;
 To curb the rage that prompts to wild revenge;
 To pay the malice of an envious throng
 With pity and forgiveness; and to weep,
 With tears of joy, that our most "useful" friend
 Has paid the debt Eternity demands,
 Alike bespeak nobility of mind,
 And the proud hope, that heaven's decrees are just.
 Stranger! of peasant or of royal line;
 Treasure these thoughts and Autumn's yellow leaf
 Shall never fill thine aged eyes with tears!

Having crossed the Ferry, we proceeded on the sands to

SWANSEA.

The whole of this walk commanded a boundless view of the ocean to the west, whilst to the south the faint hues of the Somersetshire coast skirted the horizon.

Swansea, or Abertawe, is a well-built sea-port town, on the river Tawe, much resorted to during the summer months. The machines for bathing are kept about half a mile from the town. The castle is supposed to have been erected by Henry, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of King Henry I.; and is at present the property of the Duke of Beaufort; the small arches round the top of it

are exactly similar to the building of Lantphoy castle, and King John's Hall, St. David's, Pembrokeshire. This castle is now turned into a gaol and workhouse. The market-place is said to be covered with the lead of St. David's cathedral, given by Cromwell to a gentleman of Swansea.

The clay used for the pottery, long carried on in this place, is brought from Corfe, in Dorsetshire: having been mixed with finely-ground flint, and dissolved in water, it is passed through sieves, till it has lost all its coarser particles; then exposed to heat, which evaporates the water, and leaves the clay of a consistency sufficient for working. The vessel is first rudely formed by the hand, the clay being stuck to a circular board, which has an horizontal rotation. The other operation consists in the more perfect forming of the work by various processes, and the colouring, glazing, painting, and stamping; drying and baking kilns complete the work.

The harbour of Swansea, which is large, has had great sums expended upon it, without much judgment having been evinced in the expenditure: the piers, which are extensive, are already frequently wanting considerable repairs, and will always be a source of emolument to those who know how to make the most of a good job. Swansea Bay is beautiful, and the sail from Swansea to Ilfracombe, one of the pleasantest and cheapest I ever enjoyed. The entrance into the latter harbour is grand and terrific; the stupendous rocks by which it is sheltered and enclosed, impressing the mind, on a temperate day, with that pleasing awe, which in a more tempestuous time, "when the raging billows roar," would amount to horror and dismay. Ilfracombe affords comfortable accommodation to remain at; but to remove inland, you have to send to Barnstaple

for a conveyance: it is a most romantic situation. Swansea is seen to great advantage from the bay, its best front being towards the Channel; it is a mixture of good and bad, of old streets and new, wide and narrow, pride and poverty, much show and little wealth. The market, which is on a Saturday, is greatly improved of late years, and not only affords comforts but luxuries; yet Swansea, except to those who are acquainted with it, is a more expensive place to reside at for a short time than an English watering place: still those lodgings, which are so highly rated during the season, are comfortable retreats to half-pay officers during the winter months; and from the mildness of the climate, and many families taking up their residence at it during that period, Swansea, were it not for the faults and greediness or mismanagement of some of its inhabitants, would rise to wealth and respectability. The playhouse is respectable, and the performers generally good, but badly repaid for their exertions. The post-office is here very regular, and conveyances to Bristol, Gloucester, or London, although expensive, regular and safe. A walk may be comfortably enjoyed in five minutes after a shower, or between showers, without wet feet; and both drives and rides in the vicinity are numerous and beautiful. The libraries are good, well-supplied, and civil, and the shops accommodating, and plentifully stocked: still I should think the traveller would take more money at Merthyr than Swansea, and four times as much at that little high-spirited place, Caermarthen, as at either; such at least must be the case, if any criterion is to be formed from the quantum of circulating medium required, as gained from the requisitions for the exchange of the new for the old coinage, Caermarthen having wanted upwards of 20,000*l.* and Swansea not having required 4000*l.* The

mail road to Caermarthen is by Pontarddylais, nine miles ; Llanon, four miles ; Caermarthen, thirteen. Swansea is about two hundred and five miles from London. Its population consists of 10,255 inhabitants. It has some trade to the Baltic ; and more than 100,000 chaldrons of coals are annually exported.

OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE,

about five miles from Swansea, is finely situated on an eminence, commanding a delightful prospect of the surrounding country, and the Mumbles' Bay. The ivy-mantled walls of this castle are sufficiently perfect to distinguish what the apartments were originally designed for. It formerly belonged to the lords of Gower, but is now in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort. It is a majestic ruin, standing in a bold position, commanding a beautiful view of the country, the Bay of Swansea, and surrounded by broken cliffs. The walls are so little injured by time, that the design of the apartments may easily be traced. The general figure is polygonal ; the ramparts lofty, but not flanked with towers, except just at the entrance. It is a good specimen of the Gothic style ; and is ascribed to the Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry the First. Our curiosity being satisfied, we hastened to the

MUMBLES,

celebrated, far and near, for the goodness and abundance of its oysters. This village stands at the extremity of Swansea Bay, on a vast mass of splintered rock : from this elevation the wide expanse of the ocean and Swansea Bay are viewed to great advantage. These rocks are inaccessible at high-water, except in a boat ; on the

farthest is erected a light-house, serviceable to the navigation of the British Channel. The lodging-house above Oystermouth, called Thistle-boon, commands a fine view of the Peninsula of Gower; the Bay of Swansea on one side, and that of Caermarthen on the other.

^{to} At Pennard we descended some immense sand-banks, which led us into Oxwich Bay: at the head of the sand-banks are the small remains of an old castle*, scarcely worthy of observation. The sands in this bay are extremely fine, and the bold projections of the rock exhibit nature in her most awful and impressive attitudes. To the right of Oxwich Bay is situate, at Penrice†, the seat of Mr. Talbot: the grounds are well planned, and command extensive views of the sea: the old castle, rising behind the house, gave the whole a fine effect. It has been converted into an aviary. Lady Mary Talbot, (now Cole), has the most beautiful flower garden in the whole principality.

Between Penrice and the neat village of

CHERITON,

we observed to our right, on a hill, a large flat cromlech, several tons weight, resting on about six smaller ones, placed perpendicularly, and standing about five feet high: this is vulgarly called King Arthur's stone. The lifting of this stone in its present place is mentioned in the Welsh Historical Triades as one of the three arduous undertakings accomplished in the Island of Britain. On a hill, opposite our inn, we discovered evident vestiges of a Roman encampment. From this elevation the eye caught a fine view of Caermarthen Bay,

* Pennarth, eight miles south-west of Swansea.

† From the Welsh Pen Rhys.

and the bold promontory of *Worm's Head*, to the south-west : this rock is only accessible at low water. '

The country through which we traversed for the four or five last miles, is inhabited by a colony of Flemings, who settled here in the reign of King Henry I. In the reign of this King's father, a great number of Flemings having been driven out of their habitations by a very extraordinary inundation of the sea, sought protection in England, where they were cordially received. But so many of these people being dispersed in different parts of the kingdom, began, by the increase of their numbers, to create some uneasiness ; which King Henry I. removed, by settling them as a colony in South Wales, and gave them the country adjoining to Tenby and Haverfordwest. By this wise policy, the king rid his own dominions of an incumbrance, and curbed the insolence of the then rebellious Cambrians*. The little territory they inhabit is called *Gwyr* ; and by the English, *Little England* beyond Wales : because their manners and language are still distinguishable from the Welsh, and in point of speech assimilate the English. These Flemings, to this day, seldom or never intermarry with the Welsh : they speak good English, and are very much averse to the manners and language of the country they inhabit ; both sexes generally distinguish themselves by wearing a short cloak, called *gowyr wittle*.

In preference to a long walk, of near thirty miles, we crossed the river Bury, at Loughor, in the church-yard of which village we found the following epitaph :

The village maidens to her grave shall bring
Selected garlands, each returning spring :

* William of Malmesbury, p. 158.

Selected sweets in emblem of the maid,
 Who, underneath this hallowed turf, is laid :
 Like her, they flourish, beautiful to the eye.
 Like her, too soon, they languish, fade and die.

From Loughor we proceeded to

LLANELLY,

a miserable dirty place, filled with miners and sailors.
 From hence to

KIDWELLY,

the road leads over the Penbree hills ; and from this elevation, the scenery is viewed to great advantage.

The castle of Kidwelly, otherwise Cathweli, was formerly, I imagine, of great extent, and is still the most perfect we had hitherto met with in Wales. The extent of the apartments is distinguishable ; some of the staircases accessible ; and the four round towers, keep, gateway, and yard, spread an awful gloom around, whose beauties time had just sufficiently impaired, to heighten its grandeur and sublimity. To this castle King John retired, when at war with his Barons. Our guide expatiated much on the history and events of the castle, and told the story with as much agitation and interest, as if it had happened yesterday. The road to

CAERMARTHEN

we found unpleasantly hilly, but occasional valleys to our left enlivened our walk. Near Caermarthen we crossed a bridge of freestone over the Towy. This river, running through the middle of this shire, falls into the British Sea at Caermarthen Bay, and is navigable for small ves-

sels as far as the bridge. Immediately over it, upon a hanging rock, stand the remains of a once renowned castle. This town was the site of a Roman station, *Maridunum*, and, according to Giraldus's authority, was anciently a place of great strength, and fortified with brick walls, which are yet partly extant, near the river. This place, now considered as the capital of the county, was formerly the residence of the Prince of South Wales; and the ancient Britons here held their parliaments. The chancery likewise, and exchequer for South Wales, were kept here, when this territory was first erected into a principality, by the crown of England. In the thirty-eighth year of King Henry VIII. it was created a borough-town.

No part of Wales can boast a more generous or higher-spirited people than the gentry in the vicinity, and the inhabitants of Caermarthen. Its trade is likewise considerable, as the circumjacent country, for a very considerable distance, is dependent upon it for the common luxuries, and what are now deemed, even in Wales, necessities of life, for which they bring for sale or barter the most simple article of the native produce; and you may frequently see the basket that has been brought for miles, not contain a sixpenny-worth of herbs, eggs, &c.; yet this trifle is to them of consequence, and enables them to add to the little stock of tea, tape, or pins, which they require. The busy scene of a Caermarthen market is highly interesting, particularly to one fond of the study of political economy.

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

How cheap must be the subsistence of a party who can walk twelve or fourteen miles to earn sixpence, or dis-

burse a shilling or eighteen-pence, and how few must be their weekly wants which so small a sum can satisfy ! It is true, they divide this labour, and each take their turn of village or neighbourly duty. The market of this place is not only extremely reasonable, but excellent ; hardly excelled in quality by any but Worcester, the cleanliness and beauty of the exhibition of which beats all England. Caermarthen has abundance of good meat, fish, poultry, butter, wild-fowl, and game. In December, 1819, I bought three fine turkeys for nine shillings, fowls from eightpence to one shilling each, and other things in proportion ; still the taxes are the same as in England, and good land is high rented ; but the wants of the tenantry are fewer ; small farms are abundant, and every cottage has its garden and plot of ground, as well as waste land generally : fuel is likewise cheap.

The view from Caermarthen over the Towy is beautiful, and not to be enjoyed any where to greater advantage than from the back rooms of the Ivy Bush inn, or the terrace walk in the garden. Its population is rated at between 7 and 8000, and its houses at about 1200. The market days are Saturday and Wednesday. It is 231 miles from London, by Bristol, and 216 by Gloucester.

The mail arrives from London at nine in the morning, and departs at two o'clock in the afternoon generally. I should feel it the height of ingratitude, if I failed to notice the great attention paid to strangers who attend divine service at the church : not only are they immediately accommodated in comfortable pews, but prayer-books are supplied to them by the son of the clerk. In short, I witnessed that courtesy and attention to strangers, and backwardness to receive remuneration, that I never saw evinced at any other place.

The late Ivy Bush was the house of Sir Richard Steele, who obtained it and his property in this neighbourhood by marriage with the heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq. After the death of his wife he retired to a small farmhouse, called the White House, lying about a mile from Caermarthen, and there he wrote his celebrated comedy of the *Conscious Lovers*.

At some distance from Caermarthen are several very remarkable caves : whence Merlin is supposed to have delivered his oracles.

Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear ?

Who of a British nymph was gotten whilst she play'd
With a seducing spirit.

Drayton, Polyolbion. s. v.

Caermarthen gave birth to Merlin, who is styled, by an ancient author, " the sonne of a badde angell, or of an incubus spirit, the Britaine's great Apollo, whom Geofrey ap Arthur would ranke with the south-saying seer, or rather with the true prophets themselves ; being none other than a meere seducer, and phantastical vizard." He flourished in the year 480.

Some few years after this tour, I took the road to Caermarthen from Ragland, through Crickhowel, Brecon, Llandovery, and Landilo. Passing through Abergavenny, we paused for a few days at Crickhowel, where we amused ourselves in fly-fishing in the river Usk.

Crickhowel stands in the centre of a vale, scarcely surpassed by that of the Towy ; and is supposed to have been built in the time of Howel Dha, about the year 940. The castle presents little to attract attention. The church contains some few ancient monuments ; but the principal objects for a traveller are to be found at a short distance from the town ; viz. a remarkable cave south of Langat-

rock; a waterfall in a dingle, leading to Llanelly iron-works; the remains of a castle, on what is called the Camp Hill; and the beautiful village of Lambeter, the walks of which are, of themselves, almost worthy a journey into Wales. The society around Crickhowel is highly respectable; but there are no noblemen's seats, and only one park within the distance of many miles. The natural scenery, however, amply compensates.

From Crickhowel we proceeded to a village, named Cwmdu, situated between two chains of mountains. The village is poor to the last degree, but the land is rich; and the valley, in which it is situated, may be called the granary of Brecknockshire. There is scarcely a field on the lower sides of the hills, that does not present a spot favourable to build upon. From the farm and house, called Cwmgô, is one of the most beautiful views in all Wales; commanding, as it does, the vale of Usk, the river winding through it, innumerable fields, a high mountain towards the north, the town of Crickhowel on the east; the ruins of Tretower below; a woody hill rising above it; and, from a field at a short distance from the house, the double head of the Beacons, towering, as it were, into the clouds.

Brecon, or Aber Honddu, is a very romantic town; with good inns, and every accommodation for a respectable family. The views around it are beautiful; the Priory groves, as a public walk, are the most delightful in all Wales, perhaps in Britain; while the castle, the priory, and other fragments of antiquity, afford ample materials for the contemplation of those who connect scenes with former events. For within the walls of the castle was planned the union of the two houses of York and Lancaster.

Passing through Trecastle, a miserable village, once a large town, possessing the ruins of a castle, we entered a valley, winding for six or eight miles at the feet of mountains, and presenting at every step something to admire, we arrived at Llandovery, or Llanymddvri, situated on the banks of the Brane, near the head of the upper vale of Towy. Here we found the remains of a small castle, once in the possession of Richarde de Pws; small in dimensions, and uninteresting in its history; but the town derives some notice from its having produced Rhys Prichard, author of a book, well known in almost every Welsh house by the name of the *Vicar's book*. He sleeps here without inscription or monument.

From Llandovery the road and the Towy proceed to Llandilo through a country at once rich in fertility, and beautiful in point of scenery. Llandilo is remarkable for a battle, fought in 1281, between Edward the First and Llewellyn the Great. It has no feature in itself worthy of attention; but its environs are beautiful to the last degree.

About a mile from this town, on the road to Caermarthen, are the ruins of Dinevawr Castle, the most celebrated spot in the principality. This castle was erected by Roderique the Great in the year 877. So much have been written of these ruins, of the noble park, belonging to Lord Dynevor, and the country round, that I shall merely observe, that, after passing a few hours in admiration, we passed on to Grongar Hill, and sate beneath the hawthorn, under which Dyer is supposed to have written his beautiful poem. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting a passage from Spenser, where he describes the Cave of Merlin, which he places near the rocks of Dinevawr.

If thou shouldst ever happen that same way
 To travel, go to see that dreadful place :
 It is a hideous, hollow, cave-like bay
 Under a rock, that has a little space
 From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace,
 Amongst the woody hills of Dinevawr.
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any case
 To enter into that same baleful bower,
 For fear the cruel fiends should thee unawares devour.
 But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear ;
 And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,
 And brasen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring pains
 Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains.
 And often-times great groans, and grievous stounds,
 When too huge toil, and labour them constrains.
 And often-times loud strokes, and ringing sounds
 From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

FAERIE QUEENE, B. iii. Cant. 3.

The view from Grongar Hill is inexpressibly beautiful.
 To attempt describing it would only be showing the poverty of human language.

From this spot the road winds to Caermarthen with many a graceful curve, through a country presenting a multitude of objects for the pencil of an accomplished painter.

The regular road to Tenby is by St. Clears, nine miles one quarter : Cold Blow, ten miles seven furlongs ; left to Tenby, eight miles and a quarter ; at St. Clears, is the Blue Boar, and at Cold Blow, the Windsor Castle ; but should the Tourist prefer the coast to the regular road, I should recommend him to visit Llanstaphan castle, at the mouth of the Towy ; a large and venerable ruin, memorable for the siege it sustained about the middle of the

twelfth century, when defended by Meredith ap Gruffydd, who defeated all the attacks of the Normans, &c. who besieged it. The village, which is now resorted to for sea-bathing, is situate at the bottom of the hill. At high water, there is a ferry to the village on the opposite side: at low water, at particular periods, the sands may be crossed on horseback; but strangers should not attempt this without a guide. From Llanstaphan the Tourist may proceed by Llaugharne, Green Bridge, &c.

From Caermarthen we were recommended to go to

LLAUGHARNE,

in order to see the castle; but it by no means answered our expectation: little part of it now remains; and the neat gravel walk in the garden is ill adapted for the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin. From the neighbouring heights, grand and extensive sea-prospects interest the traveller. At this place was born the once celebrated Dean Tucker. One mile distant is another ruin called Rock Castle, but supposed to have been a monastery. About five miles from Llaugharne, we passed a small place, called

GREEN BRIDGE.

It derives its name from an excavation in the rock, through which a little rivulet runs for a mile and a half. This cavity is completely concealed from the road, and impossible to be discovered, unless pointed out. But I would advise travellers to alter their route from Swansea, and pursue the straight road to Caermarthen, by Pontarddylais, where is a comfortable inn, and so to Tenby, by Narbeth. By these means they escape the unpleasant roads (and almost, indeed, inaccessible for carriages), leading from Oystermouth to Cheriton, and likewise from

Llaugharne to Tenby. But should the Tourist be led by an invincible curiosity to inspect the ruins of Kidwelly Castle, it may easily be accomplished, by pursuing the turnpike road to Kidwelly, and from thence to Caermarthen. In this last route you only omit visiting the seat of Mr. Talbot, of Penrice, though an object highly worthy of inspection.

At Saunders' Foot is a small bay, formed on one side by a rock, called the Monkstone, and on the other by the Caermarthenshire coast. Near this place is situate the seat of Captain Ackland; and from thence to Tenby, the dark lowering rocks rose perpendicularly to a considerable height, and then branched out into overhanging crags. It was now dusk;—and at this transforming hour, the bold promontories became shaded with unreal glooms,—the projecting cliffs assumed a more terrific aspect,—and the wild, overhanging underwood

“Waved to the gale in hoarser murmurs.”

TENBY

is much resorted to during the summer months for bathing. It stands on a rock facing Caermarthen Bay: the bold promontory of the Monkstone Head to the north, and St. Catherine's Point to the south, form a fine amphitheatre. The shore is well adapted for bathing; the machines excellent; and a singular rock, rising in the sea close to the shore, shelters the bathing machines even in the most boisterous weather. On the south of Tenby, at the extremity of the small island of St. Catherine's, attainable at low-water, are the remains of a Roman Catholic chapel. Entirely through this island is a singular perforation, which, without any difficulty, may be penetrated at the reflux of the tide. The views from the

south sands are remarkably beautiful; the character of the rocks is here awfully wild, craggy, and impending; and the distant fishing-boats, with their white sails, and the voices of the fishermen, who constantly frequent this coast, borne at intervals on the air, are circumstances which animate the scene: whilst the islands of Caldy and St. Margaret's opportunely rise, to render the terrific ocean beautiful. The retrospect is equally interesting; the neat town of Tenby, with the mutilated walls of its castle, closes this charming scene.

The ancient walls of Tenby are still sufficiently perfect to show its former strength and extent; and the four round towers, standing on the extremity of the rock, point out the situation of its castle. Near this is a ruinous building, supposed to be the remains of a Flemish manufactory, probably woollen. On the north sands is likewise another walk, equally beautiful, commanding the whole extent of Caermarthen Bay. On the summit of the rocks, over these sands, is the walk called the Croft.

Tenby is greatly indebted to Sir William Paxton for his exertions in improving it. The inconvenience it so long laboured under from want of water has been, through his means, completely removed, and that most necessary article of life is now enjoyed by its inhabitants in great purity and profusion.

From the general high state of perfection, and transparent clearness of the sea-water at Tenby, it has become a place of that fashionable resort, that both hot and cold sea-water baths became requisite for the comfort and infirmities of its numerous genteel visitors: these Sir William has likewise caused to be erected on the most convenient plans, with extensive reservoirs, dressing, and lounging-rooms, &c. under the superintendence of Mr.

Cockerell. The bath-house is beautifully situated outside the harbour, adjoining the Castle Hill: an excellent carriage-road leads to it; and a large vestibule is allotted for servants to wait in: lodgings and refreshments are likewise provided for such as require them. The dressing-rooms for the warm and vapour baths are raised to any temperature by warm air; and there is a cupping-room, provided with all necessary apparatus, for such as require that operation.

The principal inns and hotels are Shaw's, Jenkins's the Lion and the Bull; there is a theatre, bowling-green, assemblies, billiard-rooms, library, &c. &c. Horses are to be hired: and both rides and walks, in the vicinity, are beautiful and abundant.

This place, from the vast quantity of fish caught near the coast, is called Tenby-y-Piscoid. The Church of Tenby is a large, handsome, and antique edifice, and contains several monuments, bearing an ancient date, worthy of notice. On the left of the altar is one to William Risam, with the following inscription:

Two hundred pounds
and 50 more
He gave this towne
to help the poore.

The use of one on cloth
and coles bestowe
For twelve decrepid mean
and lowe.

Let 50 pounds to five
Be yearly leat
The other's use on Burges'
sonne's be spent.

On the same side is a monument to the memory of John Moore, Esq., who, at the age of fifty-eight, and having by his first wife six sons and ten daughters, fell desperately in love, which not being returned, he died of a consumption at Tenby. The following epitaph is very allusive to his unfortunate catastrophe :

He that from home for love
was hither brought,
Is now brought home, this God
for him hath wrought.

Another monument to Morgan Williams :

Igne probatur
En animus rursus clare in corpore
MORGAN WILLIAMS,
descended from the heiress of
Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. David's,
Burnt alive by bigots under Q. Mary;
was lately chief of Gargam,
and senior in council at
Madras.
Where Oct. 27, 1690, aged 49 years,
he resign'd the President's chair
and his breath together.
An employment of full thirty years
chronicles the continual
approbation of his conduct,
particularly as
chief commissioner of the circuit.

To the south of Tenby are some insulated rocks, in which are many curious excavations, and several islands, the principal of which is Caldy Island, consisting of about

600 acres, 200 of which are in a state of cultivation. The tower of its ancient priory is still standing.

If the Tourist has leisure and opportunity, many excursions may be made during his stay at Tenby. The first and most important is, to Pembroke and Milford Haven. The road affords many grand and extensive sea views, with a faint prospect of Lundy Isle. About four miles from Tenby stand the ruins of Mannorbeer castle*, supposed to have been erected about the time of William Rufus. A little farther on, the ivied-mantled walls of Carew Castle† burst upon us; and, about three miles from

* Famous as being the birth-place of Sylvester Giraldus de Barri (more generally known as Giraldus Cambrensis), nephew of David Fitzgerald, Bishop of St. David's; to which see Giraldus himself aspired. He was twice elected to it by the chapter, but never attained that dignity, although he had refused, in such expectation, three or four bishoprics, as well as the Archbishopric of Cashel. Acting as legate to the Archbishop of Canterbury in Wales, he evinced great spirit in correcting numerous abuses which had crept into the church in that principality. The great credit which he derived from these spirited exertions were greatly added to, by the many valuable works he bequeathed to posterity, the merits of which have been recently revived under the fostering auspices of Sir Richard C. Hoare, Bart., who has enhanced the value and interest of his translation of the Itinerary of Giraldus by illustrations derived from his own pencil. Seventeen years before his death he resigned all his ecclesiastical preferments, giving himself up to his studies: he died in the 74th year of his age, at St. David's, where his monument is still remaining.

† The pedestrian will not possibly find time to examine the ruins of Carew Castle in this day's route, but will find it more convenient to visit it in his way from Tenby to Haverfordwest.

Pembroke, the decayed and broken walls of Llanfeth, or Lantphey Castle, attracted our notice, once the residence of the Bishops of St. David's, but now a monument of desolation. The three buildings of Swansea Castle; Lantphey Court; and King John's Hall, St. David's; are very similar in their workmanship. We now arrived at

PEMBROKE.

Mr. Wyndham has so minutely delineated the present state of this castle, that I cannot do better than transcribe his account :

“ The approach to Pembroke from the river shows the town and castle to the most beautiful advantage. The town is situated upon the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually ascending to the highest point, on which stands the castle, at the brink of the precipice. If I may compare small things with great, it much resembles the situation of Edinburgh.

“ The castle is of Norman architecture, mixed with early Gothic. The principal tower, which is uncommonly high and perfect, has even its stone vaulted roof remaining. The walls of this tower are fourteen feet in thickness, the diameter of the space within is twenty-five, and the height, from the ground to the crown of the dome, is seventy-five feet ; but visible marks appear within, that its height was originally divided by four floors.

“ King Henry VII. was born in the present castle. The natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately under the chapel, and opens with a wide mouth towards the river. A communication from the cavern to the castle was made by a staircase, on the outside of the rock ; the entrance was barricaded with a strong wall, partly remaining, through which there is now a large door-way

opened to the shore of the river. The cavern appears nearly circular; its diameter is fifty-three feet; and its height is proportionable to the diameter.

“In the civil war this castle was a garrison for the crown; and being besieged, made a gallant defence.” In a cavern under this castle is a remarkable echo.

Pembroke is by many still considered the next town, in South Wales, to Caermarthen; but, although the situation is fine, and the main street good, still the residue of the town shows evident symptoms of decay, and that it lacks that trade and notice which Haverfordwest is deriving from its downfall. It gives the title of Earl to the Herbert family.

The two churches within the walls are ancient. St. Michael's is of Norman architecture; it is at the east end of the town: St. Mary's in the centre of it. The priory church has its nave vaulted with stone; it is paved with glazed bricks, with arms, flowers, &c. upon them. Near the church is the prior's mansion, which still exhibits proofs of its former splendour and the large establishment of its possessors: it is now become a humble dilapidated farm-house; and, to trace its origin, you must go to the foundation. In 1811 Pembroke contained 501 houses, and a population of 2415 persons. From hence is a pleasant excursion, the account of which, as given by Mr. Fenton, in his work on Pembrokeshire, I subjoin:—

“Quitting the magnificent ruins of Pembroke, pass through Monkton, from the height of which an admirable view may be attained; reach Dry Burrows, a furzy moor, covered with tumuli. To the left stands Orieltion. Here, turn to the right, passing Castleton, still you will observe various tumuli: from this height to the right, the navigation from Pennarmouth to the town of

Pembroke. The coast here is famous for oysters of superior excellence, in inexhaustible quantities. Descend by Hênllan, anciently inhabited by the descendants of Gwynfard Dyfed : hence to Pwllcrochon church-yard, upon a small creek of Milford Haven, in which a memorable skirmish took place between the king's and parliament's forces. The parish church of Rhôscrowther is dignified with a handsome tower, and the interior contains some figures well sculptured : distant a quarter of a mile stands Iestingtown, or vulgarly Iseston, long the residence of the family of Meares ; it appears to have been castellated. Not far from the church is a well, called St. Degmen's, to which great virtues have been ascribed. Skirting the Bay of Nangle, reach the village of that name, so called from being somewhat placed in *angulo*. It bears marks of former consequence : in the church is a monument to Brigadier Ferrars. To the north of a brook, running behind the church-yard, are the remains of a considerable building, with a square tower, called the castle, said to have been the principal residence of the Sherborne's, ancient Lords of the Vill ; it is now an inn. Hence along the coast is a block-house, a singular building, reared upon the very edge of a horrid precipice overhanging the sea, fronting another upon the dale side of Milford. The masonry of these buildings is excellent ; their origin is uncertain. Leaving Bangeston on the left, after passing over a sandy tract, you reach the village of Castle Martin, an ancient British post, part of the works of which are still remaining. A little further is Merion Court, belonging to Lord Cawdor ; and, near to the village, to the north-east, a British circular camp. The road now passes the extremity of Lord Cawdor's property at Brawnslade, farmed on the most improved

principles. Still further along the coast is Bully Bear, where are the remains of a fortified camp. Hence to Linney Point, and the Head of Man, a promontory of great height, awfully overhanging its base: near this, a fine view of an insulated rock, called Pennyholt Stock, pass the Wash to a Danish camp; in which is that wonderful chasm called the Caldron: the entrance to the camp is by a winding ascent; it has been of considerable extent and great strength; and, with the Caldron and rock, most curious and worthy of observation. Bosherton Meer is occasionally agitated to such an extent as to be heard at a considerable distance—resembling thunder, and its foam rising many feet above the mouth of the pit. At a short distance to the east, is a fissure in the cliffs not discernable till nearly on its edge, called Penny's and Adam's Leap, over which these hunters were precipitated: proceed to the Horse Block, and St. Govan's Chapel and Well, to the latter of which great virtues are ascribed. The surrounding scenery is in the highest degree picturesque: the larger bay is surrounded by cliffs, in the form of an amphitheatre; that in which the hermitage is placed is truly romantic. In proceeding to Stackpool Court, after again gaining the height, you pass Buckspool, and from thence to Bosherton; below the village, pass under a tongue of land, on which are the remains of a strong encampment; near this is a small cavern, in the Limestone Rock, where human bones have been found. Harold is said to have infested this coast, and to have left marks of his predatory victories inscribed—

Hick Haroldus victor fuit.

Of three stones, the most east stands in Stackpool Park

Warren, pitched upon one end ; the second, surmounting a carnedd, is in a field called Horrestone Park, consisting of a great mass of limestone, six feet above the ground, five in breadth, and a foot in thickness ; it is bedded in an almost circular mound of stones. The third stone is upon the same line, but more west ; it is the tallest, almost incrustated with a minute lichen."

Stackpool Court (from the broad rock at the mouth of Broad Haven) is the elegant seat of Lord Cawdor. It is on the west side of the pool, on a fine eminence, at the edge of a bold declivity. It bore originally a castellated form, but lost its ancient baronial character. In the civil wars it was fortified and garrisoned for the king. The walls were so strong, that the ordnance made little impression. The present mansion, which occupies the same site, is of wrought limestone ; its architecture is heavy. Lady Cawdor has contributed to Mr. Fenton's Tour, from her own pencil, a charming view of this vicinity, taken near the bridge, in crossing from the house to the park. The house has two fronts, the principal one facing the pleasure-ground, the other opening to a fine piece of water. You enter the latter front from a broad terrace, extending to the whole length ; and, after descending, it continues to the extent of a spacious conservatory. The house is formed into many fine apartments, and the library is large. In one room, containing family pictures, is a whole length of Lord Cawdor, by Sir J. Reynolds, and another of Lady Cawdor, by Sir W. Beechey. The offices are well arranged, and the stables form a detached large quadrangular building. Of Stackpool, says Mr. Fenton, without straining a compliment, there are few places which display more magnificence without, or more sumptuous hospitality and elegant comforts

within. But, to sum up the importance of this place, be it known that it stands in the midst of a property of fifteen thousand acres of most valuable land ! Opposite is the park, well stocked with deer, deformed by some barren sand-banks, and at present deficient in wood. The borders of the lake, and the pleasure-grounds, are, however, richly wooded. Between the park and the sea there is a warren, formed of mountains of sand, and consolidated by that valuable plant *môrhesg* (*juncus maritimus*), sea or mat rushes. The lake is abundantly stocked with wild fowl, which collect at a call, and consent to be fed like barn-door poultry.

Passing along the park, enter the pleasant village of Stackpool, where the ancient lords' vassals resided : hence descend to a vale on the right, where a private gate leads through a woody avenue to the church of Chereton, or Stackpool Elidur, from its founder. It stands at the head of a sequestered dell ; is a plain building, with a tower ; consists of a nave and chancel, having two small aisles on the south side. On the north side of the chancel, under a wrought canopy of stone, lies a cross-legged knight, said to represent Elidur de Stackpool, the first possessor of Stackpool ; the same whom Giraldus mentions, who took the cross at the time that Archbishop Baldwin made his transit through the country. Ascend to St. Petroc's, a rectory in the gift of Lord Cawdor : the church is small, but very light and neat. The only conspicuous monument is a handsome mural marble tablet, to a Lady Jane Mansell, wife first of Sir Roger Lort, and afterwards Sir Edward Mansell, of Muddlescombe, Bart. in the County of Caermarthen. The rectors of this place have been observed to live to a great age.

At a short distance from Stackpool stands the chapel of St. Gowen, situated in a fine amphitheatre of rocks, rising immediately over the sea. In respect to this scene, the Author of the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, thus expresses himself:—"As for you, my Lelius, never shall I forget your enthusiasm, when we visited the chapel of St. Gowen, situated among those stupendous rocks, which, forming a semicircular area towards the sea, commands a noble prospect of the coast of Devon. The language you employed on that interesting occasion, never can I be so base as to forget! 'If our prayers are at one time more acceptable than at another, it must assuredly be in those moments when our souls are elevated by such scenery as this! Often have I been awed to devotion at Rome and at Loretto, in the presence of Canons, Bishops, and Cardinals; but here, in the rude simplicity of nature, I feel my spirit separate, as it were, from the tenement which has so long chained it to the earth, and wing its course directly up to heaven! The magnificent area, in which this small chapel is situated, is a temple more sublimely grand and affecting than all the mosques of Turkey, and all the cathedrals of France, Italy, or Spain.'"

At Pembroke we hired a boat*, intending to sail round the extensive Haven of Milford; and, as we retired from the shore, we took a retrospect of the dilapidated walls of the castle, once the terror, and even in ruins, the pride of the scene. It is most advisable to make this excursion at high water, as it adds much to the picturesque scenery of the *tout ensemble*.

* The price for two oars seven shillings and sixpence; and twelve shillings and sixpence for four oars.

MILFORD HAVEN,

is justly compared to "an immense lake; for, the mouth not being at any distance visible, the whole haven seems land-locked. Though it is a mile and three quarters wide, it could not be defended against an enemy, nor is there a sufficiency of timber in the neighbourhood*.

"This haven is formed by a great advance of the sea into the land, it being above ten miles from the southernmost point at Nangle to Pembroke, beyond which the tide comes up to and beyond Carew Castle. It is capable of holding the whole navy of England; and the same is said of Cork Harbour†. The spring tides rise thirty-six feet, the neap above twenty-six. Ships may be out of this haven in an hour's time; and in eight or ten hours over at Ireland, or the Land's End; and this with almost any wind, by day or night."

"In surveying the estuary of Milford Haven," says a writer, whom we shall frequently have occasion to quote, "expanding into one of the finest harbours in all Europe, and wearing the appearance of an immense lake, sufficiently large to contain the entire navy of the British Crown, secure from winds and tempests, and where a large fleet might manœuvre with the greatest safety,—what ideas of power and magnificence are awakened in the mind! Then by a magic glance we traverse the tempestuous Channel to the Irish coast, and call to mind the various crimes and injuries which that ill-fated country has committed and received. Returning to the spot whence we had travelled, beholding the creeks and bays,

* Wyndham's Tour through Monmouthshire and Wales.

† Philosophical Survey of Ireland.

the woods, and various agreeable accompaniments, which embellish this majestic estuary; who is there that does not derive the highest satisfaction in recalling to memory the beautiful scene in *Cymbeline*, where Imogen, in the character of Fidele, has flowers sprinkled over her grave, and a solemn dirge performed in honour of her memory?"

Our reception at the miserable place of

HUBBERSTON,

did not induce us to stay longer than was sufficient to recruit ourselves. We found the dirty inn pre-occupied by unfortunate Irish refugees: their situation was indeed melancholy; driven from their country, their friends, and all most dear to them!—And wishing to forget their past sufferings, the following lines seem applicable to their situation:

“ Oh! Could oblivion's friend'ly draught
Soothe all our sorrows to repose;
Nor that intruder, restless thought,
Renew our agonizing woes!

“ Then, all unconscious of the past,
The present hour might calmly glide;
Keen retrospect no more be cast
O'er life's tempestuous, changeful tide:

“ Yet Heaven, to all its creatures kind,
With peace can gild the deepest gloom;
And, 'mid misfortune's wrecks, the mind
May sweet serenity assume.”

Having refreshed ourselves, we walked to Milford, a small village, opposite Hubberston: several comfortable houses are situated on the hill, commanding a delightful

view of the haven. Such was Milford when originally described in this work : but it now ranks as a town of some consequence in Wales. The haven, from its extent and safety, held forth such great inducements to improve the vicinity, and gradually to raise it into consequence as a seaport, that the Right Hon. Charles Greville, whose property it became on the death of Sir W. Hamilton, obtained an Act of Parliament for the building of the town, and the privileges it was to enjoy. After having selected the situation, which is one of the finest parts of the haven, Mr. G. laid down the ground-plan of the streets : the principal ones run in parallel lines east and west, and in the direction of the shore, with short streets of communication intersecting them at right angles. The houses are generally good, and many calculated for the residence of opulent families.

The church is near the haven, at the east end of the lowest street. The windows contain the arms of Hamilton, Barlow, and Greville. The tower, at the west end of the edifice, is very conspicuous in sailing up the haven. The custom-house is at the lower end of the town, by the water side. The dock-yards are immediately in front of the town : they are calculated for the building of line of battle ships, as well as frigates : it was formed after a plan by Lord Spencer. Packets are stationed here under excellent regulations, for the conveyance of the mails and passengers to Waterford.

The mail from London arrives here every evening, and departs in the morning. Markets are held on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

To the west of Milford is Priory Pill, on the opposite bank of which is Haking, or Old Milford. Wet docks were about to be established on this creek, but the design

was abandoned. Between Haking and Hubberstone is the observatory and mathematical school. Being satisfied with our day's excursion, we again returned to our comfortable quarters at Tenby, which we left with regret a few days afterwards.

We again pursued the Pembroke road ; and, about two miles from Tenby, the neglected walls of

CAREW CASTLE

invited curiosity ;—and,

“ Deep struck with awe, we mark'd the dome o'erthrown,
Where once the beauty bloom'd, the warrior shone :
We saw the castle's mouldering tow'rs decay'd,
The loose stone tott'ring o'er the trembling shade.”

This castle, once the residence of the famous Sir Rhys ap Thomas, I imagine, was intended more for a noble residence than a place of defence. The walls of this building are very thick, and constructed with stones of a large size, strongly cemented with mortar. It is situated on a branch of Milford Haven, and consists of a range of apartments built round a quadrangle, with a circular tower at each corner. The south wall is entirely demolished ; but the north consists of a spacious hall, measuring one hundred and two feet by twenty, supposed to have been built by Sir John Perrot : above and under this hall, are noble apartments and extensive offices. This castle appears to have been erected at different times, if we may judge from the architecture. Every ledge of the walls of the towers, denoting the different stories, was embossed with vegetation, which seemed to grow from the solid stone. Over the gate-way, at the west side, are the arms of England, Duke of Lancaster, and Carew ; and conti-

guous to this entrance is another spacious room, measuring eighty feet by thirty.

The village of Carew is poor : there is, by the side of the road, a cross, fashioned out of a single stone, fourteen feet high, and carved all over.

Leaving Carew, we crossed a small bridge over an arm of Milford Haven, and continued our route across a barren and uninteresting heath ; till, descending to the village of

CRESSELEY,

the luxuriant plantation of firs, belonging to Sir William Hamilton, attracted our attention. Small vessels constantly frequent this quay, from whence a quantity of small coal is shipped to different parts. From hence the road is extremely barren and unpicturesque ; but, about three miles from

LANDSHIPPING,

an arm of Milford Haven again burst upon our sight. Near it is situated the uninhabited house of Sir William Owen. In crossing the ferry, Picton Castle, the property of Lord Milford, formed a prominent feature in the gay scene ; and Slebitch, the seat of Mr. Philips, standing at the end of the Haven, contributes considerably to this picturesque prospect. The grounds of

PICTON,

through which we passed, about five miles in extent, seemed to be well planned, and kept in excellent order. This castle has always been inhabited ; and, having escaped the fate of all other castles in Wales, during the

civil wars, it retained, till very late, much of its original external form.

Mr. Fenton's description of this noble spot is so correct and energetic, that I shall, in justice to him, as well as to Picton, here insert it. "Picton castle owes its beauties to circumstances that wealth cannot supply, or titles confer; circumstances that age, and an unbroken line of ancestry in its possessors, have given value to, and have made venerable; an ancient structure, that nothing can so much disfigure as an attempt to modernize, and make less so;—a castle (and I believe a solitary instance) never forfeited, never deserted, never vacant; and that never knew a melancholy blank in its want of a master; from whose walls hospitality was never exiled, and whose governors might be said to have been hereditary; a castle in the midst of possessions and forests coeval with itself, and proudly looking down over a spacious domain, on woods of every after-growth, to an inland sea, bounding its property and its prospects beyond them; for such is Picton Castle."

The ground plan occupies an oblong area, having three large projecting bastions on each side. At the east end was the grand gate, with a portcullis between two similar bastions: this, without any injury to the general aspect, has yielded to a modern entrance, as has the moat and drawbridge, to a terrace, with an open parapet: the additions at the west end are not so fortunate: they injure the appearance, but add to the comforts of the castle, as a modern residence; affording Lord Milford more ample scope for that noble hospitality which he so liberally exercises according to the usage of his ancestors.

Lord Milford possesses a fine cabinet of drawings by eminent masters, collected in Italy by Sir Erasmus Phil-

lips, his uncle. The park is well wooded, but destitute of deer. The gardens, forcing houses, &c. &c. are very extensive, and in high order.

A beautiful walk, which passes near the old encampment, called Castle Lake, leads to Slebech, an ancient commandery of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, but neither trace nor vestige of the old commandery are now to be found. The church is ancient and respectable, but not large; it contains two figures in alabaster, believed to be of the Barlow family.

Returning again to Picton, at the extremity of the park, a good turnpike road soon conducted us to

HAVERFORDWEST,

which is considered as one of the largest towns in South-Wales. It is very irregularly built, on the declivity of a hill, which is, in some parts, so very steep, that the ground-rooms frequently overlook the neighbouring roofs; yet there are some good houses. It is considered as a county of itself, and sends one member to parliament. The town was formerly fortified by a strong wall, or rampart, on the western summit; the shell of a once extensive castle is still remaining; this is now converted into a gaol.

The parade, commanding a cheerful view of the neighbouring country, and the ruins of an ancient abbey, extends for a considerable way, by the side of a hill. At the extremity of this walk stands the ruins of an ancient priory of black canons; the remains are now very inconsiderable, but we easily traced the chapel, over one end of which is an arch, still in good preservation, and beautifully enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy.

The castle, which was built by Gilbert de Clare, first Earl of Pembroke, was a strong edifice ; but the keep now only remains ; and that has been converted into a gaol. From its elevated situation, it has a commanding appearance, and an air of ruined grandeur, more interesting than the proudest modern edifice can boast.

Haverford is called by the Welsh, Hwlfordh *. Having finished our survey of Haverford, we started early the next morning, proposing to breakfast at

NEWGIN BRIDGE,

where we understood we should meet with every thing comfortable ; but, to our disappointment, we found a most miserable, dirty pot-house, destitute of even the common comforts of life. I recollected Shenstone's complimentary lines on an inn, but could not apply them on the present occasion :

“ Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think that he has found
The warmest welcome at an inn †.”

The road from Haverford to Newgin we found very uninteresting ; and the shell of

* “ This castle (says an eminent author) is said to have been built by Gilbert, Earl of Clare, who lived in the reign of King Stephen ; and Camden reports, that Richard, Earl of Clare, made Richard Fitz-Tancred governor thereof. It was one of those in the hands of the Flemings, when they first came into Dyvet, or Pembrokeshire.”

† These lines were frequently repeated by Dr. Johnson, whose partiality to inns is well known.

ROACH CASTLE

did not detain us long. It stands on a rocky eminence, now completely in ruins, with only one tower remaining. "Roach Castle (says Leland) in Rouseland, to the right of the road to St. David's, shews a round and some double out-works, visible at a great distance. It belonged to the Lords Ferrars, and old Langeville, Knt. of Bucks."

In descending the hill to Newgin, the dark lowering rocks, which form that fine bay, called St. Bride's, exhibited a grand prospect. In the centre of this bay is situated Newgin, bounded on the south by the island of Skomar, and on the north by Ramsay. The fields adjacent to this place have been frequently inundated by extraordinary overflowings of the sea: at the reflux of the tide, the sands admit of most excellent walking.

The saunter from hence to the city of

ST. DAVID'S,

now properly deserving the name of a village, was rather more captivating than our walk before breakfast: it was occasionally enlivened by the prospect of the wide ocean, boundless to our view on one side, whilst before us the fantastic shapes of the rocks off St. David's Head, exhibited nature in her most awful and striking attitudes. Above the rest, Caern Thydy lifted its bold promontory, as if to give effect to the rude landscape. About half way between Newgin and St. David's, the beautiful little village of Solva unexpectedly burst upon our view; studded with neat white-washed cottages, and enclosed on each side with lofty rocks, which here form a picturesque and interesting chasm. These rocks, indeed, I could almost imagine were torn asunder by some convulsive rent of

the earth. The cathedral, and dilapidated ruins of the episcopal palace, are situated at the bottom of a steep hill, and scarcely visible in the town : these, and the prebendal houses, were formerly enclosed by a strong stone wall, with four gates, computed at eleven hundred yards in circuit. David *, the national saint of Wales, with the consent of King Arthur, is said to have removed the metropolitan see from Caerleon to Menevia, which has ever since been called Ty Dewi by the Welsh, and St. David by the English. What was the condition and extent of this town formerly, it is difficult to say, having been so frequently destroyed. At present it is a very small city, and has nothing to boast but its ruined palace, and old cathedral, dedicated to St. Andrew and St. David, which has often been demolished ; but rebuilt, in its present form, by Bishop Peter, according to Giraldus, in the reign of King Henry II. ; or, as Willis, in the year 1110, in Rhos Vale, below the town. It is still esteemed a noble pile, consisting of two transepts, measuring in length, from east to west, three hundred feet ; and the body with the aisles, seventy-six feet broad.

Behind the choir is a most beautiful chapel, with a rich roof of carved stone, built by Vaughan, in the time of King Henry VIII., as a kind of presbytery, between the

* “ This celebrated person was uncle to King Arthur, and son of a Prince of Wales. After being seated in the see of St. David sixty-five years, and having built twelve monasteries ; after having been exemplary in the piety of these days, this holy person died, at a most advanced period of human life ; having attained, as it is said, to the age of one hundred and forty-six years. He was buried in the cathedral church of St. David, and many years after canonized by Pope Calistus the Second.” Warrington’s History of Wales, Vol. II. p. 385.

choir and Lady Chapel. In the last, whose roof, as well as those of the aisles of the choir and transepts, have been down ever since the civil war, are monuments of three bishops, and in the nave, &c. four or five more. In the north wall of the choir is the shrine of St. David; a kind of altar tomb, with a canopy of four pointed arches, and in front four quatrefoil holes, into which the votaries put their offerings, which were taken out by the monks at two iron doors behind. In the choir are also the monuments of Owen Tudor, second husband of Queen Catharine, Rhys ap Tudor*, Bishops Jorwerth and Anselm, in the thirteenth century, and Edmund, Earl of Richmond, father of King Henry VII. This last monument is said to have prevented King Henry VIII. from removing the see to Caermarthen. Giraldus Cambrensis, who was archdeacon of Brecon, canon of Hereford, and rector of Chesterton, Oxford, was buried here in 1213†. On the north side of the church are some walls of St. Mary's College, founded by Bishop Houghton, and John of Gaunt, in 1365, valued at one hundred and six pounds per annum‡.

It is much to be regretted, that so little regard has been paid to the internal appearance of this noble pile; the whole of it has lately been white-washed, which gives it too much the air of a modern building: the external part, I am sorry to add, has been equally neglected; and the chapels and monuments exposed to the wanton mischief of boys and idle people. The stone, likewise, with which it is built, is of so soft a substance, that it even moulders

* To whose son a M.S. t. Elizabeth, quoted by Willis, p. 69, gives Owen's monument.

† Tan. Bib. Brit.

‡ Tanner, p. 720.

with the touch of the finger ; but possibly it may, by being exposed to the air, like the Bath stone, become more solid ; and, when by time it shall have acquired a darker hue, may then better correspond with the original building.

The Bishop's Palace now stands a monument of desolation ; and as we walked over the loose fragments of stone, which are scattered through the immense area of the fabric, the images of former times rose to reflection,—when the spacious hall stood proudly in its original splendor ; when the long aisles of the chapel were only responsive to the solemn, slow-breathed chant. In this palace is a very long room, purposely erected for the reception of King John : at the extremity of it is a circular window, of very elegant and curious workmanship.

According to Le Neve, Dubritius, Archbishop of Caerleon, is called by this title, as Archbishop of Wales, at the first establishment of the Christian religion in the British islands. Godwin fixes no time of his coming in, but only says, that he, waxing old, resigned his see to David, a disciple of his ; that he died, and was buried in the Isle of Bardsee, Nov. 14, 522.

David removed the see, as before stated, from Caerleon to Menevia ; and, by the time Godwin allows him to sit, viz. sixty-five years, and to die in 642, we may suppose he came in in 577. It is said he lived to a great age, viz. 146 years ; and dying in 642, as is aforesaid, was buried in the cathedral which himself had caused to be built ; and his successors shewed so great a respect to his memory, as to call the see by his name, which it still retains, they for a long time afterwards styling themselves Archbishops of St. David's ; of these, (including David), there were twenty-five, with Sampson, who, by reason of a contagious sickness in his diocese, retiring into Bretagne,

and taking his pall with him, his successors, either for want of that, or by some other occasion, lost their title of Archbishop; but yet for several years they held the archiepiscopal power of consecrating bishops, which was exercised under twenty-two of them, down to Bishop Bernard, who was consecrated in 1115. He, by command of King Henry I., resigned this power to the see of Canterbury. From this period, down to the time of Bishop Vaughan, it had many benefactors; amongst whom, as most prominent, stand the names of Peter de Leia, Bishops Gervase, Beck, Martin, Gower, and Vaughan.

"During this interval," says Mr. Rees, "St. David's acquired the highest celebrity; and the shrine of the founder was resorted to by the greatest monarchs of the age. In the list of these royal visitors, are to be included the names of William the Conqueror, who made his pilgrimage in 1079; King Henry the Second, who honoured Bishop David Fitzgerald with his company in 1171; and King Edward the First, and Eleanor his queen, who made their pilgrimage in 1284, when Bishop Beck held the see. The pilgrims of inferior rank who resorted here were innumerable, and their offerings served greatly to enrich the ecclesiastics, who spared no pains to enhance the merit of the penance, by which the poor votaries thus soothed their consciences, and emptied their pockets*."

Giraldus gives us a true description of the country

* Pope Calistus, by whom David was canonized, had, it seems, raised this place to a rank second only to the pontifical city itself, in the meritorious efficacy of the pilgrimages made to it; having declared that two visits to St. David's were equal to one to Rome:—this occasioned a proverbial rhyme in Welsh, which has been thus translated into Latin:

Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum.

round St. David's, representing it as "a stony, barren, unimprovable territory, undecked with woods, undivided by rivers, unadorned with meadows, exposed only to wind and storm." Such, indeed, is the state and situation of St. David's; and, the environs having no hedges to divide the property of the farmers, the sheep, and even the geese, are all tethered together.

In this now dilapidated city was born Asserius, Bishop of Sherbourne, who wrote a life of King Alfred, and is supposed to have been instrumental in inducing that Prince to found the University of Oxford.

The walk to St. David's Head, though barren, represents a view striking and awful; sublimity gives place to elegance: yet what is it to view?—a boundless waste of ocean;—not a glimpse of smiling nature,—not a patch of vegetation, to relieve the aching sight, or vary the objects of admiration. The rocks on this shore are shaken into every possible shape of horror; and, in many parts, resemble the convulsions of an earthquake, splintered, shivered, and amassed. On these rocks stood the famous rocking stone, or *Y mean sigl*; which, "though twenty yoke of oxen could not move it, might be shaken with the slightest touch." We understood it was thrown off its balance, by order of the farmer, to prevent the curious from trampling on his grounds. "A mile strait west from St. David's, betwixt Portclais and Porthmaur*," is the shell of Capel Stinen, St. Stinan's or St. Justinian's chapel.

From this spot is an extensive view of Whitsand Bay, called by the Welsh *Porth Maur*, or the Great Bay; in which stand the six rocks, called the Bishop and his Clerks. Half a league from hence is

* Leland, Vol. V. p. 25.

RAMSEY ISLE,

half a mile long, and three quarters broad, and divided into two considerable farms. The whole island is well stocked with rabbits ; and, during the spring, the Razor-bill, Puffin, and Harry birds, resort here in flocks. It has undergone many changes from the continual wearing of the waves. There is a tradition, that the embarkation for Ireland anciently took place at Ramsey; but sailors doubt the truth of this circumstance, from the circumstances of the tides.

Our walk from St. David's to

FISHGUARD

afforded us little room for observation ; the eye, however, kept in view a wide range of the unbounded ocean ; till, dim with exertion; it by degrees reposed on the dark lowering rocks, which, disregarding the angry roar of the waves, seemed to project their broad sides, to augment the idle tumult. Quitting the turnpike road, in search of the place where the French effected their landing, in the year 1797, we passed a neat house, called Casrgwent, belonging to Mrs. Harris. The kind attentions of a farmer, in the neighbourhood of this memorable spot, claim our warmest acknowledgments. Having finished a most comfortable meal at Mr. Mortimer's house (which, during the confusion, was considered the head-quarters of the French, commanded by General Tate), he explained all the minutiae respecting this circumstance ; and very obligingly pointed out the situation of their camp, and related many entertaining and interesting anecdotes. Deeply impressed with gratitude towards Mr. M. for his civilities, we soon arrived at Goodric sands. This spot

was very judiciously selected by Lord Cawdor, as a proper place for the French to lay down their arms; for, had they resisted, a cannonade of grape-shot, from a neighbouring fortress, would have instantly played upon them. Fishguard stands on a steep rock, with a convenient harbour, formed by the river Gwain; though its situation and bay are interesting, it is by no means a desirable place to remain long at.

Several druidical monuments* engaged our attention, as we drew near

NEWPORT,

called by Giraldus, Llanhever, or the Town on the river Nevern. The fragments of the castle are too insignificant to invite the curiosity of the passing traveller: it was demolished by Llewelyn, Prince of South Wales, when possessed by the Flemings.

The country beyond Newport presented a more pleasing countenance: wood, water, hill, and vale, all unite, even to induce the plodding citizen to pause, and wish to spend the evening of his days in the vicinity of its enchantment. In this interesting situation, we found the village of Velindre:—we here particularly observed the slaty quality of the hills, and could not avoid condemning the folly of the inhabitants of Velindre in building their cottages of mud, and sparingly covering them with straw, when nature herself seemed to place comforts, if not luxuries, before their view. But, perhaps, these reproaches were ill-grounded; for thus veiled in obscurity, they were happy, as they knew not enough of the world seriously to regret the want of these conveniences: their situation,

* For a description of these monuments, see Wyndham:

indeed, seemed to verify the philosophical sentiment of Gray :

“ Since ignorance is bliss,
 ’Tis folly to be wise.”

For though they suffer the extremes of filth and penury, yet they enjoy the two inestimable blessings, health and felicity. The broken towers of

KILGERRAN CASTLE

soon attracted our notice. The relics of this ruin stand on a point of rock, impending over the river Tyvi, whose beauty time had only impaired to heighten its grandeur. Two imperfect circular towers, and the fragments of a wall, now only remain.

The river Tyvi, I imagine, abounds with fish, as we observed at every door in the village of Kilgerran a coracle*. The construction of this little water conveyance

* “From *Curragh*; in Irish *Curach*. The Greenland boats are also made of laths, tied together with whale-bone, and covered with seal-skins. In these slender vehicles they are said to be able to row upwards of sixty miles a day; and the tops being covered with skins, they resist the fury of every storm. For when a wave upsets them, the boat rises again to the surface of the water, and regains its equilibrium. When Frobisher first saw them, in 1576, he took them for seals or porpoises. In the voyages of the two Zenos, they are compared to weavers’ shuttles. They are used, also, in the islands of the North-Asian Archipelago, where the Russians call them *Baidars*; and are found to be of such practical use, that Lieut. Kotzebue, in his expedition along the American coast of the Frozen Sea, took with him boats of a similar construction, in order to ford any rivers that might obstruct his journey. Similar boats are used by the Samoides of

is remarkably simple, and intended solely for the use of fishing : a thick skin, or coarse pitched canvas, is stretched over wicker-work. This singular fishing-boat conveys only one man, who manages it with the greatest adroitness imaginable ; the right hand being employed in using the paddle, the left in conducting the net, and the teeth in holding the line. Two coracles generally co-operate, to assist each other in fishing : they usually measure about five feet long, and four broad, and are rounded at the corners ; and, after the labours of the day, are conveyed on their backs to the little cots of the fishermen, being looked upon as a necessary appendage to the cottage door.

Description can scarcely suggest the full magnificence and beauty of the saunter from hence to Cardigan : the valley, about two miles in extent, seemed to possess all that nature inherits ; sloping hills, two hundred feet high, covered with wood, from the water's edge to their highest summit, and at the most acceptable distances, and truly happy situations, interrupted by a bold, naked, and projecting rock ; whilst the broad and translucid stream of the Tyvi reflects, as in a mirror, the blackness of the impending shades. The retrospect commands the romantic ruins of Kilgerran castle, whose mutilated walls close this delicious landscape. The whole valley bears a strong resemblance to the situation of the celebrated Piercefield. As this spot is entirely lost by keeping the turnpike road,

Nova Zembla. They are also used in Labrador, Hudson's Bay, and Norton Sound. They glide with almost inconceivable swiftness. The Arctic highlanders of Baffin's Bay, however, have no method of navigating the water. They never even heard of a canoe." *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, vol. iii. p. 335. Second Edit.

it is advisable for travellers in general, to hire a boat from Cardigan to Kilgerran : this, our humble, and less encumbered mode of travelling rendered unnecessary.

Near Kilgerran are Castle Maelgyn, and Pentre, the seat of Dr. Davies ; both handsome modern mansions, surrounded by pleasing gardens and plantations.

At Lechryd, not far from Kilgerran, extensive tin-works are carried on by Sir Benjamin Hamet. Having already examined works of this nature at Neath, we preferred the romantic vale of Kilgerran ; as to accomplish both would have occupied too much time. We entered the town of

CARDIGAN,

over a handsome stone bridge, built over the Tyvi, which is here of considerable width. In front of this stands, on a steep eminence, the castle, consisting chiefly of its outer walls, which prove it to have been once a considerable building. This place, considered the principal town of the county, is called by the Britons Aberteivi ; which name it receives from standing near the mouth of the river Tyvi. It was fortified, together with the castle, by Gilbert, son of Richard Clare, and demolished by Rhees ap Gryffith.

Cardigan had once a strong castle ; but it was destroyed in the civil wars, and an elegant mansion erected on its site by Mr. Bowen : the cellars of which were anciently the dungeons of the keep. At the end of the bridge is a chapel, said to be erected on the spot, where Giraldus preached the Crusade.

The town is large and regular ; its chief trade consisting in lead, exported to Ireland. It sends one member to Parliament, and gives the title of Earl to the family

of Brudenell. The Church is large, and well built, with a handsome tower. The new gaol, finished in the year 1797, is conveniently situated, and appears to be a well-planned building. One mile from Cardigan is

ST. DOGMAEL'S ABBEY,

called, by Leland*, a "Priory of Bonhommes." The Monasticon places this house amongst the Benedictines; but it was that strict and reformed sort of Benedictines, called the Order of Tiron, founded by Martin of Tours, who conquered the country of Cemmeis, about the time of King William the Conqueror. Part of the ruins is now converted into a chapel, for the convenience of the vicinity. St. Dogmael's is now a mere fishing village.

At the second mile-stone, in our road from Cardigan to the village of

LLANARTH,

we halted a short time, to take a retrospect of the country we had passed. From this spot, the town and castle of Cardigan, standing on an eminence, in the centre of a broad valley, and encircled with hills, beautifully introduced themselves to our view. From hence to

ABERAERON,

grand sea prospects continued to enliven our route;—whilst the faint and still fainter hues of the coast of Ireland appeared just visibly skirting the distant horizon. Aberaeron is situated in a vale, near the conflux of the river Aeron with the sea: from whence it receives its name; Aber signifying the mouth of any thing.

* Itinerary, Vol. V. p. 12.

The entrenchment, mentioned by Sael, in his Collection of Tours, about a mile from Aberaeron, is now almost washed away by daily encroachments of the sea. We lamented that the druidical sepulchral monuments, mentioned by the same author, were inadvertently passed unnoticed by us.

In this day's journey we still continued to indulge the sublime emotions, which an unconfined view of the ocean always inspires; a serene day, with partial gleams of sunshine, gave magical effects to the scenery; and the sea was enlivened with many a vessel, passing each other in various directions, and contributing to render the terrific ocean beautiful. Before us, the towering mountains of Merionethshire glittered in all those colours of beauty, which constitute the sublime; and we appeared only to climb one hill to view others still rising in endless perspective: over the whole was diffused the rich glow of evening; and the distant mountains were variegated by the parting tinge of lingering day. A neat Church, backed by romantic hills, animated the village of Llanrysted. Three miles from

ABERYSTWITH,

we paused at Llanryan bridge, to admire the rich banks rising on each side of the river Ystwith, over which this bridge is thrown; it is built in the style of the celebrated Pont-y-prid, in the vale of Glamorganshire. We entered the town of Aberystwith over a temporary wooden bridge*. In the year 1796, a stone bridge experienced the same fate with many others in Wales, occasioned by a sudden thaw: Mr. Edwards, from Dolgelly, has lately erected another, by contract, consisting of six arches.

* Over the river Rhyddol.

Aberystwith, partaking much of the dirt of seaports in general, is situated at the termination of the vale of Rhyddol, in the bay of Cardigan, and open to St. George's Channel. The environs are stony and rugged ; the coast affords indifferent bathing, being much exposed ; and the shore rough and unpleasant. In fine, it is, in almost all respects, the reverse of Tenby, except it has the advantage in the number of houses, and, consequently, more company. At the extremity of the town, upon an eminence, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, of which little now remains but a solitary tower, overlooking a wide expanse of sea. It was rendered famous, by being, at one time, the residence of the great Cadwalader, and in all the Welsh wars was considered as a fortress of great strength : it was built by Gilbert Strongbow, in the year 1107, and rebuilt by King Edward I. in 1277, a few years before his complete conquest of Wales. The ruin of the castle now affords a pleasant walk.

At this castle Edmund Goodere, Esq. farmer of the mines royal in the county of Cardigan, had letters patent, 13th of Charles I., to erect a mint for coinage of such silver as was raised from the said mines royal in Wales ; but the castle and houses for the mint were destroyed by the civil war. On the 6th of March, 1646, on his petition to this effect, the smelting house, near the refining mills, was appropriated by Parliament to this purpose, till the castle should be refitted.

But what formerly rendered this town more considerable, were the rich lead mines in its vicinity. These mines are said to have yielded near a hundred ounces of silver from a ton of lead, and to have produced a profit of two thousand pounds a month. Sir Hugh Middleton here made the vast fortune, which he afterwards expended

on the New River, constructed for the purpose of supplying the northern side of London with water. But Thomas Bushell raised these mines to their greatest height : an indenture was granted to him by King Charles I. for the coining of silver pieces, to be stamped with ostrich feathers on both sides, for the benefit of paying his workmen. This gentleman was afterwards appointed governor of Lundy Isle. The most considerable lead mine was that of Bwlch-yr-Eskir-his, discovered in the year 1690. The ore was here so near the surface, that the moss and grass in some places scarcely covered it*.

Close to the site of the old castle, Mr. Uvedale Price, of Foxley, in Herefordshire, has erected a fantastic house in the castellated form, intended merely as a summer residence.

Aberystwith has of late years been in all respects greatly improved ; for being the principal place of summer resort for bathing and pleasure from North Wales and the adjacent English counties, every inducement has been held forth that could attract company from its new competitors : the roads are now good, and the inns and accommodations excellent. The population consists of 2,397 persons.

The bathing is well conducted, and although the beach,

* Near the town of Aberystwith, in the year 1795 or 1796, a very fine coral stone was found, washed up from the sea, by an exciseman. It is now in the possession of Mr. Charles Hall, of Aller, in Hilton parish, Dorsetshire ; is extremely fine on one side, near two inches in diameter, rather flat, but with some convexity. The late Dr. Pulteney, of Blandford, allowed it to be the finest specimen he had ever seen. Its colour is a yellowish white, its filaments are finely curved, and very uneven on the surface.

as at most of our watering places, is formed of pebbles, still there are generally good sands to bathe on at all hours of the tide. During the season, assemblies are held here as at Brighton, Ramsgate, and other English sea-bathing places. Formerly, the town-hall likewise served as a theatre, but another building has now been erected for that purpose. Notwithstanding Aberystwith is prevented by the sand bar at the entrance from receiving vessels of large tonnage, still its trade is considerable and increasing, carried on by vessels from 250 tons burthen down to 18.

Mr. Meyrick's remarks with respect to this port are perfectly correct. "Were two piers made on those ridges of the rock called the Wey, which afford the strongest foundations, the harbour would be handsome, capacious, and convenient. Besides, by cutting a passage across the road to the north of the town, and carrying it along the marsh into the sea, for the Rhyddol, just at the angle it makes when it takes a south-west course, an excellent back-water would be at hand, and would clear away any bar that might be formed at the mouth of the harbour, and keep it free from mud."

It has two markets in the week; Monday for butter, &c., and Saturday for meat, besides which, it is generally well supplied with fish, with which it furnishes the interior of the country as far as Shrewsbury and Worcester. The views from the castle and cliffs, not only over Cardigan Bay, but over the cloud-capped summits of Cader Idris and Snowdon, are extensive and sublime.

We determined to pursue the banks of the meandering Rhyddol, in preference to the turnpike road, in our way to Havod.

This valley comprehends every thing that constitutes

the beautiful; it is inclosed by high mountains on each side, vegetating to their summits; indeed, all the tints of verdure and diversity of foliage here introduce themselves in one view; the Rhyddol struggling with the huge masses of rock,—its never-ceasing, tumultuous motion,—its sparkling foam;—in fine, every thing that can be imagined, by the most enthusiastic admirer of nature, is blended in this short excursion:—

“ *is not this vale*
 More free from peril than the envious courts?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“The vale of Rhyddol,” says Mr. Gilpin, “is a very grand and extensive scene, continuing not less than ten miles, among rocks, hanging woods, and varied ground, which, in some parts, become mountainous: while the river is every where a beautiful object; and twice or three times, in its passage through the vale, is interrupted in its course, and formed into a cascade. This is a circumstance in a *vale*, I think, rather uncommon. In a contracted *valley* it is frequent: but an *extended vale* is seldom so interrupted as not to give way to the river on one side or the other.”

To the inquisitive pedestrian (for this vale is inaccessible for carriages), the old Church of Llanbadem Vawr, which signifies the Church of Great Paternus, a native of Bretagne, is particularly interesting; who, as the writer of his life expresses it, “by feeding governed, and by governing fed the Church of Cretica.” To his memory, this Church, and formerly an episcopal see was founded;

but the bishopric, as Roger Hovedon writes, "early declined, because the parishioners slew their pastor *." As we drew near the

DEVIL'S BRIDGE,

a long chain of mountains excited our admiration, encircled half way down with a thick mist, similar in appearance to a girdle: this circumstance seems to justify the bold imagery and beautiful description of a mountain given by the Poet:

" As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head." GOLDSMITH.

The comfortable inn, situated near this romantic spot, stands in front of the River Rhyddol, and commanding the most picturesque view fancy can paint, was built by the respectable and truly hospitable owner of Havod.

This celebrated Bridge, so much the object of curiosity and admiration, is so completely environed with trees, that many travellers, not intent upon deep investigation, or in pursuit of Nature's landscapes, may pass over it without the least suspicion of the dreadful aperture, or the ancient structure that conveys them over the gulf. On the eastern side we descended a steep and treacherous bank, consisting of slate rock or laminac, I should imagine, near an hundred feet: this is the computed measurement; but the eye, confused by the awfulness of the scene, loses its faculty of judging. From this spot, the vast chine, or chasm over which the bridge is thrown, is

* The additions to Camden, 1695, suppose this Bishop Idnert.

seen to great advantage. The whole of this fissure was probably occasioned by some convulsion of Nature, as each indenture seems to correspond with the opposite protuberance. Under the bridge, the river Mynach in its confined course, meeting with obstructions of massy rock, and fragments of prodigious size, rushes through the chasm with irresistible violence.

This bridge is called in Welsh Pont-ar Fynach, or Mynach Bridge; it consists of two arches, one thrown over the other. The foundation of the under one is of great antiquity, and vulgarly attributed to the invention of the Devil; it is supposed to have been erected as far back as the year 1087, in the reign of King William II., by the Monks of Strata Florida Abbey, the ruins of which are still visible, about ten miles from hence. Gerald mentions his passing over it, when he accompanied Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the time of the Crusades, in the year 1188, and in the reign of King Richard I. The original arch being suspected to be in a ruinous condition, the present bridge was built over it, at the expense of the county, in the year 1753. The width of the chasm is estimated at about thirty feet.

Our Cicerone first conducted us to a fall on the river Rhyddol, unobserved in Walker's Description of the Devil's Bridge, and unnoticed by Warner. The character of this fall is remarkably singular: a huge fragment of rock, projecting over the river for a considerable way, precipitates the water in a singular and almost inexpressible direction: the rocks are occasionally variegated by the dark foliage of underwood, and sometimes barren, rugged, and impending.

Description cannot suggest the full magnificence of the prospect which spread before us, on our arrival at the

grand Fall of the Mynach ; for though it may paint the grandeur of the elegance of outline, yet it cannot equal the archetypes of Nature, or draw the minute features, that reward the actual observer at every new choice of his position : reviewing this thundering cataract, in the leisure of recollection, these nervous lines of Thomson seem to describe much of the scene :

“ Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose :
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.”

The following table, taken from Walker's Description of the Devil's Bridge, gives the exact height from the top of the bridge to the water underneath ; and the different falls from thence till the Mynach delivers itself into the Rhyddol below.

FALLS, &c.

	Feet
From the bridge to the water	114
First fall	18
Second ditto	60
Third ditto	20
Grand cataract	110
<hr/>	
From the bridge to the Rhyddol	322
<hr/>	

The rocks on each side of the fall rise perpendicularly to the height of eight hundred feet, and are finely clothed with the richest vegetation to the loftiest summit.

Near the basin of the first fall from the bridge we entered a dark cavern, formerly inhabited by a set of robbers, two brothers and a sister, called Plant Mat, or Plant Fat, signifying Matthew's Children. Tradition reports, that they committed various depredations in the neighbourhood, and lived concealed in this "specus horrendum" for many years, from the keen research of "day's garish eye." The entrance just admits sufficient light to make "darkness visible."

With regret we left this romantic spot; where, if retirement ever had "local habitation," this was her "place of dearest residence." "One excursion," says Mr. Cumberland, "to this place, will not suffice common observers; nor indeed many, to the lovers of the grand sports of Nature." "The Mynach" (in another place he describes,) "coming down from beneath the Devil's Bridge, has no equal for height or beauty that I know of; for, although a streamlet to the famous fall of Narni in Italy, yet it rivals it in height, and surpasses it in elegance.

“ After passing deep below the bridge, as through a narrow firth, with noises loud and ruinous, into a confined chasm, the fleet waters pour headlong and impetuous, and leaping from rock to rock, with fury literally lash the mountain’s sides; sometimes almost imbowered among deep groves, and flashing at last into a fanlike form, the fall rattling among the loose stones of the Devil’s Hole—where, to all appearance, it shoots into a gulf beneath, and silently steals away: for so much is carried off in spray, during the incessant repercussions it experiences, in this long tortuous shoot, that in all probability, not half the water arrives at the bottom of its found and sullen grave.”

Four miles from hence, on the Llandiloe’s road, is situated

HAVOD or HAFOD,

the celebrated seat of the late Mr. Johnes. The former part of the road is barren and uninteresting; but, on our first entrance into the grounds, all our past complaints were lost in expressions of admiration. “ A Philosopher has said,” says a modern Tourist, “ that the man, who makes two blades of grass grow, where only one grew before, is greater than the greatest hero. If this be true, Mr. Johnes must rank before all the conquerors of the world, as he has made the barren wilderness around him to smile, and converted the worthless heath into waving woods, luxuriant corn-fields, and pastures.” From October 1795, to April 1801, Mr. Johnes planted more than 2,065,000 trees; besides a great number of acres, that he sowed with acorns. Since this period the plantations have been extended on the same scale with equal spirit;

from one to two hundred thousand trees being planted every year. The Mansion is a very elegant piece of architecture, built of Portland stone, and the plan entirely novel, being a mixture of the Moorish and Gothic, with turrets and painted windows. The whole of it indeed does great credit to the architect, Mr. Baldwyn of Bath. It is situated near the banks of the river Ystwith, and beautifully environed by lofty hills, clothed with oak. The interior of the house corresponds in elegance with the exterior.

From the hall we were conducted through a suite of elegant apartments, very judiciously fitted up with paintings, statues, and antiques; but the Library more particularly engaged our notice, containing a choice and valuable collection of books: this octagonal room is built in the form of a dome with a gallery round it, supported by a colonnade of variegated marble pillars of the ancient Doric order, with a circular window at top for the admission of light. We entered through a handsome door, inlaid with a large reflecting mirror: immediately opposite is another door of transparent plate-glass, leading to the conservatory, three hundred feet in length, and containing a number of curious and rare exotics, with a walk down the centre of the building. In fine, the effect of the *tout ensemble* can better be imagined than described.

Amongst the other things worthy of admiration, a handsome statue, in the library, of Thetis dipping Achilles in the River Styx, more particularly detains attention. We next passed through the Billiard-room, and were conducted to the top of the staircase, to admire two elegant paintings, the subjects taken from Captain Cook's Voyages: the painter is unknown. Many of the rooms are beautifully furnished with rich Gobelin tapestry.

To give my readers a just conception of the beauties of Havod, I shall beg leave to borrow the elegant description of it, drawn by the pen of Mr. Cumberland.

“ Havod is a place in itself so pre-eminently beautiful, that it highly merits a particular description. It stands surrounded with so many noble scenes, diversified with elegance, as well as with grandeur ; the country on the approach to it is so very wild and uncommon, and the place itself is now so embellished by art, that it will be difficult, I believe, to point out a spot that can be put in competition with it, considered either as the object of the painter’s eye, the poet’s mind, or as a desirable residence for those who, admirers of the beautiful wildness of Nature, love also to inhale the pure air of aspiring mountains, and enjoy that *santo pacé*, as the Italians expressively term it, which arises from solitudes made social by a family circle.

“ From the portico it commands a woody, narrow, winding vale ; the undulating forms of whose ascending, shaggy sides, are richly clothed with various foliage, broken with silver waterfalls, and crowned with climbing sheep-walks, reaching to the clouds.

“ Neither are the luxuries of life absent ; for on the margin of the Ystwith, where it flows broadest through this delicious vale, we see hot-houses and a conservatory : beneath the rocks a bath ; amid the recesses of the woods a flower garden ; and, within the building, whose decorations, though rich, are pure and simple, we find a mass of rare and valuable literature, whose pages here seem doubly precious, where meditation finds scope to range unmolested.

“ In a word, so many are the delights afforded by the scenery of this place and its vicinity, to a mind imbued

with any taste, that the impression on mine was increased, after an interval of ten years from the first visit, employed chiefly in travelling among the Alps, the Apennines, the Sabine Hills, and the Tyrollese; along the shores of the Adriatic, over the Glaciers of Switzerland, and up the Rhine; where, though in search of beauty, I never, I feel, saw any thing so fine—never so many pictures concentrated in one spot; so that, warned by the renewal of my acquaintance with them, I am irresistibly urged to attempt a description of the hitherto almost virgin haunts of these obscure mountains.

“Wales, and its borders, both North and South, abound, at intervals, with fine things: Piercefield has grounds of great magnificence, and wonderfully picturesque beauty. Downton Castle has a delicious woody vale, most tastefully managed; Llangollen is brilliant; the banks of the Conway savagely grand; Barmouth romantically rural; the great Pistill Rhayader is horribly wild; Rhayader Wennol, gay, and gloriously irregular,—each of which merits a studied description.

“But, at Havod, and its neighbourhood, I find the effects of all in one circle; united with this peculiarity, that the deep dingles, and mighty woody slopes, which, from a different source, conduct the Rhyddol's never-failing waters from Plynlimmon, and the Fynache, are of an unique character, as mountainous forests, accompanying gigantic size with graceful forms; and taken altogether, I see ‘the sweetest interchange of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains, and falls, with forests crowned, rocks, dens, and caves,’ insomuch, that it requires little enthusiasm there to feel forcibly with Milton,

‘All things that be send up from earth's great altar
Silent praise!’

“ There are four fine walks from the house, chiefly through ways artificially made by the proprietor ; all dry, kept clean, and composed of materials found on the spot ; which is chiefly a coarse stone, of a greyish cast, friable in many places, and like slate, but oftener consisting of immense masses, that cost the miner, in making some parts of these walks, excessive labour ; for there are places, where it was necessary to perforate the rock many yards, in order to pass a promontory, that, jutting across the way, denied further access ; and to go round which, you must have taken a great tour, and made a fatiguing descent. As it is, the walks are so conducted, that few are steep ; the transitions easy, the returns commodious, and the branches distinct. Neither are they too many, for much is left for future projectors ; and if a man be stout enough to range the underwoods, and fastidious enough to reject all trodden paths, he may, almost every where, stroll from the studied line, till he be glad to regain the friendly conduct of the well-known way.

“ Yet one must be nice, not to be content at first to visit the best points of view by the general routine ; for all that is here done, has been to remove obstructions, reduce the materials, and conceal the art ; and we are no where presented with attempts to force the untamed streams, or indeed to invent any thing where nature, the great mistress, has left all art behind.”

Such was the just description of Havod ; but this magnificent mansion, with the costly furniture, plate, pictures, and above all to be regretted, the splendid library of scarce and valuable books, was consumed by fire, during the absence of the owner, on the 13th of March, 1807.

All that the most indefatigable industry could accomplish was done by Mr. Johnes, to replace the losses he

had sustained; but the Welsh manuscripts, and many other valuable works and specimens of art here destroyed, no labour or money could restore. The actual pecuniary loss suffered by Mr. Johnes, over and above the 20,000*l.* he was insured, amounted to between 50 and 60,000*l.*; but, like the destruction of the labours of Lord Mansfield and Dr. Priestley, no estimate can be put on the loss the proprietor and the world experienced, in thus rendering abortive forty years of study, research, and expenditure on literary valuables. Prior to the decease of Mr. Johnes, who did not long survive his loss, the exterior of the building was nearly restored to its former appearance; but the interior arrangement was considerably altered. He likewise again established a most sumptuous collection of books, &c. part of which, the Pesaro library, was on its way from Italy, having been purchased by Mr. Johnes prior to the conflagration: it comprises many very valuable books in the Spanish, French, and particularly the Italian language, rare editions of the classics, and almost all the productions of the Aldini press.—A minute description of the interior of Hayod, prior to the fire, is given by Mr. Malkin, which is now particularly interesting. Unfortunately no catalogue of the books and manuscripts was ever taken, Mr. Johnes not having completed his collection.

THE GENIUS OF HAYOD.

Formal slaves of art, avault!
 This is Nature's secret haunt:
 The Genius of the landscape, I
 Guard it, with a jealous eye—
 Guard it, that no footstep rude
 Upon her privacy intrude.

Here, with mystic maze, her throne
Is girt, accessible to none :
But to the highly-honour'd few
To whom I deign to lend my clue ;
And chief to him, who in this grove,
Devotes his life to share her love :
From whom she seeks no charms to hide,
For whom she throws her veil aside,
Instructing him to spread abroad
Scenes for Salvator—or for Claude.
Far, oh far hence, let Brown and Eames
Zig-zag their walks, and torture streams !
But let them not my dells profane,
Or violate my Naiad train :
Nor let their arrogance invade
My meanest Dryad's secret shade,
And with fantastic knots disgrace
The native honours of the place—
Making the vet'ran oak give way,
Some spruce exotic to display :
Their petty labours he defy'd,
Who Taste and Nature would divide !

ANON.

We now for many miles passed a barren, dreary country, completely encircled with hills ; and we only climbed one to observe still others rising in the distant perspective : not even a house or tree appeared to interrupt the awfulness of the mountains, which, after the copious fall of rain in the night, teemed with innumerable cataracts. According to our directions, we enquired at the foot of Plinlimmon for Rhees Morgan, as a proper man to be our conductor over the heights of the “ fruitful father of rivers.” This man being absent, the whole family appeared thunderstruck at our appearance, and ran with all

haste imaginable into their miserable cot. One apartment served for the inhabitants of every description, with only one small hole to admit the light; the entrance unprotected by a door, but with a blanket as a substitute, was exposed to the pitiless blast of the winter's storm.

“ Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround :
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah ! little think they while they dance along,

 how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty.” THOMSON.

With some difficulty we prevailed on the female part of the family to give us proper directions to the source of the meandering Wye *, and rapid Severn. The latter they only understood by the name of Halfren, its original British name; it is likewise called in Latin, Sabrina. From the top of Plinlimmon we for the first time discovered the shaggy summit of Cader Idris, and the spiral head of Snowdon. “ With respect to Plinlimmon mountain,” says Mr. Malkin, “ it is inferior only to Snowdon and Cadir Idris; if to the latter, in point of size and height. It takes its name from five beacons; many of which, if not all, still remain, and are seen at some distance. We may indeed compare Plinlimmon with those formidable personages of poetical creation, who walk with

* Called in Latin, Vaga.

their feet upon the earth, and their heads in the region of the heavens." There is nothing particularly engaging in the character of this mountain, except in its giving rise to no less than six or eight rivers, and, on this account, has frequently been celebrated by the Poet. Though its summit commands a circle of many miles diameter, yet the prospect by no means answered our expectations. We descended into a swampy bottom, which afforded us unpleasant walking for two or three miles, when a most delightful and well-cultivated valley unexpectedly enlivened our spirits. The sun was making

. " a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gave signal of a goodly day to morrow,"

just as we entered this interesting vale; the hay-makers, in the coolness of the evening, were returning to their homes,

" Each by the lass he loved."

In short, the whole valley breathed delicious fragrance; add to this, innumerable cataracts rushed from the mountain's summits, occasioned by the last copious rains.

From hence a good turnpike road soon conducted us to the romantic town of

MACHYNLLETH,

considered as the centre of the woollen manufactory in this part of the country, principally of the strong cloth, or high country cloth *. The situation of Machynlleth

* See an excellent account of the woollen manufactory in the seventh chapter of Aikin's Tour through North Wales.

(or as it is pronounced by the Welsh, Mahunthleth), is extremely romantic; stupendous mountains forming a natural rampart round the town. This town is supposed to have been the Maglona of the Romans, and where, in the name of Honorius, a Lieutenant was stationed to awe the mountaineers. It is 206 miles from London, and 33 from Montgomery: its population, 1,595 persons. We here visited the neglected mansion where Owen Glyndour assembled the states of the principality, in the year 1402, and accepted from their hands the crown of Wales. Part of the house is now converted into a butcher's shop:—

“ Sic transit gloria mundi.”

In fine, the only evident remains of its ever having been celebrated in the annals of history, is a spacious door-way. The town itself, in many parts, bears the appearance of antiquity: the streets are considerably wider than Welsh towns in general, and the market-place is well-built: tanning and the manufacture of flannels and webs constitute the principal employment of the inhabitants.

As we entered Machynlleth, being the first town in North Wales, we were in a manner instinctively induced to reflect on the various incidents that had befallen us from our first sallying forth on our pedestrian excursion. We took a retrospect of all our little troubles with equally as much delight as the sailor, who, by the blessing of Providence, has escaped the most imminent dangers: all our past imaginary dangers (for imaginary evils are frequently worse than real ones) were overbalanced with reflections on the many hours of pleasure that were flown unheeded by: these reflections brought to my recollection some interesting lines in Bowles's sonnets, which I involuntarily exclaimed aloud:

“Fair scenes, ye lend a pleasure long unknown
 To him who passes weary on his way ;
 The farewell tear which now he turns to pay
 Shall thank you, and whene’er of pleasures flown
 His heart some long-lost image would renew,
 Delightful haunts ! he will remember you.”

At the village of Kevn Kaer are the remains of an oval camp, a wall, and ditch : evidently Roman, from the coins and other antiquities found there.

The sublimity of the walk to Talylyn literally “beggars description.” Having crossed a bridge of eight arches, thrown over the river Dovey, high mountains closed us on every side, shook into every possible form of horror, huge masses of rock hung over our path, and it seemed necessary to remember their firm basis, to soften the terror they inspired ; whilst other mis-shapen fragments lay scattered at the side of the road. The transparent Dyflas, whose clear surface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours, forms one continued cataract for five or six miles, overflowing with the innumerable tributary torrents which hurry themselves down from the highest summit of the surrounding rocks ; whilst, to give effect to the whole prospect, the shaggy head of Cader Idris towers, the majestic sentinel of the scene, whose “cloud cap” summit the eye aches in surveying. To our great disappointment, the weather prevented our ascending this celebrated mountain giant. Cader Idris is esteemed, in height, the second mountain in all Wales, rising two thousand eight hundred and fifty feet above the green of Dolgelly.

If the weather proves favourable to ascend Cader Idris,

• See Pennant’s *Snowdonia*, p. 89, and likewise Wilson’s excellent *View of Cader Idris*.

travellers may be very comfortably accommodated with beds at

TALYLYN;

a small village, situate at the foot of the mountain ; and where they will likewise meet with a conductor, in every respect suited for this Alpine excursion. Mr. Jones, the landlord of the Blue Lion, used all his influence to detain us until the weather wore a more favourable aspect ; but we determined to make Barmouth our head quarters. Quitting, therefore, our polite landlord, we soon arrived at the pool of Three Grains, which though of inferior size, yet is generally credited to be unfathomable ; it abounds in fish, and derives its name from three immense stones, or rather fragments of rock, near it, which the common people confidently assert, and believe the giant Idris took out of his shoes as he passed this pool.

Having ascended several hills, a quick descent of three or four miles soon brought us to

DOLGELLY,

surrounded with a " tempestuous sea of mountains," and watered by the rapid current of the river Avonvawr, over which is thrown a large and handsome stone bridge at the entrance of the town.

This town was known to the Romans, if we may judge from the coins found at a well in its vicinity, bearing this inscription " IMP. CÆSAR. TRAJAN." It contains 537 houses, and 3064 inhabitants : but the church is little better than a barn, with a covered roof, supported by two rows of rude oak poles, and a bare earth floor.

In the neighbourhood of this romantic spot, and indeed

in many parts of Merionethshire, the manufacture of strong cloth has long been carried on*.

No one can picture to themselves a more delightful situation than that of Dolgelly:—an inclosed vale, encircled with the craggy and subject mountains of Cader Idris, forming an amphitheatre,—watered by the Alpine torrent of the Maw,—and richly clothed with wood. But necessity has no law; the best inn was pre-occupied, and no comfortable accommodations could be found; and, though drenched with rain, we were compelled to quicken our pace to the well-known bathing-place of Barmouth.

Such, at the present day, is not likely to be the fate of the traveller, as Dolgelly boasts of three inns, the Lion, the Angel, for travellers without a carriage, and the new inn, called the Ship. One, two, or more days will be passed here very pleasantly, either in excursions to Cader Idris, Dol-y-melynlyn, the waterfalls of the Rhaiadr-du, Rhaiadr y Mawdach and Pistyll y Cayne; or, under the sanction of Sir R. Hoare, who says he knows of no place where so many inducements are held out to excite the traveller to make excursions in its vicinity, he may visit the vale of the Dee, Caer Gai, an old Roman station, at the end of the lake of Bala, and Dinas y Mowddu, to enable them to accomplish which, ponies and a guide are to

* Mr. Pennant, in his *Snowdonia*, p. 397, edit. 1781: mentions, that there are brought annually to Salop “seven hundred thousand yards of web; and to Welsh Pool, annually, between seven and eight hundred thousand yards of flannel;” but he does not state the particulars whence he deduces his general estimate. I have quoted this passage from Aikin’s excellent chapter (vii.) on the woollen manufacture of North Wales, not having in my possession Mr. P.’s *Snowdonia*.

be procured.—The following is Dr. Mavor's account of the Cader Idris Guide, an original Caleb Quotem, and the bill of introduction he delivered to his employers :

“ *Lege, aspice Conductorem, et ride.*

ROBERT EDWARDS,

second son of the celebrated tanner, William Edwards, ap Griffith, ap Morgan, ap David, ap Owen, ap Llewellyn, ap Cadwalader; great, great, great grandson of an illegitimate daughter of an illustrious hero, (no less famed for his irresistible prowess, when mildly approaching under the velvet standards of the lovely Venus, than when sternly advancing with the terrible banners of the bloody Mars) Sir Rice ap Thomas!!! by Anne, alias Catherine, daughter of Howill ap Jenkin, of Ynys-y-maesgwyn; who was the thirteenth in descent from Cadwgan, a lineal descendant of Bleddyn, ap Cynfyn, Prince of Powis. Since his nativity full two and eighty times hath the sun rolled to his summer solstice; fifty years was he host of the Hen and Chickens alehouse, Pen-y-bont, twenty of which he was apparitor to the late right reverend Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of Bangor, and his predecessors: by chance, made a glover, by genius, a fly-dresser and angler. He is now, by the All Divine assistance, conductor to, and over the most tremendous mountain Cader Idris, to the stupendous cataracts of Cayne and Mowddach, and to the enchanting cascades of Dol-y-melynlyn, with all its beautiful romantic scenery; guide general, and magnificent expounder of all the natural and artificial curiosities of North Wales; professor of grand and bombastic lexicographical words; knight of the most anomalous, whimsi-

cal, (yet perhaps happy) order of hare-brained inexplicables."

" He is a little slender man, about five feet four inches in height, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, hopped and skipped about the room with all the vivacity and agility of a school-boy. The manner in which he expresses himself is as droll as his appearance. He was dressed in a blue coat with yellow buttons, a pair of old boots, and a cocked hat and feather of enormous size."

Mr. Pugh, in his *Cambria Depicta*, gives a portrait of him from the life, seated on his poney, conducting a party up the mountain, and adds to his bill the two following lines :

*" Mark, traveller, what rarely meets thy view,
Thy guide, a giddy Boy of eighty-two."*

Mr. Warner's description of the view from the summit of Cader Idris is just and concise.

" The afternoon was gloriously fine, and the atmosphere perfectly clear, so that the vast unbounded prospect lay beneath, unobscured by cloud, vapour, or any other interruption, to the astonished and delighted eye ; which threw its glance over a varied scene, including a circumference of at least 500 miles. To the north-east was Ireland, like a distant mist upon the ocean ; and a little to the right, Snowdon and the other mountains of Caernarvonshire. Further on, in the same direction, the Isle of Man, the neighbourhood of Chester, Wrexham, and Salop ; the sharp head of the Wrekin, and the undulating summit of the Cleehills. To the south, I saw the country round Clifton, Pembrokeshire, St. David's, and Swansea ; to the west, a vast prospect of the British Channel, bounded by the horizon. Exclusive of these

distant objects, the nearer views were wonderfully striking. Numberless mountains, of different forms, appearances, and elevation, rose in all directions; which, with the various harbours, lakes, and rivers, towns, villages, and villas, scattered over the extensive prospect, combined to form a scene inexpressibly august, diversified, and impressive *."

Mr. Aikin ascended it from Dolgelly. Llyn y Gader lies about a mile and a half on the high road to Towyn, which having arrived at, we quitted the road, and began our ascent. When we had surmounted the exterior ridge, we descended a little to a deep clear lake, which is kept constantly full by the numerous tributary torrents which fall down the surrounding rocks. Hence we climbed a second and still higher chain, up a steep but not difficult track, over numerous fragments of rock, detached from the higher parts: we now came to a second and more elevated lake, called Llyn y Cae, clear as glass, and overlooked by steep cliffs, in such a manner as to resemble the crater of a volcano, of which a most accurate representation may be seen in Wilson's excellent View of Cader Idris. A clear, loud, and distinct echo repeats every shout which is made near the lake. The waters of this lake cover an extent of fifty acres, abounding with trout and other fish. We now began our last and most difficult ascent, up the summit of Cader Idris itself. The loose columnar stones lie about in all directions, assuming in many places so regular an appearance, that they might be mistaken for Druidic remains. Some of them stand erect, like Maenhirion, and one is dignified with the title Llêch Idris. Nearer the summit, numerous masses of irregular

* First Walk through Wales.

figures present themselves. Having gained this ascent, a small plain forms the base to two eminences, or rocky heads, of nearly equal height, one lying towards the north, called Tyrran Mawr, the other to the south, called Pen y Gader. We made choice of the latter, which appeared the most elevated, and seated ourselves upon its highest pinnacle to rest, after a laborious ascent of three hours. We were now above all the eminences within a vast expanse, and as the clouds gradually cleared away, caught some grand views of the surrounding country. The huge rocks, which we before looked up to with astonishment, were now far below our feet, and many a small lake appeared in the valleys between them. To the north, Snowdon and its dependencies shut up the scene; on the west, we saw the whole curve of the bay of Cardigan, bounded at a great distance by the Caernarvon mountains, and nearer, dashing its white breakers against the rocky coast of Merioneth. The southern horizon was bounded by Plynlimon, the bay of Swansea, the Channel peeping through the openings of the Brecon mountains; and on the east, the eye glanced over the lake of Bala, the two Arennig mountains, the two Arrans, and the long chain of the Ferwyn mountains, to the Breddin hills, on the confines of Shropshire. Dimly, in the distant horizon, was beheld the Wrekin, rising alone from the plain of Salop. "In viewing scenes, so decidedly magnificent," says a pictorial writer, "and to which neither the pen, nor the pencil of the painter, can ever do justice; and the contemplation of which has the power of making ample atonement for having studied mankind, the soul expanding and sublimed, quickens with a spirit of divinity, and appears, as it were, associated with the Deity himself. For, in the same manner as a shepherd feels himself ennobled, while

sitting with his prince; so, and in a far more unlimited degree, the beholder feels himself advanced to a higher scale in the Creation, in being permitted to see and to admire the grandest of the works of nature." Having satisfied our curiosity, and being thoroughly chilled by the keen air of these elevated regions, we began to descend down the side opposite to that which we had come up.

The first stage led us to another beautiful mountain lake, the cold clear waters of which discharge their superabundance in a stream down the side of the mountain. All these lakes abound with trout, and in some is found the gwniad, a fish peculiar to rocky Alpine lakes. Following the course of the stream, we came upon the edge of the craggy cliffs which overlook Talyllyn lake. A long and difficult descent conducted us, at last, to the borders of Talyllyn, where we entered the Dolgelly road.

The mountain, Cader Idris, in height the second in Wales, rises on the sea-shore, close upon the north side of the estuary of the small river Disynwy, about a mile from Towyn. It proceeds with almost a constant ascent; first northwards for about three miles, then, for ten miles further, runs east-north-east, giving out from its summit a branch nearly three miles long, in a south-west direction, parallel to the main ridge. It is very steep and craggy on every side; but the south descent, especially to the border of Talyllyn lake, is the most precipitous, being nearly perpendicular. Its breadth bears but a small proportion to its length; a line passing along its base, and intersecting the summit, would scarcely equal four miles and a half; and in the other parts, it is a mere ridge, whose base hardly ever exceeds one mile in breadth. Cader Idris is the beginning of a chain of primitive

mountains, extending in a north-north-east direction; and including the Arrans and the Arennigs. It is much loftier, and more craggy than the slate and secondary mountains which surround it.

The following Ode, by a friend, was written at the fountain welling from the side of this mountain.

I.

The winds are hush'd ; the woods are still ;
 And clouds around yon towering hill,
 In silent volumes roll :—
 While o'er the vale, the moon serene
 Throws yellow on the living green ;
 And wakes a harmony between
 The body and the soul.

II.

Deceitful calm ! yon volumes soon,
 Though gilded by the golden moon,
 Will send the thunder's roar :
 Gloom will succeed the glowing ray ;
 The storm will rage with giant sway ;
 And lightnings will illume its way
 Along the billowy shore.

III.

'Tis thus in life, from youth to age,
 Through manhood's weary pilgrimage,
 What flattering charms infest !
 We little think beneath a smile,
 How many a war, how many a wile,
 The rich, confiding, heart beguile,
 And rob it of its rest.

IV.

Then let me near this fountain lie ;
And let old Time in silence fly,
Stealing my youth away !
Far from the riot of the mean,
Oh ! let me o'er this fountain lean ;
Till Death has drawn the darksome skreen,
That hides eternal day.

Mr. Bingley ascended this mountain from the Blue Lion, kept by Jones, before mentioned, who acts as guide : from this spot Mr. Bingley declares himself capable of attaining the summit in two hours, from which he describes the views to be more varied, if not so extensive, as from Snowdon.

“ In descending,” he says, “ I took a direction eastward of that in which I had gone up, and proceeded along that part of the mountain called Mynydd Moel. The path in this direction is sufficiently sloping to allow a person to ride even to the summit. A gentleman, mounted on a little Welsh poney, had done this a few days before I was here.”

“ About two miles from Dolgelly is the pretty village of Llanettyd, and from hence, a road through the vale to Maentwrog, which vale is seen to much advantage from the bridge. From this village likewise a path leads to Y Vanner, or Kymmer Abbey, founded in 1198, by Meredith and Griffith, lords of Merioneth, and sons of Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales. The monks were of the Cistercian order, and the abbey was dedicated to St. Mary.

“ The approach to Barmouth was formerly over a prodigious mountain, surmounted with great difficulty, and passed with apprehension of destruction. The magis-

trates of the county, however, bent on improvement, agreed with an undertaker to form a road out of the steep rocks jutting out from the sea, and to guard it with a wall. The labour was astonishing, the price two guineas a yard. It is now a most charming road, exhibiting romantic boldness of scenery.

“A stone bridge of several arches conducts over Wnion, which here flows many hundred feet wide. On the right, at a mile distant from the town, on the bank of the river, are the ruins of Kymmer Abbey. Two miles from Dolgelly is Nanneau Park, once the residence of Hawel Sele, an inveterate enemy of Owen Glyndwr, the ancient seat of the family of that name, now of Sir William Vaughan, Bart. The road is by a steep ascent, and the house stands on very high ground. Sir Robert Vaughan erected a new and handsome mansion. In the upper part of the park are the remains of a British post, called Moel Orthwrn, or the Hill of Oppression. Returning towards Barmouth, you regain the road at Llan Ettyd, where the tide flows to a considerable height. Brigs are built here of 200 tons burden.

“From Llan Ettyd to Barmouth is ten miles of most excellent road, winding round the hill opposite to Dolgelly, on a shelf of rock, through hanging woods, across a handsome stone bridge over the Mawddach, when it joins the Wnion. The expanse of water here is considerable at high tide, having the appearance of a large lake, enveloped by mountains. The vivid summit of Cader now assumes the appearance of a volcano. The road follows the inequalities of the shore, till it occupies a narrow shelf of the perpendicular rock of Barmouth. Here is a fine view of the river falling into the beautiful bay of Cardigan.”—NICHOLSON.

BARMOUTH.

It is advisable for all travellers, pedestrians not excepted, to leave Dolgelly at high water, as without that, the scenery loses much of its beauty; if convenient, it is certainly preferable to hire a boat at the Stoves; the charge is three shillings and sixpence; by this you will save a walk of eight miles, and both from your situation, and from being more at your ease, will better admit of your observing the surrounding scenery, with which you cannot fail to be highly gratified.

This short excursion of eight miles is truly grand, awful, and sublime; and, though many parts of this striking valley are richly cultivated, yet, by the side of the road, enormous mountains, formed into the most capricious shapes, shoot into the clouds, sometimes projecting so far over the road, as seemingly designing to impede our farther progress: the wide expanse of the ocean in front, with the arm of the sea running up the country in the centre of the valley; in fine, the *tout ensemble* claimed our highest admiration.

Barmouth, though considered as a bathing-place, is very inferior to Tenby, yet its situation for grandeur of rocks has been frequently compared, by many Tourists, to Gibraltar; and by others esteemed not unlike St. Kitts, in the West Indies. The vast sand-banks, formed by the tides, immediately in front of the town, are the only barriers which protect it from the inundations of the sea. The shore is extremely level, and affords, for many miles, excellent riding.

Barmouth is the only port in the county of Merioneth: but the entrance to it is difficult. The town is built on ledges of rock, one rising above another, so that the in-

habitants of one street look down upon the chimnies of that which is before them.

The board and lodging is regulated on the same excellent plan here as at Tenby, with very little difference in respect to the expense. We could not avoid observing the number of pigs, which are esteemed in this part of the country far superior to any in England, lying in every corner of the street; and these pigs, I rather imagine, consider themselves, during the night, inmates of the peasant's cottage: yet these hardships, if they may be distinguished by that name, the inhabitants of the hovel suffer without complaint, and deem themselves perfectly happy as long as they possess a pile of turf to keep off the inclemency of the winter's blast, a small strip of ground well stocked with potatoes, some poultry, and a fat pig: one hovel, however, protects them all. Though, to appearance, their situation is most miserable, yet it has no effect on their tempers and dispositions; their hospitality, and indeed kindness, towards strangers in distress, is an interesting trait in their character: to instance this I am induced to mention an anecdote which took place at Hubberstone, not long ago. A lady anxiously waiting the arrival of her husband from Ireland at the miserable village of Hubberstone, soon interested even the meaner inhabitants of the place in her behalf; who, willing to render her situation as comfortable as possible, seemed to vie with each other in producing the most delicious fruits, and the choicest garlands of flowers, to present them to the unhappy consort; and, not content alone with this, she was generally greeted in the streets, with the phrase, "There goes poor Mrs. L——." The lady, at last, impatient for the arrival of her husband, determined to sail for Ireland. The faithfulness of the little

group, that accompanied her to the shore can better be imagined than described; the last farewell, with tears of artless innocence, and the beseeching that Providence "who governs the waves, and stills the raging of the sea," to grant her a prosperous voyage, all this seemed to come so thoroughly from the bottom of their hearts, that we cannot avoid feeling ourselves interested in their behalf.

The road from hence to

HARLECH.

is stony and uninteresting; to the left, an unbounded view of the wide ocean; and, in front, the steep mountains of North Wales rose in endless perspective. About four miles from Barmouth, we past the two lodges at Tal-y-bont, leading to Corsy-Gedol, the seat of Sir Thomas Mostyn. It is practicable to go by the sands; but we were given to understand that the turnpike was, if anything, shorter, the scenery more pleasing, and the guides necessary for crossing those dangerous sands, in general, most complete villains.

Harlech, anciently called Twr-Bronwen, though formed by King Edward I. into a borough, can now be esteemed little more than a dirty village: the present castle, one of the most entire in Wales, is founded on a very high rock, projecting in the Irish sea. It consists of a square building, each side measuring about seventy yards, having at every corner a round tower. From each of these issued formerly a round turret, all now destroyed, except one or two. These fortifications, fosses, and situation on the verge of a perpendicular rock, rendered it almost invulnerable.

This castle is one of the strongest, and handsomest in Wales. It is in the possession of the Crown, and in time

of war has a small garrison for the defence of the coast. From the top of the walls to the marsh the height is very considerable, and from thence the bay of Cardigan is seen to great advantage: in addition to this, the shagged summits of Cader Buchan and Snowdon, in Caernarvonshire, being enveloped in clouds, appear scarcely visible.

At the public-house we accidentally met with a well-informed man, who minutely delineated every part of the castle; and, beginning with the founder, in the true characteristic style of a Welshman, ran through his pedigree several generations: this, however, did not interest us cursory pedestrians; and, with little persuasion, we soon induced him to write down, in as concise a manner as possible, any information he was acquainted with respecting the castle: "The founder of Harlech castle, A.D. 552, was Maelgwyn; Gwynedd; made *Caer Dugoll* (Shrewsbury); *Caer Gyffin* (Aber Conway); *Caer Gollwyn* (Harleck); supposed to be buried in Cirencester, and reigned thirty-four years." Whether this information is correct, I will not take upon me to assert; but meeting with a Welshman in this part of the country capable of writing, rather surprised us, and induced me to transcribe this short paragraph.

In the year 1408 it was taken by the Earl of Pembroke; and afforded likewise shelter to Margaret of Anjou, after the battle of Northampton in 1460; and was the last in North Wales which held out for the King, being surrendered to General Mytton in 1647.

In a garden near this castle was dug up, in the year 1692, an ancient golden torques, of a round form, an inch in circumference, and weighing eight ounces. This curious relic of British antiquity, exhibited in a drawing by Mr. Pennant, still continues in the possession of the

Mostyn family. As we had not an opportunity of examining the original, this account can only be gathered from the information of former authors, who represent it as "a wreathed bar, or rather three or four rods twisted together, about four feet long, flexible, but bending naturally only one way, in form of a hat-band: it originally had holes at each end, not twisted or sharp, but plain, and cut even."

In the year 1694, the prodigious phenomenon of fire or kindled exhalation, which disturbed the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, is both singular and extraordinary: sixteen ricks of hay, and two barns, were burnt by a kindled exhalation, or blue weak flame, proceeding from the sea: this lasted about a fortnight or three weeks, poisoning the grass, and firing it for the space of a mile. It is extraordinary, that it had no effect on the men who interposed their endeavours to save the ricks from destruction, even by running into it. For a more accurate account of this singular phenomenon, I refer my readers to the Philosophical Transactions, No. 208, and likewise to the Addenda in Camden: suffice it to say, that the air and grass were so infected, that it occasioned a great mortality of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats. The various conjectures that have been formed, to account for this kindled exhalation, seem to be very unsatisfactory; something similar to this, both in the appearance and in the effect, happened in France, in the year 1734.

As from the unfavourableness of the weather, we had not contemplated the rich scenery between Barmouth and Dolgelly, with that nice investigation which it deserved, we determined, by returning to our obliging landlady at the Corsy-Gedol arms, to seize the opportunity of again admiring its beauties; and, by taking a more circuitous

route to the vale of Festiniog, pay that attention to the falls of Doll-y-mullin, Moddach, and Cayne, which they so deservedly require.

This second saunter we found by no means tedious: the scene seemed perpetually changing at every unexpected curvature of the road; and the rude features of the mountains appeared to assume new forms, as the winding presented them to the eye in different attitudes; whilst the shifting vapours, which partially concealed their minuter grandeur, assisted the illusions of the sight. Amidst new woods, rising in the majesty of foliage, the scattered cottage, with its bluish smoke curling high in the air, was frequently rendered interesting by its neat simplicity; and served to constitute the romantic beauties of this picturesque ramble.

This pleasing scenery varied little till we arrived within two miles of Dolgelly, when several gentlemen's seats burst upon our sight; and leaving that enchanting spot to the left, at the Lanelyd turnpike, a different object presented itself to our view. For four miles we walked by the side of a hill, the most translucent stream attending us the whole way; for, though the road was situated so much above it, yet the sandy bottom, with the finny tribe, in considerable numbers sporting in this transparent element, were easily descried. On each side the mountains rose to a considerable height, with the craggy summit of Cader Idris claiming the pre-eminence. We soon arrived at the small ale-house, (Traveller's Rest), where we met the labourer of Mr. Madox, whom we were recommended to inquire for, as a proper cicerone to the water-falls in his vicinity. Having finished our scanty but wholesome repast, we repaired with an old woman (the labourer being confined to the house by indisposition),

to the fall of Doll-y-mullin. There appeared to be something singular in the appearance of this "mountain elf:" destitute of shoes and stockings, in the true Cambrian style, she tripped it, occasionally singing, and sometimes discontented with the world, herself and every thing, uttering a most dismal groan. This excited our curiosity; but, to learn much of her situation we soon found impracticable; her knowledge of the English language was very trivial; and, as she seemed not much inclined to give us any information respecting the adjacent country, we found it useless to make inquiries concerning her condition in life.

Our surly conductress first led us through Mr. Madex's grounds; to the left of the Tan-y-bwlch road, by a most delightful walk cut through the wood, we soon reached the Fall of Doll-y-mullin, the roaring of which had a long time announced its vicinity. This cataract, though ~~considered only as a prelude~~ to the grand Falls of the Cayne and Moddach, is still worthy the attention of the passing traveller: for, though the river precipitates itself not more than fifty feet, yet, the projection and situation of the rocks, and the thick oak carelessly throwing its broad brown arms across the troubled waters, is singularly pleasing. We had hitherto only contemplated this scene from the foot of the fall; but how noble the effect when we began to wind up the steep ascent, and paused at every basin, which the water had formed in the excavated rock!

By a retrograde saunter we soon gained the Tan-y-bwlch road; and, passing over the romantic bridge of Pont ar Garfa, beautifully entwined with the rich drapery of ivy, we ascended a steep path over the slaty mountain of Tylyn Gwladys, two miles in extent.—Sublimity, indeed, gave place to elegance: behind us, the huge steep of Cader

Idris, lifting high above the rolling clouds its shaggy head, of which, at intervals, we caught a glance through the thick mist which enveloped it; in front, Snowdon, conscious of pre-eminence, rose in the distant perspective: these were the boundaries of our view. On the opposite side a barren mountain, dignified by the name of Prince of Wales, appeared scarcely accessible, but to the steps of the enthusiast. This formerly afforded a vast quantity of ore, but it has lately so much failed, as not to produce even a sufficiency to remunerate the miners. While traversing these barren mountains, it is not less singular than interesting occasionally to meet the most delicious valleys, watered by some foaming river; these are often literally surcharged

“ With weighted rains, and melted Alpine snows.”

Such is the true characteristic of the Welsh scenery: the finest verdure and the most enchanting valleys are discovered in the bosom of sterility; where natural cascades, precipitating themselves from their rude pinnacles, alone disturb the silence which reigns in that asylum. These render it more enchanting to the inquisitive pedestrians, for these landscapes are only accessible to their steps: and the distant swell of the cataract had now long proclaimed our proximity to the object in pursuit. The Falls of the Cayne and the Moddach are at no great distance from one another, being only separated by a thick wood.

Crossing a small bridge, above fifty feet from the water, formed only by the trunk of an oak, which has accidentally fallen across the rapid torrent, our conductress very judiciously selected the latter as the first object of our admiration. The computed measurement of this fall is estimated at between seventy and eighty feet, dividing itself

into three distinct parts, each finely broken by the projected rocks. The quantity of water is very inconsiderable; but the whole is admirably presented to the eye in one view. The first fall, about twenty feet, precipitates itself into a deep pool, thirty feet diameter; from thence over a second ledge, thirty feet high; and, lastly, it discharges itself into a pool of considerable dimensions. The declivities of the rocks are luxuriantly clothed with wood; the oak more particularly spreading its gigantic arms across the foaming torrent; a variety of trees, indeed, profusely embellish the whole of this glen, which are finely contrasted with the dark brown rocks; constituting so finished a picture, and representing such a variety of colours, that their beauties can be better conceived than described.

We now returned to the Fall of the Cayne, infinitely superior to any in Wales, being two hundred feet perpendicular, uninterrupted by rocks, and not intercepted by the thick wood which encircles it. For a considerable time we both of us gazed with that rapt admiration, which loathes to be disturbed by the mutual exchange of ideas; and, stunned with the continual uproar, and never-ceasing tumultuous motion of the sparkling foam, we silently admired the grandeur of the landscape. On each side the horrific crags seemed to bid defiance to the goat's activity. The Cayne, after this stunned cataract, throws its troubled waters over a rocky bed, till it unites itself with the Moddach below.

"The feelings, with which we view objects of the above description," says the author of the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, "oppose the theory of Mr. Burke, who confines sublimity to objects of terror, those of Lord Kaimes, and Dr. Gerard, who make it to consist

in magnitude, and Dr. Blair, who places it in 'force,' are equally erroneous. The idea of Longinus, were we to associate sublimity in poetry with that of the material world, (which we are, however, not authorized to do,) is far from being correct. He defines it 'a proud elevation of mind.' When applied to material objects, this is neither cause nor consequence; for the experience of every man, from the proudest of princes to the humblest of peasants, proclaims, that the effect of all sublimity is astonishment, blended with awe: and when, at one moment, did pride and awe unite in the same bosom? The difference between sublimity of writing, and sublimity in objects, has not been sufficiently distinguished by the several writers on the subject of taste. No objects are beautiful or sublime, but by virtue of association. If they were, the Vale of Aylesbury would be beautiful to him, who had long resided in the Vale of Clwyd: and the Cliffs of Dover and the Peaks of Scotland would be equally sublime to the native of Crim Tartary and the peasant of the Tyrol. The opinions of many philosophers, in respect to the pleasure we derive from objects, which excite our pity, are equally false. The Abbé du Bos, Fontenelle, Hume, Akenside, and Burke, are all in error. We must refer to principles; and the principle in this argument resolves itself into the conclusion, that misfortune elicits sympathy, after the same manner that magnets affine, and planets gravitate. But actual final causes we have no power to define; though we frequently presume to do so. Man, indeed, has the faculty of judging, limitedly, of effects; but vain, proud, and arrogant as he is, he can only reason hypothetically, when he would treat of final causes and of final consequences."

With reluctance we left this romantic situation; and,

according to the directions of our conductress, soon found ourselves in the turnpike-road to Tan-y-bwlch, understanding that Mr. Warner's route to Pen-street afforded indifferent walking. Stupendous mountains attended us some way; and, to borrow a description from a celebrated author, they "looked like the rude materials of creation, forming the barrier of unwrought space." The sun was now making a "golden set:" the mountains were thrown together in noble masses, appearing to scale the heavens, to intercept its rays, and emulous to receive the parting tinge of lingering day. We were watching with admiration the mild splendour of its light, fading from the distant landscape, when we perceived the rich vale of Festiniog suddenly open itself to our view: we observed the busy group of haymakers, who had completed their day's labour, returning to their homes:

"While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee."

Pleased with this rustic scene, we caught the cheerful song, which was wafted on the gentle breeze. With pleasure we anticipated a saunter through this vale, early the ensuing morning: for one tint of sober grey had now covered its various coloured features, and the sun had now gleamed its last light upon the rivulet which winds through the bottom.

TAN-Y-BWLCH.

The "rich-hair'd youth of morn" had not long left his saffron bed, and the very air was balmy as it freshened into morn, when we hurried from our inn to enjoy the luxuries of the vale of Festiniog, so well celebrated by the

pen of Lord Littleton : " With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one may pass an age there, and think it a day. If one has a mind to live long, and renew his youth, let him come and settle at Festiniog." These are the sentiments of Lord Littleton, in which seemed to be verified the situation of Mr. Oakley, who has selected this spot for his residence. Tan-y-Bwlech hall (for by that name is Mr. Oakley's seat dignified) is environed by a thick wood, which climbs the steep mountains behind his mansion. We followed the meandering and translucent waters of the river Dryryd, till we arrived at the village of Maetwrong, situated about the middle of this paradise. Passing through the village we observed a small but neat cottage, which was rendered interesting to the wayfarer, by its neat simplicity. A large old fashioned chimney corner, with benches to receive a social party, formed a most enviable retreat from the rude storms of winter, and defied alike the weather and the world :—with what pleasure did I picture

" A smiling circle, emulous to please,"

gathering round a blazing pile of wood on the hearth, free from all the vicissitudes and cares of the world ; happy in their own home, blessed in the sweet affection of kindred amity, regardless of the winter blast that struggled against the window, and the snow that pelted against the roof. On our entering, the wife, who possessed " the home of happiness, an honest breast," invited us to take a seat under the window ; which, overlooking the village, and the dark tower of the church, offered the delights of other seasons. The sweets of a little garden joined its fragrance to the honey-suckle, which enwreathed with rich drapery the windows ; and here too lay the old family

Bible, which had been put aside on our first entrance. We regretted our not having had an opportunity of seeing the husband, whom I make no doubt

“Envied not; and never thought of kings,
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.”

“About a mile east of this village,” says Mr. Evans, “are two remarkable waterfalls, called Rhaiadr Du, on the river Cynvel, one about three hundred yards above, and the other below a rustic bridge thrown over the river, to which it leads. The upper fall consists of three steep rocks, over which the water foams into a deep black basin, overshadowed by the adjoining rocks. The other is formed by a broad sheet of water, precipitated down a rock forty feet high, and darkened by the numerous foliage around it, almost to the edge of the stream. Between the cataract and the bridge is a tall columnar rock, called the pulpit of *Hugh Lloyd Cynvel*, and situate in the bed of the river, from whence, sage tradition says, a magician used to deliver his nocturnal incantations.” There are few objects in Wales more worthy to be visited, than these waterfalls.

From Festiniog, a pleasant excursion may be made to Tremadoc and Cricceath, and from thence to Pwllheli and Bardsey island. Tremadoc, which is situate at the mouth of the Traeth Mawr, in the promontory of Llyn, is about eight miles from Pont-Aber-Glaslyn: its situation is low, being three feet below low water mark, built on land reclaimed from the sea, by the spirited exertions of William Alexander Madocks, Esq. of Tany-yr-alt.

The town, which is an oblong square, contains a handsome market-house, over which are assembly-rooms: a church, a good inn, the Tremadoc Arms, and a bank. The reclaimed land consists of about two thousand acres, which, in less than three years, was covered with vegetation; it now produces excellent crops of wheat, barley, clover, &c. &c.

Mr. Madocks, after having succeeded in this arduous undertaking, set about the still more difficult one of throwing an embankment across the mouth of the Tracth Mawr; as an inducement for the accomplishing of which, a grant was made to him from the crown, in 1807, of the whole of these sands, from Pontaber-glaslyn to the point of Gést.

The length of the embankment, from north to south, would be about a mile; its breadth at the base one hundred feet, at the top thirty. The whole of this has been completed to within one hundred yards in the centre, and it is to be hoped this noble work will still be accomplished: funds only seem now necessary for its completion: strong chain cables extended across the opening, and hulks then sunk and filled would soon allow them to finish the embankment. After seeing those in North Holland nothing is to be despaired of. Long faggots, from seven to ten feet, straw, rushes, and sand are the best sea-walls, sloping them gradually for the rise of the tide. Those in Holland seemed constantly to have been increased by the action of the sea, instead of having been diminished.

CRICCAETH.

is a small borough and market town. Its population is now about four hundred: it, jointly with Caernarvon, &c. sends a member to parliament.

Its ruined castle is not unworthy of attention; it stands on an eminence projecting into the sea, and the entrance to it by land, being only along an isthmus, defended by a double foss and vallum, it must formerly have been strong. The gateway is between two towers, or bastions, externally round, but square within; the facings of which are ascribed to Edward the 1st.; the other towers are entirely square. There have been two courts, but neither of them large, nor indeed has the whole castle been a building of any other than small extent. It is now in a ruinous state. The view from the ruins over the bay to Haerlech is beautiful. In the neighbourhood of Pwllheli are several respectable family seats; and the country in its vicinity is generally better cultivated than the rest of the promontory: the town itself is irregular and unpleasant; but it carries on a good coasting trade, and vessels of considerable burthen are here built. The petty sessions for the district of Llyn are held here; it is likewise contributory to Carmarthen, in sending a member to parliament. Along the coast to Bardsey Island, a considerable trade in fishing is carried on: herrings frequent this coast in great abundance, and are very fine: some are cured here, and quantities sold to the Irish. Here likewise are taken both john dories and smelts; the former of which was rejected by the fishermen on the score of its ugliness.

The sail from hence to Bardsey Island is both tedious and dangerous. Passing the bay called Hell's Mouth, of which, Mr. Bingley says, "I never saw a place which presented so favourable an appearance, and that was at the time so much dreaded by the mariners as the present. It is at the very end of the promontory, and from point to point is supposed to measure about eight miles; it is

also nearly semicircular. None but strange vessels, even in the most boisterous weather, ever seek for shelter here; and when they are so unfortunate, they are soon stranded and never again return. 'We remember, (says Mr. Jones, in one of his letters,) more misfortunes to have happened in this bay, and more inhumanity shewn to the sufferers, than we have ever heard of any where else on the Welsh coast.' My pilot, who had been long acquainted with every part of these coasts, informed me, that, from whatever point of the compass the wind blew out at sea, on account of the surrounding high rocks, it always came into the mouth of this bay; and from whatever quarter the tide flowed, the upper current here always sets inwards. From these circumstances, the common tradition is, that the place obtained the appellation of *Hell's Mouth*.

"The whole coast, from the Rivals round the end of the land, nearly to Pwllheli, is terminated only by high and steep rocks, inhabited in the summer by a variety of sea-fowl." Mr. Bingley, having failed in his attempt to land in Bardsey, gives the following account of that island, from the letters of the Rev. — Jones, vicar of Aberdaron, to whose parish it belongs.

ISLAND OF BARDSEY.

"This island, which is the property of Lord Newborough, is somewhat more than two miles long, and one in breadth; and contains about three hundred and seventy acres of land; of which nearly one-third is occupied by a high mountain, that affords feed only for a few sheep and rabbits. Its distance from the main land is about a league. Towards the south-east and south-west it lies entirely open, but on the north and north-east it

is sheltered by its mountain, which to the sea presents a face of perpendicular, and in some parts overhanging rocks. Among these precipices the intrepid inhabitants, in the spring of the year, employ themselves in collecting the eggs of the various sea-fowl that frequent them. This is usually done bare-footed, to prevent them from slipping from heights, whence they must be dashed to pieces; and their concern for their safety while seizing these eggs, is infinitely less than that of the beholder, sitting securely in the boat below.

Nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a craggy rock, whose prominence
Half o'ershades the ocean, hardy men
Fearless of dashing waves do gather them.

“These poor fellows do not often meet with accidents, except by the giving way of pieces of the rock. In this case they are irrecoverably lost. The men who venture without ropes are accounted by the natives the most bold climbers: those who are more cautious fix a rope about their middle, which is held by some persons on the top of the rock. By this they slip down to the place where they think the most eggs are to be found. Here, untying it from their body, they fasten it to the basket that is to contain the eggs, which they carry in their hand. When this is filled, they make a signal to their companions to draw them up. In this manner they proceed from rock to rock, ascending or descending as they find it necessary. They adopt the same modes in collecting samphire, with which the rocks also abound.

“On the south-east side of the island, the only side on which it is accessible to the mariner, there is a small but well-sheltered harbour, capable of admitting vessels of

thirty or forty tons burthen. In this the inhabitants secure their own fishing-boats. The soil is principally clay, and produces excellent barley and wheat; vetches, peas, and beans, are said to succeed sufficiently well; but to oats it is not so favourable. Trees will not grow here, the keen westerly winds immediately destroying the young plants. Indeed, except a small quantity of fine meadow land, all the lower ground of the island is of little value. No reptile is ever seen in this island, except the common water lizard. None of the inhabitants ever saw in it a frog, toad, or snake of any kind.

“Till about fourteen years ago, no sparrows had been known to breed here: three nests were, however, built, during the same spring, and the produce has since completely colonized the place.

“There are here but eight houses, although the number of inhabitants is upwards of seventy. Two or three of the principal of these rent the island of Lord Newborough. They pay for it a hundred guineas a-year, and have their land tythe free, and are also freed from taxes and rates of every description. They keep about twenty horses and near thirty cows. All the former, though greatly overstocking so small a place, are absolutely necessary, on account of the great labour required in carrying up the seaweeds from the coast for manure.

“The sheep are small, and on the approach of a stranger, as Mr. Jones informs me, they squall not much unlike hares. Their activity is very remarkable. In the year 1801, Mr. Jones had one of them on his farm, at Aberdaron, that had twice ventured through the sea, though the channel is three miles across, and regained the island. The inhabitants train their dogs to catch them; but if the sheep once gain the rocks, they bid defiance to

every attempt for the time, as, rather than suffer themselves to be seized, they will plunge from thence into the sea. At the time of the year when the females usually drop their offspring, the inhabitants watch them every day, and before they are able to follow their dams, they mark them in the ears: they then suffer them to range at liberty. Without this attention, from the extreme wildness of the animals, the owners would never be able to distinguish their respective property. Some few of the sheep of the island, from having been rendered tame when young, are more easily managed: these alone submit to be folded in the evening.

“Curiosity induces many persons to visit this island almost every summer; but the grandest sight the present inhabitants ever witnessed, was a visit of the proprietor, Lord Newborough, and several persons of distinction, in the whole to the number of about forty. This company embarked in fishing-smacks from Porther, near Carreg Hall, in the parish of Aberdaron. On their arrival in the island, marquees were immediately pitched. The whole company dined in the open air; and at the conclusion of their repast, all the inhabitants were assembled. The ensuing scene reminded a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was present, of what he had read respecting the inhabitants of some of the South Sea islands. They were drawn up into a circle, and Lady Newborough adorned the heads of the females with caps and ribbons, whilst Lord Newborough distributed hats among the men. The nominal king and queen of the island were distinguished from the rest by an additional ribbon.”

Mr. B. concludes by giving the following history of Bardsey: “The Welsh name of this place is Ynys-Enlli. During the violent struggles between the Welsh and Eng-

lish, it was styled by the poets the sanctuary or asylum of the Saints, and it was sometimes denominated the Isle of Refuge. Some of these poets assert that it was the cemetery of *twenty thousand saints* * !

“ The reputed sanctity of this island induced the religious to resort to it, from many very distant parts of the country. It has been asserted by several writers, that Roderic Moelwynog, prince of North Wales, first founded here a monastery, some time in the eighth century. He might, perhaps, rebuild or enlarge it, but there are good grounds, from Welsh manuscripts, for supposing that there was a religious house in this island of a much more early date. There is an old legend yet extant, written in Monkish Latin, which assures us that the Almighty had entered into a particular covenant with Laudatus, the first abbot of Bardsey, in return for the piety of his monks. This granted to all the religious of the monastery of Bardsey, the peculiar privilege of dying according to seniority, the oldest always going off first. By this privilege, it is stated, that every one knew very nearly the time of his departure. The following is a translation of it :—‘ At the original foundation of the monastery of this island, the Lord God who attendeth to the petitions of the just, at the earnest request of the holy Laudatus, the first abbot, entered into a covenant with that holy man, and miraculously confirmed his promise, unto him, his successors, the abbots and monks for ever, while they should lead holy and religious lives, that they should die by succession, that is, that the oldest should die first, like a shock of corn ripe for the sickle. Being thus warned of

* Dr. Fuller observes—“ It would be more facile to find graves for as many saints, than saints for so many graves.”

the approach of death, each of them, therefore, should watch, as not knowing at what exact hour the thief might come; and, being thus always prepared, each of them by turns should lay aside his earthly form. God, who is ever faithful, kept his covenant, as he formerly did with the Israelites, inviolable; until the monks no longer led a religious life, but began to profane and defile God's sanctuary by their fornications and abominable crimes. Wherefore, after this, they were permitted to die like other men, sometimes the older, sometimes the younger, and sometimes the middle-aged first; and, being thus uncertain of the approach of death, they were compelled to submit to the general laws of mortality. Thus, when they ceased to lead a holy and religious life, God's miraculous covenant also ceased: and do thou, therefore, O God, have mercy upon us."

The ancient building is now entirely destroyed; but, about the ground where the monastery stood, a great number of graves have very lately been discovered, lined with white stone or tile, and distant about two feet from each other. All the religious duties of the inhabitants are now performed in the parish church of Aberdaron. Sometimes, however, in stormy weather, they are under the necessity of interring their own dead in the island.

At Pwllheli good accommodation will be found at the Crown and Anchor inn; but if proceeding farther in the Llyn, the traveller must depend solely on the hospitality of individuals.

PWLLHELH.

The market-days at this place are Wednesdays and Saturdays: its population is rated at about thirteen hundred. The beach here is excellent; and so much resorted to in the summer season that it appears probable

it will grow into notice as a sea bathing-place. Several hundred acres of land in the vicinity of the town, which used to be overflowed by high tides, have been reclaimed by embankments on both sides of the town. It is governed by a mayor, two bailiffs, and a recorder.

Returning from Pwllheli, towards Criccaeth, the country wears the most beautiful aspect. The richly wooded scenery is relieved by shaggy rocks and partial views of the sea, being caught through the opening glades passing Llanstundwy, situate on the river Dwyfor, which after heavy rains overflows its banks and greatly incommodes it. I left the road, and proceeded by Trefan Hall, the handsome mansion of Mr. Roberts, to a cromlech, about a mile distant, called Coeten Arthur, or Arthur's Quoit, which the said Arthur, as report says, threw from a mountain near Beddgelert. It is handsome and in high preservation: the top stone is nearly three feet in thickness. But a still finer cromlech is about a mile from this, at a farm called Ystim Cegid; the flat stone of this is about eighteen inches in thickness, and is about thirty-six feet in circumference: its form is triangular, and its supporters of that height, that will allow a man on horseback to go under it; this also is called Arthur's Quoit. From hence to Criccaeth the road is dull and uninteresting: near the ruins of the small chapel of Bettws, is Chewilog, an old mansion, formerly belonging to the ancestors of Sir Howel, surnamed y-Fwyall, from his remarkable dexterity in the use of the battle-axe, which weapon he used with such effect in the battle of Poitiers, that the capture of the French monarch is, by many, ascribed to him; at all events, his conduct on that day drew down upon him the regards of the Black Prince to such extent, that he not only bestowed upon him the

constablenesship of Criccaeth castle, but likewise knighted him ; and, in perpetual memorial of his good services, it was directed that a mess of meat should, at the expence of the crown, be every day served up before the axe with which he had performed such good service. After the mess had been brought before the knight, it was taken and distributed among the poor. Eight yeomen attendants were constituted to guard the mess, who received each eight-pence a day pay, and were termed yeomen of the crown : these were continued on the establishment till the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; and it is by many conceived, and by no means improbable, that the yeomen of the crown, which we do not read of in history till the reign of Henry the VIIth, are indebted to these for their origin. After the death of Sir Howel, the mess was still carried before the axe, and bestowed on the poor for the repose of his soul. Besides the above honours conferred upon him, he was constable of Chester castle ; had Dwyfor, and others, the king's mills, to farm ; with a grant of the wiers and fisheries on the coast, and many other offices of great trust and profit.

Between Criccaeth and Penmorva, you pass Stumllyn, formerly the seat of the Wynnes, now the seat of ——— Jones, Esq. of Machynlleth. Near Clenneney, on Bwlch Craig Wenn, is a fine Druidical circle, consisting at present of thirty-eight stones ; and about a mile from this, above Penmorva, is another. On Llysdin farm some small urns, containing human bones and ashes, have lately been discovered. At a small distance is Brynkir, which Lord Lyttleton took up his residence at when he visited this part of the principality. This part of the country was formerly the seat of dreadful feuds, and appears to have been inhabited by a most ferocious and irascible set

of beings. They were of two clans, one descended from Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales; the other was derived from Collwyn ap Tangno. The history of Evionedd, or Eifionydd, is during that period one of revenge, perfidy, and slaughter; and to such extent was it carried, that Meredith ap Jevan preferred taking up his residence in Dolwyddelan castle, at that time surrounded by robbers and freebooters, to residing in this district, giving to his friends the following decisive reason: "If, (said he), I live in my own house in Evionedd, I must either kill my own kinsmen, or submit to be murdered by them." He, therefore, rather chose to fight with thieves and outlaws than with his own immediate relatives.

"They would quarrel," says Sir John Wynne, "if it was but for the mastery of the country, and the first good morrow. John Owen, ap John, ap Meredydd, and Howel ap Madoc Vychan, fell out for no other reason. Howel and his people fought valiantly: when he fell, his mother placed her hand on his head, to prevent the fatal blow, and had half her hand and three of her fingers cut off, by some of her nearest kindred. An attempt was made to kill Howel ap Rhys, in his own house, by the sons of John ap Meredith, for no other reason than that their servants had quarrelled about a fishery. The first set fire to the mansion with great bundles of straw:—the besieged, terrified with the flames, sheltered themselves under forms and benches, while Rhys, the old hero, stood sword in hand, reproaching his men with cowardice, and telling them he had often seen a greater smoke in that hall on Christmas even.

"These flagitious deeds seldom met with any other punishment than what resulted from private revenge, and too often composition was made for the most horrible

murders. There was a *gwerth*, or price of blood, from the slaughter of a king, to the cutting off one of his subject's little fingers." *Williams's Caernarvon.*

PENMORFA,

the Head of the Marsh, is a wood-clad village, romantically situated in a nook, between some high rocks at the end of a tract of meadows, on the western bank of Traeth Mawr.

The church contains a monument to the memory of Sir John Owen, a valiant commander in the army, and a staunch supporter of Charles I. Being tried with the Earl of Holland, Lords Loughborough, Goring, and other noble supporters of the royal cause, after the death of the king, he exhibited a spirit coinciding with his former noble daring; and, on being condemned to lose his head, he bowed to the court, thanking them for the honour they intended him. On being asked by a member what he meant, in his usual blunt manner he replied, "I think it a great honour for a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords:—by G—, I was afraid you would have hanged me."

Great intercession being made for the other noble personages, and no one applying or interesting themselves on behalf of Sir John, Cromwell, as related by some authorities, and Hutchinson and Ireton, as stated by others, interfered for the worthy knight, whose life was spared: after a few months confinement, he was allowed to retire to Clenenney, where he died.

Mr. Williams, rector of Llauberis, from whose work, recently published, on the history, antiquities, &c., of Caernarvonshire, I before quoted, says, in speaking of the situation of Penmorfa, and the meadows lying between it and Traeth Mawr, "they were formerly subject to the

overflowing of the higher tides, till an embankment was made by W. A. Madox, Esq.; a gentleman to whom this part of the country is greatly indebted for numerous and great improvements, particularly for the erection of an embankment, about a mile in length, in order to reclaim some thousand acres of land; and which now forms a safe and convenient road between the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, across the Estuary of Traeth Mawr; whereas, formerly, many lives were lost in going over those dangerous sands. Tremadoc, a new town, which bears the name of its founder, is about a mile distant from Penmorva, and contains from eighty to a hundred houses. Here is a handsome new church, a market-place, a comfortable inn, and a great number of good shops: near the town are several good houses, built by the same gentleman, particularly Tan-yr-Allt, Morva Lodge, &c.: all of which, as well as every thing in or about this little town, evidently prove the individual who planned and conducted the whole, to be a person of cultivated mind, improved taste, and superior judgment and ability. A market has been established here; and the fairs, which used to be at Penmorva on the following days, March 6, May 14, August 20, September 25, and Nov. 12, have mostly deserted that place, and are held at Tremadoc.—Here is an excellent salmon fishery, a good shore for bathing, and a safe harbour for vessels under 120 tons burthen. It is greatly to be lamented, that the beneficial improvements by the before-mentioned public-spirited gentleman, W. A. Madox, Esq. and carried by him to such a state of forwardness, should not be completed. In the year 1625, Sir John Wynne, of Gwydir, conceived the great design of gaining this immense track (Traeth Mawr,) as well as the lesser one (Traeth Bach,) from the sea, by

means of an embankment ; and for that purpose he implored the assistance of his illustrious countryman, Sir Hugh Middleton, in a letter which has been preserved, and, together with that gentleman's reply, printed in Mr. Pennant's tour. A bridge over Traeth Bach, and a new line of road along the sea coast to Barmouth, and a stage coach or some other more regular mode of conveyance between North and South Wales, particularly during the summer months, are still left among the desiderata of this portion of the principality."

From Tremadoc, an excellent road of about five miles brought us to the far-famed Pont Aber-Glaslyn, or the bridge of the harbour of the Blue Lake ; and not uncommonly styled the Devil's Bridge. This last appellation has very frequently misled strangers, who, confounding it with the well-known bridge at Havod, have been much disappointed, their expectations being raised very high, from the general description of that place. Of this, indeed, we found an instance on the very spot. This bridge connects the two counties of Merionethshire and Caernarvonshire ; being, from the parapet to the water, forty feet. From the description of former tourists, it did not answer our expectations ; but the salmon-leap is an interesting object from the bridge : the height is about fifteen feet ; and, though we observed very many attempt this surprising feat of agility, not one succeeded. Some fishermen below soon excited our curiosity, and salmon was here offered for sale at three-pence per pound.

An intelligent man here offered himself as our guide to the rich copper-mines, in the vicinity of Pont Aber-Glaslyn. This miner, having worked both here and at the Paris Mountain, confidently asserted, that one pound of this ore was now esteemed equivalent to twice the quan-

tity produced in Anglesea. Yet for a considerable time little advantage was derived from the concern, till a company obtained a lease of the mountain from Mr. Lloyd, the proprietor: and having placed an intelligent agent in a house near the mines, entered on the concern with that spirit which merited success. Stupendous cliffs, by the road side, literally rise eight hundred and sixty feet perpendicularly, and hang in the most capricious forms over the torrent; which, straggling amongst the recesses of stone, is hastening forward to disembogue itself into the estuary of Traeth Mawr. The pass is not more than seventy feet; after much rain it is entirely inundated by the overflowings of the Glaslyn, which reflect, as in a mirror, the blackness of the impending cliffs. On the Caernarvonshire side are several lead mines; but they have not proved sufficiently rich to reward the labour of working.

The situation of our inn at

BEDDGELERT

is very romantic, and would form an interesting drawing, by taking in a small bridge of two arches below the house. It is completely encircled by lofty mountains, which may be considered as subject to the "cloud-capt Snowdon."

Situate at the junction of three vales, its beautiful meadows form a fine contrast to the surrounding rugged scenery. The church is small, but lofty; it is supposed to be erected on the site of an ancient priory of Augustine monks, dedicated to St. Mary, and founded, according to the account of Mr. Rymer, in his *Fœdera*, by Lleyelyn ap Iorweth, in gratitude for the preservation of his son, and as an atonement for the rash effects of his intemperate rage, so pathetically described in the following poem:

but both the Mr. Williamses, who have written on Caernarvonshire, support the opinion of its earlier establishment, looking upon it as the most ancient foundation in the country except Bardsey. Its revenues, according to the Reverend P. B. Williams's account, must have been considerable ; which he likewise accounts for as necessary, from its being on the great road from England and South Wales to North Wales, and from Ireland to England. In order to enable the prior to keep up his usual hospitality, Edward the First, after it had greatly suffered by fire in 1283, most generously, at his own expense, repaired all the damages ; and Bishop Anian, about the year 1286, to obtain for it benefactions, remitted to all such benefactors who truly repented of their sins, forty days of any penance inflicted on them.

BEDDGELERT,

OR,

THE GREYHOUND'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM SPENCER.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer ;
" Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewelyn's horn to hear ?

" Oh where does faithful Gelert roam ?
The flower of all his race ;
So true, so brave : a lamb at home ;
A lion in the chase."

Twas only at Llewelyn's board,
The faithful Gelert fed ;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he checr'd his lord,
And centinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John * :
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And, now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied ;
When near the royal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smear'd with gout's of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewelyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet ;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

* Gelert was given to Llewelyn by King John in 1205.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
And on went Gelert too :
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view !

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd covert rent :
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child ; no voice replied ;
He search'd with terror wild ;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But no where found the child !

“ Hell-hound, by thee my child's devour'd ! ”

The frantic father cried :
And to the hilt the vengeful sword,
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Past heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh :
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Conceal'd between a mingled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd ;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn, and dead,
Tremendous still in death !

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass,
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave.

Since the author's first visit, much has been added to the picturesque scenery of Beddgelert, through the liberal and patriotic spirit of Thomas Jones of Boyntirion, Esq. the worthy proprietor of this romantic vale. A most excellent inn has been erected, and no expense spared in rendering the accommodations for the tourist and the traveller the most attractive, as well as the most comfort-

able. It is worthy of remark, that this spot was selected by the monks as favourable to the desponding gloom of popish superstition. The parish church, which is situated within a few hundred yards of this inn, was formerly a part of a priory of Augustine monks, founded by Anion, Bishop of Bangor, in the thirteenth century; and supposed by some to be the oldest religious house in Wales. Part of the cloisters still remain. The monastery was destroyed by fire during the reign of Edward the First. The present appearance of the vale is, however, calculated to produce sensations of a very different description, and presents objects the most alluring to the lovers of mountain scenery. The tourist, whether he be a poet, a philosopher, or an antiquary, will here find abundant sources of recreation to detain him for some days. Within the distance of an hour's walk from the inn, are situated

THE VALE OF NANHWYNAN,

beautifully diversified by thriving plantations, and elegant villas. In this vale stands Diras Envys, or the Castle of Ambrosius, to which Vortigern is said to have fled for refuge, after having called in the Saxons; by which he for some time, avoided the odium and persecution of his countrymen.

THE PASS OF DRWSYCOED,

commanding a most splendid view of the lakes of Nanlley including the floating island, mentioned by Camden, the sea being also visible at a distance. Here King Edward is said to have encamped his army in his last expedition into Wales, when he completed the subjugation of the country.

Beddgelert is now a thoroughfare, with a good road

from Caernarvon to Dolgelly, Welsh Pool, Shrewsbury, Bishop's Castle, Ludlow, and Worcester; it is therefore a most convenient station from whence to make excursions to some of the most interesting scenery in North Wales, among the first of which is the ascent of the mighty and once wood-covered Snowdon.

How often has the idea of this stupendous mountain filled my heart with enthusiastic rapture! Every time I cast my eyes on that solemn, that majestic vision, it is not without the most powerful emotion; it excites that tender melancholy, which exalts rather than depresses the mind! How delightful to bid adieu to all the cares and occupations of the world, for the reflection of those scenes of sublimity and grandeur, which form such a contrast to the transiency of sublunary greatness! With what anxiety have we watched the setting sun, loitering just below the horizon, and illuminating the highest summit of Snowdon with a golden tinge; and we still watch the passing clouds of night, fearing lest the morning should prove unfavourable for our Alpine excursion!

SNOWDON.

We engaged the miner* as our conductor over the mountain, who entertained us much with displaying, in strong colours, the tricks and impositions of his brother guides†.

* Evan Thomas worked in the copper-works at Aber Glaslin, and lived at a place called Dous Coreb, about a mile and a half beyond Beddgelert.

† The most usual and best direction, in which to ascend Snowdon at the present day, commences between the New Inn and Dolbadarn Castle, near the Bridge.

At half-past twelve, we started from our inn, determined to see the sun rise from its highest summit. The night was now very dark, and we could just discover, that the top of Snowdon was entirely enveloped in a thick impenetrable mist : this unpropitious omen staggered our resolutions ; and we for some time hesitated respecting our farther progress ; but our guide assuring us that his comfortable cottage was not far distant, we again plucked up resolution ; and, quitting the high way about two miles on the Caernarvon road, we turned to the right, through a boggy, unpleasant land, and in danger of losing our shoes every step we took. This soon brought us to the comfortable cot, the filth and dirtiness of which can better be imagined than described ; a worm-eaten bed, two small stools, and table fixed to the wall, composed the whole of his furniture ; two fighting-cocks were perched on a beam, which Thomas seemed to pride himself in the possession of : the smoke of the fire ascended through a small hole in the roof of this comfortable mansion, the door of which did not appear proof against the " churlish chiding of the winter blast."

Such, indeed, was the situation of this Cambrian mountaineer : and, though, in our own opinion, misery, poverty, and dirt personified, seemed to be the real inhabitants of this cottage, yet there was something prepossessing in his character ; for frequently, with the greatest vehemence imaginable, and in the true style of an anchorite, he declared, that, " though he boasted not riches, yet he boasted of independence ; and though he possessed not wealth, yet he possessed the home of happiness, an honest breast."

The morning appearing to wear a more favourable aspect, we again sallied forth ; the bogs, however, still ren-

dered it extremely unpleasant. But this inconvenience was only temporary ; we soon came to a part of the mountain entirely composed of loose stones and fragments of rock, which affording only a very treacherous footing, you are liable to perpetual falls. The mountain now became much steeper, the path less rocky, and our mountaineer, the higher we proceeded, more induced to exhibit feats of his agility, by occasionally running down a short precipice, and then, by a loud shout of vociferation, shewing us the obedience of the sheep, who instantaneously flocked around him at the sound of his voice : it is singular, the caution implanted in this animal, by instinct, for the mutual protection of each other ; from the liberty they enjoy, they seldom congregate in one flock, but are generally discovered grazing in parties from six to a dozen, one of which is regularly appointed centinel, to watch the motions of their inveterate enemies (foxes and birds of prey), which infest this mountain. A wider expanse of the hemisphere disclosed itself, and every object below us gradually diminished as we ascended. The freshness of the mountain whetted our appetites ; and our conductor, with very little persuasion, soon influenced us to open our little basket of provisions. The sun, the " rich hair'd youth of morn," was just peeping from his bed ; and having refreshed ourselves, with eager impatience, we again climbed the rugged precipice ; for we had still a considerable height to ascend. We now passed several steep declivities by a narrow path not more than three yards wide, with a dreadful perpendicular on each side, the sight of which almost turned us giddy. As we were passing this hazardous path, a thick mist enveloped us, and an impenetrable abyss appeared on both sides ; the effect, indeed, can scarcely be conceived ; our footing to

us, puiſſant mountaineers, ſeemed very inſecure; and a total deſtruction would have been the conſequence of one falſe ſtep. The air grew intently cold, and, by our guide's recommendation, we a ſecond time produced our piſtol of rum, diluted with milk; but this cordial muſt be uſed with caution, as a very ſmall quantity of ſtrong liquor affects the head, owing to the rarefaction of the air. On our reaching the ſummit, all our difficulties were forgotten, and our imaginary complaints overborne with exclamations of wonder, ſurprise, and admiration. The light, thin, miſty cloud, which had for ſome time enveloped us, as if by enchantment, ſuddenly diſperſed; the whole ocean appeared illuminated by a fiery ſubſtance, and all the ſubject hills below us, for they reſembled mole-hills, were gradually tinged by the rich glow of the ſun; whoſe orb becoming at length diſtinctly viſible, diſplayed the whole iſland of Angleſea ſo diſtinctly, that we deſcried, as in a map, its flat and uncultivated plains, bounded by the rich and inexhauiſtible Paris mountains, in the vicinity of Holyhead. The point on which we were ſtanding did not exceed a ſquare of five yards, and we ſicken'd almoſt at the ſight of the ſteep precipices which environed us; round it is a ſmall parapet, formed by the cuſtomary tribute of all ſtrangers, who viſit this ſummit; and to which we likewiſe contributed, by placing a large ſtone on its top; this parapet, indeed, ſheltered us from the chilly cold, and protected us from the piercing wind, which this height muſt naturally be expoſed to.

We remained in this ſituation for a conſiderable time, and endeavour'd, without ſucceſs, to enumerate the ſeveral lakes, forests, woods, and counties, which were expoſed to us in one view; but loſt and confounded with the innumerable objects worthy of admiration, and re-

ardless of the chilling cold, we took a distinct survey of the Isle of Man, together with a faint prospect of the Highlands in Ireland, which appeared just visibly skirting the distant horizon ; but another object soon engrossed all our attention :

“ The wide, the unbounded prospect lay before us ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it : ”

For we unexpectedly observed long billows of vapour tossing about, half way down the mountain, totally excluding the country below, and occasionally dispersing, and partially revealing, its features ; while above, the azure expanse of the heavens remained unobscured by the thinnest mist. This, however, was of no long continuance : a thick cloud presently wet us through ; and the point on which we were standing could alone be distinguished. As there appeared little or no chance of the clouds dispersing, we soon commenced our descent. Respecting this Alpine excursion, suffice it to say, that though our expectations were raised exceedingly high, it infinitely surpassed all conception, and baffled all description ; for no colour of language can paint the grandeur of the rising sun, observed from this eminence, or describe the lakes, woods, and forests, which are extended before you ; for description, though it enumerates their names, yet it cannot draw the elegance of outline, cannot give the effect of precipices, or delineate the minute features, which reward the actual observer, at every new choice of his position ; and, by changing their colour and form in his gradual ascent, till at last every object dwindles into atoms : in short, this interesting excursion, which comprehends every thing that is awful, grand, and sublime, producing the most pleasing sensations, has left

traces in the memory which the imagination will ever hold dear.

The view from the summit of Snowdon is thus described by the author of the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*.

“After climbing over masses of crags and rocks, we ascended the peak of Snowdon, the height of which is 3571 feet above the level of the Irish Sea. Arrived at its summit, a scene presented itself, magnificent beyond the powers of language! Indeed language is indigent and impotent, when it would presume to sketch scenes, on which the Great Eternal has placed his matchless finger with delight. Faint are thy broad and deep delineations, immortal Salvator Rosa! Powerless and feeble are your inspirations, Genius of Thomson, Virgil, and Lucretius!

“From this point are seen more than five and twenty lakes. Seated on one of the crags, it was long before the eye, unaccustomed to measure such elevations, could accommodate itself to scenes so admirable:—the whole appearing, as if there had been a war of the elements; and as if we were the only inhabitants of the globe, permitted to contemplate the ruins of the world. Rocks and mountains, which, when observed from below, bear all the evidences of sublimity, when viewed from the summit of Snowdon, are blended with others as dark, as rugged, and as elevated as themselves; the whole resembling the swellings of an agitated ocean.

“The extent of this prospect appears almost unlimited. The four kingdoms are seen at once: Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland! forming the finest panorama the empire can boast. The circle begins with the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; those of Ingleborough

and Penygent, in the county of York, and the hills of Lancashire forefollow : then are observed the counties of Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and a portion of Montgomeryshire. Nearly the whole of Merioneth succeeds ; and drawing a line with the eye along the diameter of the circle, we take in the regions, stretching from the triple crown of Cader Idris to the sterile crags of Carnedd David, and Llewelyn. Snowdon rising in the centre appears, as if he could touch the south with his right hand, and the north with his left. ' Surely,' thought Colonna, ' Cæsar sat upon these crags, when he formed the daring conception of governing the world !'

" From Cader Idris, the eye, pursuing the orbit of the bold geographical outline, glances over the bay of Cardigan, and reposes for a while on the summit of the Rivel. After observing the indented shores of Caernarvonshire, it travels over a long line of ocean, till, in the extremity of the horizon, the blue mountains of Wicklow terminate the perspective. Those mountains gradually sink along the coast, till they are lost to the eye ; which ranging along the expanse, at length, as weary of the journey, repose on the Island of Man, and the distant mountains of Scotland. The intermediate space is occupied by the sides and summits of mountains, hollow crags, masses of rocks, the towers of Caernarvon, the fields of Anglesea, with woods, lakes, and glens, scattered in magnificent confusion. A scene like this commands our feelings to echo, as it were, in unison to its grandeur and sublimity : the thrill of astonishment and the transport of admiration seem to contend for the mastery ; and nerves are touched, that never thrilled before. We seem as if our former existence were annihilated ; and as if a new epoch were commenced. Another world opens upon

us ; and an unlimited orbit appears to display itself, as a theatre for our ambition."

The first two miles of our descent we by no means found difficult, but wishing to take a minute survey of the picturesque Pass of Llanberris, we changed the route generally prescribed to strangers, and descended a rugged and almost perpendicular path, in opposition to the proposals of our guide, who strenuously endeavoured to dissuade us from the attempt ; alleging the difficulty of the steep, and relating a melancholy story of a gentleman, who many years back had broken his leg. This had no effect : we determined to proceed ; and the vale of Llanberris amply rewarded us for the trouble.

Mr. Williams of Llandigai, in his observations on the Snowdon mountains (which, from his having been a resident on the spot, may be considered as entitled to the greatest credit,) makes the following remarks on the probable derivation of their names, and the customs and manners of their inhabitants.

" It would be endless to point out the absurd conjectures and misrepresentations of those who have of late years undertaken to describe this country. Some give manifestly wrong interpretations of the names of places, and others, either ignorantly or maliciously, have as it were caricatured its inhabitants. Travellers from England, often from want of candour, and always from defect of necessary knowledge, impose upon the world unfavourable as well as false accounts of their fellow-subjects in Wales ; yet the candour of the Welsh is such, that they readily ascribe such misrepresentations to an ignorance of their language, and a misconception of the honest, though perhaps warm temper of those that speak it. And it may be, travellers are too apt to abuse the Welsh, be-

cause they cannot or will not speak English. *Their ignorance ought not to incur disgust : their reluctance proceeds not from stubbornness, but from diffidence, and the fear of ridicule.*

“ NATIVES OF ERYRI.

“ The inhabitants of the British mountains are so humane and hospitable, that a stranger may travel amongst them without incurring any expense for diet or lodging. Their fare an Englishman may call coarse ; however, they commonly in farm-houses have three sorts of bread, namely, wheat, barley, and oatmeal ; but the oatmeal they chiefly use ; this, with milk, butter, cheese, and potatoes, is their chief summer food. They have also plenty of excellent trout, which they eat in its season. And for the winter they have dry salted beef, mutton, and smoked rock venison, which they call *Cóck ar Wyden*, i. e. *The Red upon the Withe*, being hung by a withe, made of a willow or hazel twig. They very seldom brew ale, except in some of the principal farm-houses : having no corn of their own growing, they think it a superfluous expense to throw away money for malt and hops, when milk, or butter-milk mixed with water, quenches the thirst as well.

“ They are hardy and very active ; but they have not the perseverance and resolution which are necessary for laborious or continued undertakings, being, from their infancy, accustomed only to ramble over the hills after their cattle. In summer they go barefoot, but seldom barelegged, as has been lately asserted by a traveller. They are shrewd and crafty in their bargains, and jocular in their conversation ; very sober, and great economists ; though a late tourist has given them a different character. Their greetings, when they meet any one of their ac-

quaintances, may to some appear tedious and disagreeable : their common mode of salutation is "How is thy heart? how the good wife at home, the children, and the rest of the family?" and that often repeated. When they meet at a public house, they will drink each other's health, or the health of him to whom the mug goes at every round. They are remarkably honest.

" Their courtships, marriages, &c. differ in nothing from what is practised on these occasions among the lowlanders or other Welsh people ; but as there are some distinct and local customs in use in North Wales, not adopted in other parts of Great Britain, I shall, by way of novelty, relate a few of them :—When Cupid lets fly his shaft at a youthful heart, the wounded swain seeks for an opportunity to have a private conversation with the object of his passion, which is usually obtained at a fair, or at some other public meeting ; where he, if bold enough, accosts her, and treats her with wine and cakes. But he that is too bashful will employ a friend to break the ice for him, and disclose the sentiments of his heart : the fair one, however, disdains proxies of this kind, and he that is bold, forward, and facetious, has a greater chance of prevailing ; especially if he has courage enough to steal a few kisses : she will then probably engage to accept of his nocturnal visit the next Saturday night. When the happy hour arrives, neither the darkness of the night, the badness of the weather, nor the distance of the place, will discourage him, so as to abandon his engagement. When he reaches the spot, he conceals himself in some out-building, till the family go to rest. His fair friend alone knows of and awaits his coming. After admittance into the house a little chat takes place at the fireside, and then, if every thing is friendly, they agree to

throw themselves on a bed, if there is an empty one in the house ; when Strephon takes off his shoes and coat, and Phillis only her shoes ; and covering themselves with a blanket or two, they chat there till the morning dawn, and then the lover steals away as privately as he came. And this is the bundling or *courting in bed* *, for which the Welsh are so much bantered by strangers.

“ This courtship often lasts for years, ere the swain can prevail upon his mistress to accept of his hand. Now and then a pregnancy precedes marriage ; but very seldom, or never, before a mutual promise of entering into the marriage state is made. When a matrimonial contract is thus entered into, the parents and friends of each party are apprised of it, and an invitation to the wedding takes place ; where, at the appointed wedding-day, every guest that dines drops his shilling, besides payment for what he drinks : the company very often amounts to two or three hundred, and sometimes more. This donation is intended to assist the young couple to buy bed-clothes, and other articles necessary to begin the world. Nor

* “ The Cambrian fair would blush as much at the term *courting in bed* as any other modest female would, that has never heard of this custom before. It is not expressed, *Caru-yn-y-Gwely*, which means *courting in bed* ; but *Caru-ar-y-Gwely*, courting on the bed. Should the lover offer any indecency, his mistress would not only fly from him with the velocity of lightning, but he would be fortunate if she would so leave him without giving him a bloody nose at parting. In a few days also, the tidings of his impudence would reach the ears of every lass in the neighbourhood ; his company would be shunned with the greatest caution : and were he so successful as to prevail upon a young woman to accept of his visits, her continency would be considered as doubtful.”

does the friendly bounty stop here : when the woman is brought to bed, the neighbours meet at the christening, out of free good-will, without invitation, where they drop their money ; usually a shilling to the woman in the straw, sixpence to the midwife, and sixpence to the cook ; more or less, according to the ability and generosity of the giver.

“ MODE OF BURYING.

“ When the parish-bell announces the death of a person, it is immediately inquired upon what day the funeral is to be ; and on the night preceding that day, all the neighbours assemble at the house where the corpse is, which they call Ty Corph, i. e. ‘ the corpse’s house.’ The coffin, with the remains of the deceased, is then placed on the stools, in an open part of the house, covered with black cloth ; or, if the deceased was unmarried, with a clean white sheet, with three candles burning on it. Every person on entering the house falls devoutly on his knees before the corpse, and repeats to himself the Lord’s prayer, or any other prayer that he chooses. Afterwards, if he is a smoker, a pipe and tobacco are offered to him. This meeting is called Gwynnos, and in some places Pydreua. The first word means Vigil ; the other is, no doubt, a corrupt word from Paderau, or Padereuau, that is, Paters, or Pater-nosters. When the assembly is full, the parish-clerk reads the common service appointed for the burial of the dead : at the conclusion of which, psalms, hymns, and other godly songs are sung ; and since Methodism is become so universal, some one stands up and delivers an oration on the melancholy subject, and then the company drop away by degrees. On the following day the interment takes place, between two and four o’clock in the afternoon, when all the neighbours assemble again. ; It is not

uncommon to see on such occasions an assembly of three or four hundred people, or even more. These persons are all treated with warm spiced ale, cakes, pipes and tobacco; and a dinner is given to all those that come from far: I mean, that such an entertainment is given at the funerals of respectable farmers*. They then proceed to the church; and at the end of that part of the burial service, which is usually read in the church, before the corpse is taken from the church, every one of the congregation presents the officiating minister with a piece of money; the deceased's next relations usually drop a shilling each, others sixpence, and the poorer sort a penny 'a-piece, laying it on the altar. This is called offering, and the sum amounts sometimes to eight, ten, or more pounds at a burial. The parish-clerk has also his offering at the grave, which amounts commonly to about one-fourth of what the clergyman received. After the burial is over the company retire to the public-house, where every one spends his sixpence for ale†; then all ceremonies are over."—Mr. W. then proceeds to explain the good and ill resulting from the prevalence of Methodism, and those fanatics termed Ranters, &c., and states, that "the mountain-people preserve themselves, in a great measure, a distinct race from the lowlanders: they but very seldom come down to the lowlands for wives; nor will the lowlander often climb up the craggy steeps, and bring down a mountain spouse to his cot. Their occupa-

- * "Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly share the last sepulchral feast."

POPE'S HOMER.

† This last custom is not in use in Anglesey.

tions are different, and it requires that their mates should be qualified for such different modes of living.

“ I will not scruple to affirm, that these people have no strange blood in their veins,—that they are the true offspring of the ancient Britons : they, and their ancestors, from time immemorial, have inhabited the same districts, and, in one degree or other, they are all relations.”

The vale of Llanberris is bounded by the steep precipices of Snowdon, and two large lakes, communicating by a river. It was formerly a large forest, but the woods are now entirely cut down. We here dismissed our Cambrian mountaineer, and easily found our way to Dolbadern (pronounced Dolbatharn) Castle, situated between the two lakes, and now reduced to one circular tower, thirty feet in diameter, with the foundations of the exterior buildings completely in ruins : in this, Owen Gôch, brother to Llewellyn, last prince, was confined in prison. This tower appears to have been the keep or citadel, about ninety feet in height, with a vaulted dungeon. At the extremity of the lower lake are the remains of a British fortification, called *Caer cwm y Glô* : and about half a mile from the castle, to the south, at the termination of a deep glen, is a waterfall, called *Cannant Mawr* ; it rushes over a ledge of rocks upwards of twenty yards in height, falls some distance in an uninterrupted sheet, and then dashes with a tremendous roar through the impeding fragments of the rock, till it reaches the more quiet level of the vale. Returning to the lakes, you have a fine view of the ruins, with the promontory on which they are situated ; and that with greatly heightened effect, if favoured by their reflection on the glassy surface of the waters, to which you add the rocky heights on each side ;

Llanberis church, relieving the mountain scenery, and the roughest and most rugged cliffs of Snowdon in the back-ground topping the whole,⁶ which give together a grand and pleasing coup d'œil.

In this vicinity are large slate quarries, the property of Thomas Asheton Smith, Esq. ; and a rich vein of copper ore. These afford employ to great numbers of industrious poor : to the men, in obtaining the ore and slates, and the women and children in breaking, separating, and preparing the different sorts for exportation, or for undergoing farther preparatory processes to fit them for smelting. From hence a rugged horse-path brought us to the Caernarvon turnpike-road, about six miles distant ; the high towers of the castle, the very crown and paragon of the landscape, at last pointed out the situation of

CAERNARVON ;

and having crossed a handsome modern stone bridge thrown over the river Seiont, and built by " Harry Parry, the modern Inigo, A.D. 1791," we soon entered this ancient town, very much fatigued from our long excursion.

The town of Caernarvon, beautifully situated and regularly built, is in the form of a square, enclosed on three sides with thick stone walls ; and on the south side defended by the Castle.

The towers are extremely elegant ; but not being entwined with ivy, do not wear that picturesque appearance which castles generally possess. Over the principal entrance, which leads into an oblong court, is seated, beneath a great tower, the statue of the founder, holding in his left hand a dagger ; this gateway was originally fortified with four portcullises. At the west end, the eagle tower, remarkably light and beautiful, in a polygon form ;

three small hexagon turrets rising from the middle, with eagles placed on their battlements; from thence it derives its name. In a little dark room * in this tower, measuring eleven feet by seven, was born King Edward II. April 25, 1284. The thickness of the wall is about ten feet. To the top of the tower we reckoned one hundred and fifty-eight steps; from whence an extensive view of the adjacent country is seen to great advantage. On the south are three octagonal towers, with small turrets, with similar ones on the north. All these towers communicate with each other by a gallery, both on the ground, middle, and upper floor, formed within the immense thickness of the walls, in which are cut narrow slips, at convenient distances, for the discharge of arrows.

This building, founded on a rock, is the work of King Edward I., the conqueror of the principality; the form of it is a long irregular square, enclosing an area of about two acres and a half. From the information of the Sebright manuscript, Mr. Pennant says, that, by the united efforts of the peasants, it was erected within the space of one year.

Having spent near three hours in surveying one of the noblest castles in Wales, we walked round the environs of the town. The terrace † round the castle wall, when in

* Such is the received opinion; but the place noted for this event is only a thoroughfare to the grand apartments of the tower, the middle one of which appears more probably to have been the room. They shew, also, a cradle in which the Prince is said to have been rocked.

† "On the outside of the town walls is a broad and pleasant terrace along the side of the Menai, extending from the Quay to the north end of the town walls, and in the evening is a fashionable promenade for persons of all descriptions. From the top of a rock

existence, was exceedingly pleasing, being in front of the Menai, which is here upwards of a mile in breadth, forming a safe harbour, and is generally crowded with vessels, exhibiting a picture of national industry; whilst near it a commodious quay presents an ever-bustling scene, from whence a considerable quantity of slate, and likewise copper, from the Llanberris mine, is shipped for different parts of the kingdom.

Caernarvon may certainly be considered as one of the handsomest and largest towns in North Wales; and under the patronage of Lord Uxbridge promises to become still more populous and extensive.

In Bangor-street, is the Uxbridge Arms hotel, a large and most respectable inn; where, as well as at the Goat, the charges are moderate and the accommodations excellent.

Caernarvon is only a township and chapelry to Llanbebbic. Its market is on a Saturday, which is well supplied and reasonable; and with the spirited improvements made to the town and harbour, has been the means of greatly increasing its population: according to the late returns it contains 1008 houses, and 6000 inhabitants. The church, or rather chapel, has been rebuilt by subscription. Service is performed here in English, and at the mother church at Llanbebbic * in Welsh.

behind the hotel is a fine view of the town and castle: and on a clear day the Isle of Anglesea, Holyhead, and Paris Mountains, may be distinctly seen, like a good map before the eyes." EVANS.

* The parish-church is dedicated to Publicius, a brother of the far-famed and illustrious Helen, whose splendid acts in favour of Christianity are at this day attested in Palestine. Near the church are the remains of Segontium, built about the year A.D. 365, by Maximus; or, as he is styled by the British historians,

The Port, although the Aber sand-banks forming a dangerous bar, must ever be a great drawback upon it, has not only been wonderfully improved, but is in that progressive state of improvement by the modern mode of throwing out piers, that vessels can now, of considerable tonnage, lie alongside the quay, and discharge or take in their cargoes in perfect safety; this bids fair, as may be seen by the rapid increase of its population and tonnage, to make it a place of trade and considerable resort: yet still it only ranks as a creek, and its custom-house is made dependent on that of the haven of Beaumaris; to the comptroller of which its officer is obliged to report: this must be a considerable hindrance to its trade, particularly in matters out of the customary routine. The county hall, which is near the castle, is a low building, but sufficiently commodious within to hold with convenience the great sessions. Caernarvon possessed such great favour with Edward the 1st. as to have the first royal charter granted in Wales given to it. It is by that constituted a free borough: it has one alderman, one deputy mayor, two bailiffs, a town-clerk, two sergeants-at-mace, and a mayor; who, for the time, is governor of the castle, and is allowed 200*l.* per annum to keep it in repair; it, jointly with Conway, Nevin, Criccaeth, and Pwllheli, sends a member to parliament; for the return of whom, every inhabitant, resident or non-resident,

Maxen Wledig. It was from hence, it is supposed, that Maximus marched in his ill-fated expedition to gain the imperial purple at Rome, taking with him all the youth whom Helen invited to join his standard. The line of march which he pursued is, even at this time, traditionally recorded amongst the common people in the neighbourhood.

who has been admitted to the freedom of the place, possesses a vote.

It is allowed to have a prison for petty offences independent of the sheriff. Its burgesses likewise were exempt throughout the kingdom from tollage, lastage, passage, murage, pontage, and all other impositions of whatever kind, with other privileges, too numerous to insert.

The county prison is likewise near the castle. It was erected in the year 1794. The new market-house, containing the butchers' shambles, &c. is a well-contrived and convenient building, affording good storage for corn and other articles left unsold.

The site of the ancient town of Segontium, which lies about half a mile south of the present one, will be found worthy the attention of the traveller; it was the only Roman station of note in this part of Cambria, on which a long chain of minor forts and posts were dependent. It is even maintained, and that by respectable authorities, that it was not only the residence, but burial-place of Constantius, father of Constantine the Great; but most probably this arises from confusing Helena, the daughter of Octavius, duke of Cornwall, who was born at Segontium, and married to Maximus, first cousin of Constantine, with Helena his mother, whom these authorities assert to have been the daughter of a British king. A chapel, said to have been founded by Helen, and a wall which bears her name, are amongst the ruins still pointed out.

Since the numerous late improvements have been going forward, at and near Caernarvon, new and interesting lights have been thrown on the ruins in its vicinity, which will form a rich treat to the antiquary.

Near the banks of the Seint, from which Segontium

took its name, and which runs from the lower lake of Llanberris, are the remains of a fort, which appears to have been calculated to cover a landing-place from the river at the time of high-water : it is of an oblong shape, and includes an area of about an acre ; one of the walls which is now standing is about seventy-four yards, and the other sixty-four yards long, in height from ten to twelve feet, and nearly six feet in thickness. The peculiar plan of the Roman masonry is here particularly discernible, exhibiting alternate layers, the one regular, the other zig-zag ; on these their fluid mortar was poured, which insinuated itself into all the interstices, and set so strong as to form the whole into one solid mass ; retaining its texture even to the present day, to such a degree, that the bricks and stone in the Roman walls yield as easy as the cement.

English history has spoken so fully on this place, as connected with Edward the 1st., on the title, which he, from his son being born in this castle, so artfully claimed for him, and the future heirs apparent to the British throne, as affording to the Welsh a prince of their own, agreeable to their wishes, and the quiet annexation of the principality to his dominions, which Edward by this means obtained, that it appears superfluous to enlarge upon it in this work.

Several excursions may be made from Caernarvon, with great satisfaction to the tourist ; the principal of which is a visit to

PLAS-NEWYDD,

the elegant seat of the Marquis of Anglesea, situated in the Isle of Anglesey, and distant about six miles from Caernarvon : if the wind and tide prove favourable, the

picturesque scenery of the Menai will be viewed to great advantage by hiring a boat at the quay *. But if this most advisable plan should not be approved of, the walk to the Moel-y-don ferry, about five miles on the Bangor road, will prove highly gratifying: the Menai, whose banks are studded with gentlemen's seats, appearing scarcely visible between the rich foliage of the oak, which luxuriates to the water's brink, is filled with vessels, whose shining sails, fluttering in the wind, attract and delight the observing eye; whilst the voice of the sailors, exchanging some salute with the passing vessel, is gently wafted on the breeze.

Crossing the ferry, we soon reached the ancient residence of the arch-druid of Britain, where was formerly stationed the most celebrated of the ancient British academies: from this circumstance, many places in this island still retain their original appellation, as Myfyrin, the place of studies: *Caer Idris*, the city of astronomy; *Cerrig Boudin*, the astronomer's circle. The shore to the right soon brought us to the plantations of *Plas-Newydd*, consisting chiefly of the most venerable oaks, and noblest ash in this part of the country:

. " Superior to the pow'r
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise;
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies;
While each assailing blast increasing strength supplies."

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

Beneath their "broad brown branches," we discovered several cromlechs, the monuments of Druidical super-

* The hire of a boat is from seven shillings and sixpence to half-a-guinea.

stitution; several stones of enormous size support two others placed horizontally over them *. For what purpose these ancient relics were originally erected, it is not for us puerile antiquarians to discuss; and with eager impatience we hurried to visit the noble mansion, which has not yet received the finishing stroke of the architect; sufficient, however, is accomplished to form a conjecture of its intended splendour and magnificence. The whole is built, stables included, in a gothic castellated form, of a dark slate-coloured stone: on entering the vestibule, we, for a short time, imagined ourselves in the chapel, a mistake, though soon discovered, to which every visitor is liable; the ceiling having gothic arches, with a gallery suitable to it, and several niches cut in the side walls: we were next conducted through a long suite of apartments, the design of them all equally convenient and elegant. The landscape from the Gothic windows is both beautiful and sublime: a noble plantation of trees, the growth of ages; the winding strait of the Menai, gay with vessels passing and repassing: and, beyond this tranquil scene, the long range of the Snowdon mountains shooting into the clouds, the various hues of whose features appear as beautiful as their magnitude is sublime. The house is protected from the encroachment of the sea, by a strong parapet embattled wall; in fine, this magnificent seat of the gallant Marquis seems to possess many conveniences peculiar to its situation: the warm and cold baths, con-

* "The eastern seems originally to have consisted of seven stones, six uprights supporting an immense superincumbent one (with its flat face lying upon them), thirteen feet long, nearly as much broad, and four feet thick."—Warner's Second Walk through Wales.

stantly filled by the Menai, are sequestered and commodious, and every part of the house is abundantly supplied with water.

Since the last edition of this work was published, this splendid residence has been finished in a style corresponding to the promises it held forth, and now ranks amongst the first in the principality.

The park, though small, is well-wooded, and laid out with taste; and the woods extending along the bold cliffs of the Menai, with the parapeted bastion wall, which supports the terrace at the bottom of the lawn, cause this elegant edifice, with its turrets and gilded vanes, surrounded by its venerable groves, to be viewed to great advantage from the water or opposite shore. The front is composed of a centre nearly semilunar, with two wings semiocagonal; these receive a bold and happy finish from octagonal turrets rising from the basement of each angle of the front and wings, several feet above the embattled parapet, finishing in small spires surmounted by gilt vanes.

Behind the house are two of the largest cromlechs; the upper stone of one is twelve feet seven inches long, twelve broad, and four thick, supported by five upright ones; the other is close to the first, and is only about five feet and a half square.

Not far from these is a carnedd, part of which is destroyed; within was found a cell, about seven feet long and three wide, covered with two flat stones. On the top of the stones were two semicircular holes, for what purpose intended I leave to others to determine; some conceive they were places of confinement, and these holes served as stocks, in which to secure the victims of the Druidical sacrifices; but let us rather hope not; for as the learned

of these days here for a period found a shelter, and as these woods

“ Were tenanted by bards, who nightly thence,
 Rob'd in their flowery vests of innocent white,
 Issued with harps, that glitter to the moon,
 Hymning immortal strains :”

MASON'S CARACTACUS.

we may as reasonably conceive that learning, poetry, music and religion, would soothe and soften the angry passions of the soul, as that they would rouse to the horrid immolation of human sacrifices.

Being unavoidably prevented at this time from visiting the celebrated Paris mountain, the property of the Marquis of Anglesea and the Rev. Mr. Hughes, we again returned to the hotel at Caernarvon ; purposing to stay the following day (Sunday), for the purpose of making a strict enquiry into the religious sect, settled here, and in many parts of Wales, called Jumpers *.

The account we had received from our landlord, we imagined was exaggerated ; and this more strongly induced us to visit the chapel, that we might be enabled, in future, to contradict this ridiculous report.

At six in the evening the congregation assembled ; and, on our entrance into the chapel, we observed on the

* Before the author of this itinerary proposed publishing this tour through the Cambrian territories, he was induced to send an account of this extraordinary sect to the Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1799, p. 579. This is, therefore, only to be considered as a repetition : with the addition of a brief extract from two subsequent letters, September, 1799, p. 741 ; and November, p. 938 ; given to the public by different hands through the medium of the Gentleman's Magazine.

north side, from a sort of stage or pulpit, erected on the occasion, a man, in appearance a common day-labourer, holding forth to an ignorant and deluded multitude. Our entrance at first seemed to excite a general dissatisfaction ; and our near neighbours, as if conscious of their eccentricities, muttered bitter complaints against the admittance of strangers. The chapel, which was not divided into pews, and even destitute of seats, contained near a hundred people : half way round was erected a gallery. The preacher continued raving, and, indeed, foaming at the mouth, in a manner too shocking to relate :—he allowed himself no time to breathe, but, seemingly intoxicated, uttered the most dismal howls and groans imaginable, which were answered by the congregation, so loud as occasionally to drown even the voice of the preacher. At last, being nearly exhausted by continual vociferation, and fainting from exertion, he sunk down in the pulpit. The meeting, however, did not disperse : a psalm was immediately sung by a man, who, we imagined, officiated as clerk, accompanied by the whole congregation. The psalm had not continued long, before we observed part of the assembly, to our great surprise, jumping in small parties of three, four, and sometimes five in a set, lifting up their hands, beating their breasts, and making the most horrid gesticulations. Each individual separately jumped, regularly succeeding one another, while the rest generally assisted the jumper by the help of their hands. The women always appeared more vehement than the men, and infinitely surpassed them in numbers ; seeming to endeavour to excel each other in jumping, screaming, and howling. We observed, indeed, that many of them lost their shoes, hats, and bonnets, with the utmost indifference, and never condescended to search

after them; in this condition, it is not unusual to meet them jumping to their homes. Their meetings are twice a week, Wednesdays and Sundays. Having accidentally met with a gentleman, at the hotel, a native of Siberia, we invited him to our party; and, induced by curiosity, he readily accompanied us to the chapel. On the commencement of the jumping, he entreated us to quit the congregation, exclaiming "Good God! I for a moment forgot I was in a Christian country. The dance of the Siberians, in the worship of the Lama, with their shouts and gesticulations, is not more horrid!" This observation so forcibly struck me, that I could not avoid inserting it in my note-book.

With disgust we left the chapel, and were given to understand, by our landlord, they celebrate a particular day every year, when instances have been known of women dying by too great an exertion; and fainting is frequently the consequence of their excessive jumping.

This sect is by no means confined to the town of Caernarvon; but in many villages, and several market towns, both in North and South Wales, they have established regular chapels. "They have (says a correspondent to the Gentleman's Magazine *) periodical meetings in many of the larger towns, to which they come from thirty to forty miles round. At one held at Denbigh, about last April, there were, I believe, upwards of four thousand people, from different parts. At another, held at Bala, soon afterwards, nearly double that number were supposed to be present." The last number appears rather to be exaggerated, though the letter being dated from Denbigh, should be considered as authoritative.

* September, 1799, p. 741.

Another correspondent to the Gentleman's Magazine gives the following information respecting the sect: "That they are not a distinct sect, but Methodists, of the same persuasion as the late Mr. Whitfield; for though there are several congregations of the Wesleyan Methodists in this country, there is no such custom amongst them. But jumping during religious worship is no new thing amongst the other party, having (by what I can learn) been practised by them for many years past. I have seen some of their pamphlets in the Welsh language, in which this custom is justified by the example of David, who danced before the ark; and of the lame man, restored by our blessed Saviour, at the gate of the temple, who leaped for joy." How far this gentleman's account may be accurate, I leave for others to decide: it is certainly to be lamented, in a country where the Christian religion is preached in a style of the greatest purity and simplicity, that these poor ignorant deluded wretches should be led to a form of worship so dissonant to the established church of England, and indeed by a poor ignorant fellow, devoid of education and common sense.

The same road we had so much admired the preceding Saturday soon brought us to

BANGOR,

the oldest episcopal see in Wales; being founded in 516

The situation is deeply secluded, "far from the bustle of a jarring world," and must have accorded well with monastic melancholy; for the Monks, emerging from their retired cells, might here indulge in that luxurious gloominess, which the prospect inspires, and which would soothe the asperities inflicted upon them by the severe discipline of superstition. The situation of Bangor appears

more like a scene of airy enchantment than reality; and the residences of the Canons are endeared to the votaries of landscape by the prospect they command. On the opposite shore, the town of Beaumaris was seen straggling up the steep declivity, with its quay crowded with vessels, and all appeared bustle and confusion; the contrast, which the nearer prospect inspired, was too evident to escape our notice, where the

“ Oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,”

afforded a seat for the contemplation of the wide expanse of the ocean, which is seen beyond the little island of Puffin, or Priestholm; so called from the quantity of birds of that species, which resort here in the summer months.

The cathedral has been built at different times, but no part very ancient; the church was burnt down by Owen Glendwr, in the reign of King Henry IV.; the choir was afterwards built by Bishop Henry Dene, (or Deane), between the years 1496 and 1500; the tower and nave by Bishop Skevington, in 1532. The whole is Gothic architecture, with no other particular ornament to distinguish it from a common English parish church. There are, however, several bishops* buried in the choir. I could dwell with pleasure on the picturesque beauties of

* “ Bishops Glynn, 1550; Robinson, 1584; Vaughan, 1597; Rowlands, 1616; Morgan, 1673; and one with a cross fleuri in the south transept, ascribed to Owen Glendwr; but as he was buried at Monington, in Herefordshire, where he died, I should rather ascribe it to some of the earlier bishops. Mr. Pennant gives it to Owen Gwynned.”

this little episcopal see; but a repetition of the same epithets, grand, beautiful, sublime, fine, with a long catalogue, which must necessarily occur, would appear tautologous on paper, though their archetypes in nature would assume new colours at every change of position of the beholder.

This bishopric owes the chief of its revenues and immunities to Anian, bishop of the diocese, in the reign of Edward the First; who being in high favour with that monarch, and having had the honour of christening the young prince, born at Caernarvon, afterwards Edward the Second, had, as a compensation for the temporalities confiscated in the reign of King Henry the Third, various manors, ferries, and grants from the revenues of the principality allotted to the see.

Mr. Evans, in his valuable work, the Topography of North Wales, has clearly refuted the improbable charge made against Bishop Bulkely, of having sold the cathedral bells; and, on the contrary, proves from documents, that the cathedral was indebted to him for considerable repairs, and that likewise by his will he was a benefactor to it; this falsehood, which originated with Godwin, in his Treatise, entitled "De Presulibus," as a piece of scandal against the church, met with but too ready a belief from former tourists, whose false records, Mr. Evans deserves great credit for refuting.

Bangor is governed by the Bishop, whose steward holds the courts. From being a quiet, retired place, it has now become a scene of commercial bustle and activity, and is rapidly rising into an important town. The opening of Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries, and the great increase of travelling through it since the union with Ireland, have been the great causes of its increased and growing pros-

perity. From the convenience for sea-bathing, the excellent new roads which branch from it in every direction, the beauties of scenery which surround it on every side, its proximity to many of the finest objects which Wales can boast of, and the great interest which is excited in the suspended bridge over the Menai Strait, it has become a place of fashionable resort; and during the summer exhibits a scene of gaiety and cheerfulness, that forms a striking contrast to its ancient monastic gloom. The tourist will find this a fit spot for his headquarters, as he can branch out in various directions, and each affords him ample scope for his sketch-book, or his contemplation.

Public baths are much wanted here; and it is to be hoped, that the spirit of improvement, which has lately manifested itself in this neighbourhood, will not rest till these are accomplished.

The castle is said to have been built by Hugh, Earl of Chester, in the reign of William the Second; it stood on a steep hill, on the south side of Bangor, called Castle Bank, but there is not at this time a vestige remaining.

A pleasant walk leads to the Bangor Ferry Inn, delightfully situated, overlooking the Straits of

MENAI.

This Strait, which separates Anglesea from the main land, although bearing only the appearance of a river, is an arm of the sea, and most dangerous in its navigation at particular periods of the tide, and in boisterous weather: during the flood, from the rush of water at each extremity, it has a double current, the clash of which, termed *Pwll Ceris*, it is highly rash and dangerous to encounter. In the space of fifteen miles, there are six esta-

blished ferries: the first of which to the south is Abermenai, the next near Caernarvon, and three miles north from the first is Tal y foel; four miles further, Moelydon; three miles beyond which is the principal one, called Porthaethwy, but more generally known as Bangor Ferry; it is the narrowest part of the Strait, and is only about half a mile wide; this is the one over which the mails and passengers pass on their route to and from Holyhead, and near which is the bridge, of which a particular description and plan is for the first time given; a mile further north is the fifth, Garth Ferry; and the sixth, and widest ferry at high water, is between the village of Aber and Beaumaris. Yet notwithstanding these ferries, the principal part of the horned cattle that pass from Anglesea are compelled by their drivers to swim over the passage at Bangor Ferry, to the terror and injury of the animals, and the disgust and horror of the bystanders.

There appears but little doubt of Anglesea having been once connected with the main land, as evident traces of an isthmus are discernible near Porthaeth-hwy; where a dangerous line of rocks nearly cross the channel, and cause such eddies at the first flowing of the tide, that the contending currents of the Menai seem here to struggle for superiority. This isthmus once destroyed, and a channel formed, it has been the work of ages, by the force of spring tides and storms, gradually to deepen and enlarge the opening; as it appears by history, that both Roman and British cavalry, at low water, during neap tides, forded or swam over the Strait, and covered the landing of the infantry from flat-bottomed boats.

The violent rush of water, and consequent inconvenience, delay, and danger, when the wind and tide are unfavourable to the passage over Bangor Ferry, in the pre-

sent state of constant and rapid communication with Ireland, gave rise to the idea of forming a bridge over the Menai. Various estimates and plans were submitted to the public consideration by our most celebrated engineers, and men of science; when, after numerous delays, Mr. Telford's design for one on the suspension principle was adopted, and money granted by parliament for carrying it into effect. The first stone of this magnificent structure was laid on the 10th of August, 1819, without any ceremony, by the resident engineer, Mr. Provis, and the contractors for the masonry.

"When on entering the Straits*," says a recent author, "the bridge is first seen, suspended as it were in mid air, and confining the view of the fertile and richly-wooded shores, it seems more like a light ornament than a massy bridge, and shows little of the strength and solidity which it really possesses. But as we approached it nearer, whilst it still retained its light and elegant appearance, the stupendous size and immensity of the work struck us with awe; and when we saw that a brig, with every stick standing, had just passed under it,—that a coach going over appeared not larger than a child's toy, and that foot-passengers upon it looked like pigmies, the vastness of its proportions was by contrast fully apparent." The whole surface of the bridge is in length 1,000 feet, of which the part immediately dependent upon the chains is 590 feet, the remaining distance being supported by seven arches, four on one side and three on the other, which fill up the distance from the main piers to the shore. These main piers rise above the level of the road 50 feet,

* A Trip to the Suspension Bridge over the Menai Straits.
P. 11.

and through them, two archways, each 12 feet wide, admit a passage. Over the top of these piers, four rows of chains, the extremities of which are firmly secured in the rocks at each end of the bridge, are thrown ; two of them nearly in the centre, about four feet apart, and one at each side. The floor of the road is formed of logs of wood, well covered with pitch, and then strewn over with granite broken very small, forming a solid body by its adhesion to the pitch impervious to the wet. A light lattice work of wrought iron to the height of about six feet, prevents the possibility of accidents by falling over, and allows a clear view of the scenery on both sides, which can be seen to great advantage from this height. Having expressed our admiration of the skill evident in the construction, at once so simple and so useful, and having satisfied our curiosity on the top, we descended by a precipitous path to the level of the water, and gazed upwards with wonder, at the immense flat surface above us, and its connecting gigantic arches. The road is 100 feet above high water, and the arches spring at the height of 60 feet from abutments of solid masonry, with a span of 52 feet. These abutments taper gradually from their base to where the arch commences, and immense masses as they are, show no appearance of heaviness ; indeed, taking the whole of the Menai Bridge together, a more perfect union of beauty with utility cannot be conceived. It has been erected to bear a weight upon the chains of 2,000 tons ; the whole weight at present imposed is only 500, leaving an available strength of 1,500 tons ; so that there is an easy remedy for a complaint which has been made of its too great vibration in a gale of wind, by laying additional weight upon it. The granite of which the piers and arches are built, is a species of marble, admit-

ting a very high polish ; of this the peasantry in the neighbourhood avail themselves, and every one has some specimen of polished marble ready to offer the tourist. There is so much magnificence, beauty, and elegance, in this grand work of art, that it harmonizes and accords perfectly with the natural scenery around, and though itself an object of admiration, still in connection it heightens the effect of the general view.

MONA, OR ANGLESEA *,

which forms one of the six counties of North Wales, was to that principality what the island of Sicily was to Italy, its granary, and chief dependence for subsistence ; it was likewise the favourite spot, and the last asylum of the Druids in Britain ; it was to their venerable and sacred groves, in this their last sanctuary, that they fled from Roman tyranny ; and it was here, around their altars, defenceless and undefended, save by firebrands snatched from beneath the sacrifice, that these venerable bigots fell ; on the score of their religion, under the murderous swords of Pagans, who, their means of attaining knowledge being considered, were more ignorant than themselves. Neither have we a right, on the bare testimony of these their bloody tyrannical persecutors, to believe them to have been guilty of the horrid rites and human sacrifices of which they are accused. In what portion of history do we find the state, the hero, or the conqueror, wanting a good and sufficient reason to cover the plea for conquest or aggression ; and, above all, do we ever find the Ro-

* Id est, the *Englishman's Island* ; having become subject to the English in the time of Egbert. See Rowland's *Mon. Ant.* p. 172, 3.

mans, throughout their history, wanting in such plea to cover the basest of their actions? It was the religious stimulus by which the Druids urged the Britons, even the females, to deeds of heroic madness, to which the Romans owed the dear purchase in life and blood of their British conquest; and which, whilst that stimulus existed, they were but too well aware, must ever be insecure: no wonder then, that to cover the inhumanity of a cold-blooded warfare of extermination against a priesthood, that controlled and guided the energies of a daring people, they should represent them in their bloody orgies as immolating human victims: nay, most probably, even the accusation was founded in truth, but grossly and wilfully misrepresented; for the ministers of religion being, most probably, the administrators of justice, and sole keepers of traditionary laws, the sacrifice of guilty culprits to such laws, to make a deeper impression on the minds of hardy but superstitious barbarians, was made a religious act. When we reflect on the late horrible sacrifices that have been made in this country in the nineteenth century, to its offended laws, and on those disgusting, though less dreadful exhibitions, which are made so frequently, in a leading street of the metropolis of Britain, that they, from their business-like, unceremonious mode of execution, no longer deter from similar offences: and when we see the culprits come forth attended by ministers of religion, who may appear to uninformed by-standers to superintend the ceremony, as to the lot of one of them it falls to give the fatal signal; we should reflect how such a spectacle may be misrepresented by an Indian, a Chinese, or an Esquimaux, and then judge with due candour of the religious rites and actions of the Druids.

Anglesea can no longer, with propriety, as it did of old,

bear the title of Yniys Dowyll, or the Shady Island; for those sacred groves, those venerable oaks, which fell not under the harsh mandates of its Roman, Saxon, or English invaders, have yielded to the hand of time, or the avarice of man; and the late appearance of the island was unsheltered and exposed, almost with the exception of the respected hallowed shades of Plas-Newydd and Baron Hill; but numerous and thriving plantations are now springing up, doing away with that sterile appearance; and the better and more speedily to accomplish this desirable end, public nursery grounds have been established in the centre of the island, to afford facilities for, and to encourage planting. It has had the desired effect; and by an improvement in smelting the ore, and extracting the sulphur from it, vegetation is no longer injured, even where there is any soil on the Parys Mountain.

It was formerly divided into seven districts, or comots, but at present its divisions are only six. It contains about two hundred thousand acres of land; is in length, from north-west to south-east, about twenty miles; in breadth, from north-east to south-west, about sixteen miles; and in circumference, about seventy-six miles: has seventy-four parishes, and four market towns, and is in the diocese of Bangor. The number of houses are estimated at 7183; the inhabitants at 37,045. It sends two members to parliament; one for the county, and one for Beaumaris.

From its too great deficiency of wood, and live fences, the sterility of the Parys Mountain and its vicinity, and the rocky appearance of the soil, there was formerly no semblance of that exuberant fertility that would allow this small partially cultivated island to export to the extent it does, both in live stock and grain, viz. about 15,000 head

of black cattle, about 5000 hogs, great numbers of sheep, and nearly 4000 quarters of corn, besides numerous other articles of produce and manufacture. Its climate is more mild than that of Wales generally, but it is at the same time subject to fogs and damp; the advantage and disadvantage both attributable to the sea breezes. It is well watered by numerous rivulets, and has abundance of harbours: among the first is that well known and highly useful one of Holyhead, which has of late been greatly improved: that of Beaumaris is likewise good, and capable of carrying on considerable trade; besides these, there are the minor ones of Red Wharf Bay, Dalas Bay, Amŵch, from which the copper ore, &c. obtained from Parys Mountain is shipped, and which might be greatly improved, Cemlyn, Aberfraw, &c.: most, or all of them, might, at a small expense, be rendered still more safe and useful. Besides its exports in corn and cattle, this small island carries on great trade in copper, ochre, sulphur, mill-stones, lead, &c. &c. It likewise produces various specimens of marble, (well known in London as Mona marbles) and amongst others, the asbestos: it yields pot-terra clay and fullers earth, as well as coals, which are now worked in the neighbourhood of Llangafni. Neither is the sea less bountiful than the land; affording a bill of fare that would not disgrace the table of a London alderman.

On account of the great thoroughfare which this island has become since the Union, from the exertions made by government to afford safety and facility in the forwarding the principal Irish mails and despatches, the roads are kept in excellent order.

BEAUMARIS,

the largest and best built town in Anglesea, is pleasantly situated on the western shore of the bay of that name; and commands a fine view of the sea and the Caernarvonshire mountains. Its original name was Porth Wygyr. Its harbour is well sheltered, and affords ample protection for coasters, and ships of considerable burthen, which, during northerly winds, are driven there in great numbers, to avoid the dangers of a lee shore. As no manufactures of consequence are carried on in its neighbourhood, it is rather calculated for great retirement, than for active bustle; but being the county town, it is now and then enlivened by the gaieties attendant upon assizes, elections, and other public meetings.

The castle, built by Edward I. in 1295, stands in the estate of Lord Bulkeley, close to the town, and covers a considerable space of ground; but from its low situation it was always inferior in point of strength to the castles of Conway and Caernarvon.

Close above the town is Baron Hill, the seat of Lord Viscount Warren Bulkeley, delightfully situated on the declivity of a richly wooded bank, and possessing a complete command of every object which can add to the charms of picturesque scenery. The park extends to, and nearly surrounds, the west and north sides of the town; whilst the rising ground, upon which the mansion stands, shelters the town from the rude blasts that would otherwise assail it; thus giving it that protection from the raging of the elements which the noble owner ever affords to its inhabitants, when sorrow and adversities assail their domestic peace. To enumerate all the acts of Lord

Bulkeley's munificence and kindness would be impossible, but a few of them may be seen in the neighbourhood of Beaumaris.

The beautiful road of four miles and a half, along the shore of the Menai to Bangor Ferry, was made at the expense of Lord and Lady Bulkeley in 1804 : it cost about £3000, and, when completed, was presented to the public and has since been maintained at his lordship's expense. A road possessed of greater picturesque beauty is not to be found in Britain.

The church is kept in repair by his lordship, to which he has presented an excellent organ, a set of elegant communion plate, a clock, and a peal of six fine toned bells ; together, costing about £1200. He has also given a good house to the rector for the time being. The national school, as well as the minister's house, was built by public subscription, on land given by Lord Bulkeley ; and the master's and mistress's salaries have since been paid by him and his lady.

Many more acts of their liberality might be enumerated, but these are sufficient to prove them zealous protecting friends, and kind neighbours. Their numerous deeds of private charity ought not to be blazoned to the world, but they will live long in the grateful remembrance of those around them.

Beaumaris, situated 249 miles from London, had, in 1811, 249 houses, and 1,810 inhabitants ; and in 1821 a population of 2,205. It is governed by a mayor, recorder, two bailiffs, twenty-four capital burgesses, and several inferior officers. It formerly possessed an extensive trade ; but has declined since the rise of Liverpool.

From Beaumaris we proceeded, by Dulas and Red Wharf Bay, to Amlwch ; the distance is about sixteen

miles, through a pleasant country, in parts greatly resembling England. About a mile from Red Wharf Bay you pass the village of Pentraeth, *The End of the Sands*. The situation is pleasant; and Mr. Grose was so taken with the picturesque beauty of its small church, as to give a view of it in his *Antiquities*.

Near this, in a field at Plâs Gwynn, the seat of the Panton family, are two stones, placed, as tradition says, to mark the bounds of an astonishing leap; which obtained for the active performer of it the wife of his choice; but it appears, that as he leaped into her affections with difficulty, he ran away from them with ease; for going to a distant part of the country, where he had occasion to reside several years, he found, on his return, that his wife had, on that very morning, been married to another person. Einson, on hearing this, took his harp, and, sitting down at the door, explained in Welsh metre who he was, and where he had been resident. His wife narrowly scrutinized his person, unwilling to give up her new spouse, when he exclaimed:

Look not, Angharad, on my silver hair,
Which once shone bright of golden lively hue:
Man does not last like gold:—he that was fair
Will soon decay, though gold continue new.

If I have lost Angharad, lovely fair!
The gift of brave Ednyfed, and my spouse,
All I've not lost, (all must from hence repair)
Nor bed, nor harp, nor yet my ancient house.

I once have leap'd to show my active power,
A leap which none could equal or exceed,
The leap in Aber Nwyydd, which thou, fair flower!
Didst once so much admire, thyself the meed.

Full fifty feet, as still the truth is known,
 And many witnesses can still attest ;
 How there the prize I won, thyself must own :
 This action stamp'd my worth within thy breast.

BINGLEY'S NORTH WALES.

At Llanfair, which is about a mile distant from this road, was born the celebrated scholar and poet, Goronwy Owen, who, notwithstanding his acknowledged and admired abilities, was, after a series of hardships and struggles, obliged to expatriate himself to the wilds of Virginia, where he was appointed pastor of the Church. He was well versed in the Latin, Greek, and oriental languages, was a skilful antiquary, and an excellent poet. His Latin odes are greatly admired ; but his Welsh poems rank him among the most distinguished bards of his country.

About five miles west of Beaumaris is Peny-mynydd, the birth-place of Owen Tudor, a private gentleman, who, having married Catherine of France, the Dowager of our Henry V., in 1428, became the ancestor of a line of monarchs. They had three sons and one daughter. The daughter died in her infancy : Edmund was created Earl of Richmond, and marrying a daughter of the Duke of Somerset, had Henry, afterwards Henry VII. Jasper was created Earl of Pembroke ; and Owen became a monk. By means of his marriage, therefore, Owen Tudor not only became father to a line of kings ; but in his son, as Gray says, Wales came to be governed again by their own princes.

The Tudor family became extinct in Richmond Tudor, who died in 1657, and the estate belongs to Lord Bulkeley. In the Church is one of their monuments, removed from Lanvaes Abbey at its dissolution.

LLANELIAN

is about two miles east of Amlwch, near the coast : Mr. Bingley's account of which, and the superstitious ceremonies still attaching to it, is both curious and entertaining :

“ The Church is by no means an inelegant structure ; and adjoining to it is a small chapel of very ancient foundation, that measures in its interior twelve feet by fifteen, called *Myfyr, the confessional*. A curious closet of wood, of an hexagonal form, called *St. Elian's closet*, is yet left in the east wall ; and is supposed to have served both the office of communion table, and as a chest to contain the vestments and other utensils belonging to the chapel. There is a hole in the wall of the chapel, through which the priests are supposed to have received confessions ; the people believe this hole to have been used in returning oracular answers to persons who made enquiries of the saint respecting future events. Near the door is placed *Cyff Elian, Elian's chest*, or poor-box. People out of health, even to this day, send their offering to the saint, which they put through a hole into the box. A silver groat, though not a very common coin, is said to be a present peculiarly acceptable, and has been known to procure his intercession, when all other kinds of coin have failed ! The sum thus deposited, which in the course of a year frequently amounts to several pounds, the church-wardens annually divide among the poor of the parish.

“ The wakes of Llanelian were formerly held on the three first Friday evenings in August ; but they are now confined to only one of those days. Young persons from all parts of the adjacent country, and even from distant

counties, assemble here ; most of whom have along with them some offering for the saint, to ensure their future prosperity, palliate their offences, and secure blessings on their families, their cattle, and corn.

“ The misguided devotees assemble about the chapel, and having deposited their offerings, many of them proceed to search into their future destiny in a very singular manner, by means of the wooden closet. Persons of both sexes, of all ages and sizes, enter the small door-way, and if they can succeed in turning themselves round within the narrow limits of the place, (which measures only betwixt three and four feet in height, about four feet across the back, and eighteen inches in width) they believe that they shall be fortunate till at least the ensuing wake ; but if they do not succeed in this difficult undertaking, they esteem it an omen of ill-fortune, or of their death within the year. I have been told, that it is curious enough to see a stout lusty fellow, weighing perhaps sixteen or eighteen stone, striving to creep into these narrow confines, with as much confidence of success as a stripling a yard high ; and when he fails in the attempt, to see him fuming and fretting, because his body, which contains in solid bulk more than the place could hold, were it crammed into all corners, cannot be got in. But when we consider, that superstition and enthusiasm have generally little to do with reason, we must not wonder at this addition to the heap of incongruities that all ages have afforded us.

“ Llanellian was formerly a sanctuary, or place of refuge for criminals. In digging a grave in the church-yard, about sixteen years ago, a deep trench was discovered, which extended about twenty yards in a transverse direction across. It was found to contain a great quantity of human bones ; and is supposed to have been the

place of interment of a number of sailors, who perished in a storm that drove them upon this coast."

AMLWCH,

or the *Winding Loch*, is a dirty-looking straggling town, founded on rocks. It owes its support chiefly to the copper works in its vicinity. The church is a neat modern structure, dedicated to Elaeth, a British saint: the port, which is but small, is, notwithstanding, excellently adapted for the trade which is carried on; it is narrow, capable of only containing two vessels abreast, of about 200 tons burthen each, and of these it will furnish room for about thirty; the entrance is by a chasm between two rocks.

The Parys mountain, like the works at Merthyr, shews what the industry of man is capable of accomplishing in removing rocks, mountains, and dragging forth the bowels of the earth. To those who possess good nerves, the view of this scene of wealth and industry will afford gratification unalloyed; but to those not so blessed, the horrific situations in which the principal actors of the scene are placed, poised in air, exposed to the blasting of the rocks, and the falling of materials, which themselves are sending aloft, or from those which may be misdirected, as ascending from the workings of others, by striking against projecting crags, seem to threaten death in so many varied shapes, that the wonder and admiration excited by the place are lost in pity and anxiety for the hardy miners.

From the top of the mountain, the dreadful yawning chasm, with the numerous stages erected over the edge of the precipice, appal rather than gratify the observer. To see the mine to advantage, you must descend to the bottom,

and be provided with a guide, to enable you to shun the danger, that would be considerable, from the blasts and falling materials; the workmen generally not being able to see those that their operations may endanger.

The Mona mine is the entire property of the Marquis of Anglesea. The Parys mine is shared.

The mountain has been worked with varied success for about sixty-five years: it is now believed to be under the average; but whether that arises from the low price of the article, or the mine being exhausted, I am unable to say: for a considerable period, it produced 20,000 tons annually. One bed of ore was upwards of sixty feet in thickness. In the blasting the rock, to procure the ore, from six to eight tons of gunpowder are yearly consumed.

"This celebrated mountain," says Mr. Evans, "is easily distinguished from the rest; for it is perfectly barren from the summit to the plain below: not a single shrub, and hardly a blade of grass, being able to live in its sulphurous atmosphere.

"No grassy mantle hides the sable hills,
No flowery chaplet crowns the trickling rills;
Nor tufted moss, nor leathery lichen creeps
In russet tapestry, o'er the crumbling steep."

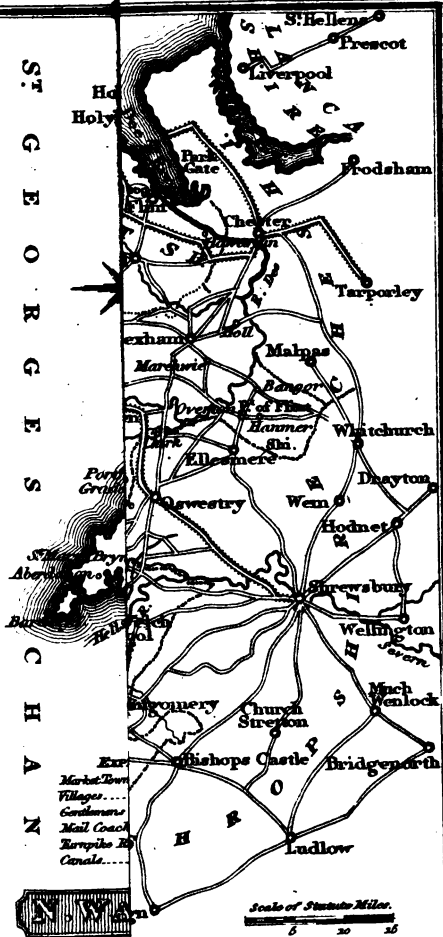
DARWIN.

From hence we proceeded to

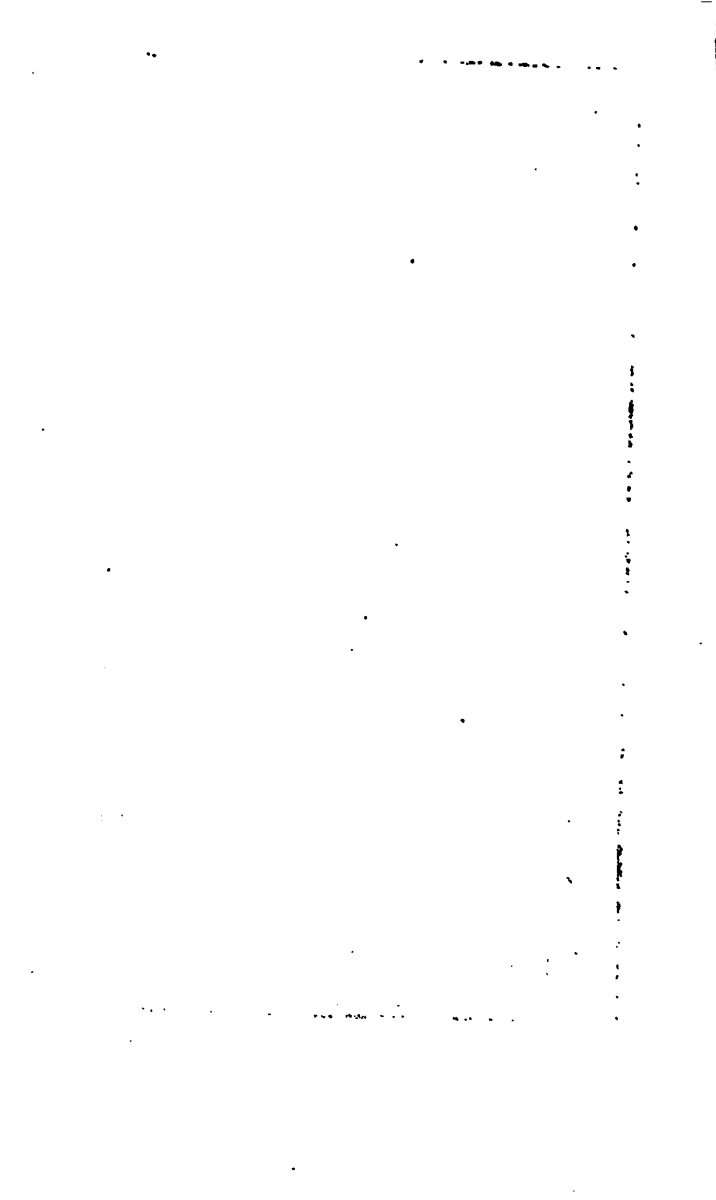
HOLYHEAD,

called in Welsh *Caergybi*, situated on an island at the western extremity of Anglesea. It has lately changed its aspect from a poor fishing village to a decent looking town, in consequence of its being the chief resort for passengers to and from Dublin. The distance across the channel is about fifty-five miles; and there are sailing

ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL



Scale of Statute Miles.



packets which daily cross the channel, with the mail and government despatches.

In addition to these, government has placed steam packets on this station: the two I have had the pleasure of seeing are the finest and most complete vessels of their tonnage I ever beheld. Each vessel has two cabins, beautifully fitted up, light and airy; and every thing appears to have been attended to, that can either add to the comfort or safety of the passengers: expense has not been spared for that which was useful, and conducive to safety; and the equipment having been superintended by Captain Rogers, an experienced officer, on the Holyhead station, nothing has been misapplied. The passage is effected in from five and a half to seven hours, a distance of fifty-five miles; and the letters are delivered in Dublin from London in the short space of forty hours.

In short, the attention which government has evinced to facilitate the communication between the two kingdoms merits every praise. Neither exertion nor expense have been spared in improving the roads from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, which improvements have been executed under the direction of Mr. Telford, who is now commencing on that from Chester to the above place; and when the suspension bridge over Conway Ferry (towards which, parliament has voted a grant of 40,000*l.*) shall be completed, in addition to that over the Menai at Bangor Ferry, but few passengers will run the risk of a dilatory and dangerous passage by Liverpool or Parkgate, when they may have a certain and a safe one by Holyhead, with excellent roads and accommodation; and without the trouble of the ferries, which were formerly an inconvenience to persons taking this route.

Near the centre of the town, on a rock close above the sea, is a church, on the site where *St. Cybi*, in A.D. 380, founded a small monastery, which, in 580, was converted into a college by *Maelgwyn Gwynedd*, or, according to some, by *Hwfa ap Cynddêl*, Lord of Idifon, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales. James I. granted this college to Francis Morris and Francis Phillips, which afterwards became the property of Rice Gwyn, Esq. who bestowed the great tithes on Jesus College, Oxford, for the maintenance of two fellows and two scholars: from that time the parish has been served by a curate nominated by the College. This church is a handsome embattled edifice, built in the form of a cross, with this inscription, on a pediment of the north transept: "*Sæcte Kyb. ora pro nobis.*" The walls of the church-yard are seventeen feet high, six feet thick, and form a quadrangle; three sides of which are evidently Roman, although ascribed to *Caswallon Lawpir*, a chieftain of Anglesea, in the fifth century: the east side is a modern low wall on the verge of the cliffs.

A fine extensive pier is now nearly completed, on an island called *Ynys-halen*, which forms the north side of the harbour; at the extremity of which, is a fine light-house, exhibiting a brilliant light by oil gas. This grand national undertaking has already afforded an asylum to the trade of the Channel: no less than sixty or eighty vessels have entered the harbour in one day, and many more have sailed out in one time. Before the erection of the pier, which commenced in 1809, many valuable vessels, seeking for shelter in stormy weather, were lost with their crews on the southern shores of the harbour. From this port are sent upwards of 40,000 bushels of excellent grain every year. It contains 4071 inhabitants.

Under the mountain which overhangs the town, called the Head, is a large cavern, supported by natural huge pillars, named the Parliament House: this, as well as several others, perforate deep into the mountain, and is inaccessible without a boat. The South Stack light-house, on an islet, within about twenty yards of the bold cliffs of the mountain, exhibits a revolving light of the greatest utility. The islet is connected with the mountain by means of a rope bridge, which is perfectly safe to cross over, and worthy the attention of the curious. Among these rocks vast numbers of the peregrine falcon take up their abode, together with pigeons, gulls, puffins, razor-bills, and other sea-birds.

In returning from Holyhead, we stopped at Gwyndy, or the Wine House, about twelve miles and a half from the Head and the Ferry.—Mr. Bingley gives the following account of the origin of its name: “About the reign of Edward the Fourth, and for some years subsequent to that period, the gentlemen of Wales frequently invited their friends, in large parties, to exercise in wrestling, tournaments, and other feats of activity: but as these meetings, in consequence of the numbers invited, were usually attended with great expense, they were always held in the house of some neighbouring tenant, who was supplied with wine from the lord’s cellar; this was sold to the visitors, and his master received the profits. These houses were denominated Gwyndu, or wine houses; and, from this circumstance, the present place had its name.”

Having again reached Bangor, we determined still farther to explore the beauties of this delightful spot and its vicinity: having taken a hasty refreshment, we bent our steps towards Abercearn, near the mouth of a small

rivulet that empties itself into Port Penrhyn, and from thence proceeded to

PENRHYN CASTLE,

the mansion of George Hay Dawkins Pennant, Esq. which is delightfully situated on a wooded eminence, between the estuaries of the Cegin and the Ogwen, about two miles east of the city of Bangor. It commands a fine view of the bay and town of Beaumaris to the north; the Great Ormes Head, and Penmaen-maur terminate the prospect on the east; and towards the south, the scene is closed by a bold and romantic range of mountains.

A short distance west of the Castle is Port Penrhyn, where the slates are brought down from Mr. Pennant's quarry, and shipped in immense quantities to various parts of the world. It is easy of access, perfectly sheltered, and capable of accommodating trading vessels of upwards of 300 tons burthen.

It is but justice to the successor of the late Lord Penrhyn to say, that along with the estate, he appears to inherit the same spirit for improvement. The recent extension of the quay at Port Penrhyn, is one of the many instances which might be recited; by it, accommodation has been given to about fifty sail of traders, in addition to the former shipping-place, making the total length of the quay upwards of three hundred yards. A neat stone bridge over the river Cegin, which runs in at the head of the port, forms a complete connexion between the quay, the limeworks, the sea shore, and the city.

Penrhyn Castle possesses a great curiosity; and Mr. Evans's account of it, in his Topography, being both judicious and entertaining, I subjoin it. It is the Hirlas or drinking-horn of Piers Gryffydd, which is perhaps the

only elegant specimen of that kind of utensil elucidatory of ancient manners.

“ It is a large bugle horn of an ox, ornamented with enchased silver, and suspended by a chain of the same metal, having the initials of his own name and family engraved at the end. In the royal court of Cambria, there were legally *three* sorts of horns, for the purpose of private or public libations. The first was *y corn ydd yfo y brenin*, or the one solely appropriated to the king’s use; second, *corn cyweithas*, by which the domestics of the palace were summoned to duty. And, third, *corn y pen-cynydd*, committed to the custody of the chief huntsman. Each of these was to be of the reputed value of one pound. On grand occurrences, the domestics of the palace were permitted to drink out of the sovereign’s horn, and the chamberlain, or high steward, on such occasions, furnished handsome potations of the generous *metheglin*. The contents of the horn, at these times, assumed the name of the sacred potion, similar to the *wassail bowl*, or the apostle’s cup, in use among the Saxons. Ulphus, when he conveyed certain lands to the church of York, is said to have quaffed off the sparkling contents of such a vessel, drinking a health, “ *Deo et Sancto Petro*,” to God and St. Peter. On festive days, the imperious custom was to empty the horn at one tip, and instantly blow it, as a testimony that no dereliction of draught had occurred.

“ Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
Fill it up, my boy, be quicker;
Hence away despair and sorrow,
Time enough to sigh to-morrow.
Let the brimming goblet smile,
And Ednyfed’s cares beguile.

Gallant youth, unus'd to fear,
 Master of the broken spear ;
 And the arrow-pierced shield,
 Brought with honour from the field.
 Like an hurricane is he
 Bursting on the troubled sea.
 See their spears distain'd with gore,
 Hear the din of battle roar,
 Bucklers, swords, together clashing,
 Sparkles from their helmets flashing,
 Hear ye not their loud alarms ?
 Hark ! they shout—to arms ! to arms !
 Thus were Garthen's plains defended,
 Melor fight, began and ended :
 There two princes fought ; and there

Was Morach Vowran's feast exchang'd for rout and fear*.”

The rail-road and inclined planes formed by the late Lord Penrhyn, to reduce the labour and risk of bringing down the slates to the port, with numerous other improvements, are estimated to have cost his lordship one hundred and seventy thousand pounds.

The much admired church of Llandegai is a neat Gothic edifice, which has recently been greatly improved and beautified ; the late Lady Penrhyn having left a noble be-

* See an elegant poem written by Owain Cyveiliog, a bard who flourished in the twelfth century, intitled, “ Hirlas Owain.” The original may be found in Evan Evans's Collections, published with an English dress in Pennant's Tours, Vol. iii. page 93. This spirited translation, by a gentleman, under the signature of R. W. must convince the reader of genuine taste, that a true poetical genius pervaded at times the bosom of the Welsh ; and that some of Owain Cyveiliog's works scarcely need shrink from a comparison with the first classical productions of Lyric poetry.

quest for that purpose. "The whole interior has been renewed, viz. the seats, pulpit, communion, ceiling, plastering, and floor, and the tower raised, in order to admit a peal of six bells: a legacy for which has been also left by Lady Penrhyn, as well as one for the erection of a monument to her deceased lord, which is now fixed up in the church, and is a most superb and elegant piece of work." *Williams.*

It is made of statuary marble, and represents two large figures; the one is a female peasant girl weeping over the loss of her deceased lord and lady; the other a quarryman, with an iron bar and slate knife in his hand, earnestly regarding the inscription, which commemorates his benefactors. Besides these, the following four smaller figures strongly depict the wonderful changes effected on the face of the country, and on the morals, habits, and comforts of its inhabitants, by the noble and spirited exertions of the late Lord Penrhyn.

The first is a boy, with two reeds in his mouth, feeding his goats in the mountains, being an emblem of this country, on its appearance to Lord Penrhyn when it was in a very rough state. 2nd, Two boys working in the slate quarry; being an emblem of industry. 3rd, One boy teaching another; being an emblem of religion. 4th, Three boys standing in a wheat field, bearing their sickles; being an emblem or representation of plenty. Here likewise are interred the remains of the celebrated Archbishop Williams; who is represented in his robes in a kneeling position on a mural monument.

Mr. Pennant's slate quarry is about six miles from Bangor, on the road to Capel-Curig, and Cerniogi-Mawr. St. Ann's chapel, near the quarries, was erected, and liberally endowed by the late Lord Penrhyn; and Lady

Penrhyn left a sum of money for an organ, and a suitable stipend for the organist.

The traveller is greatly indebted to the present Mr. Pennant, as well as to the late Lord Penrhyn, for the very great and comfortable accommodation he now derives from their exertions on this line of road. The inn at Capel-Curig is now large and convenient; in addition to which, and to save time, Mr. Pennant has caused to be erected a cottage and stables, to enable parties in haste, as well as the mail and coaches, to change horses without going down to the inn.

Near the slate quarry is the pretty cottage of the late Lady Penrhyn, called Ogwen Bank. It is a perfect paradise, arising out of chaos; the style is the florid Gothic, and shews great taste in the designer. The centre contains an elegant room, the front of it forming the segment of a circle; the wings contain coach-houses and stabling. Over the river Ogwen, in a rough and picturesque part of it, is a bridge corresponding with the house. All visitors to the house are requested to sign their names in a book kept for that purpose. This beautiful cottage is hid from the road by the trees and plantations.

Having satisfied ourselves with the view of this charming retreat, we proceeded to a comfortable inn, called Tynymaes, (now a post-house, with good stables,) and partook of some refreshment, prior to a more full investigation of the horrors and beauties of the vale of Beavers, or Nant Ffrancon; for in this once solitary and dreadful glen, those useful and astonishingly ingenious animals were once found, whose skins were then valued at 120 pence. The awful grandeur of the surrounding barren rugged rocks are finely contrasted by the rich verdant bottom of the glen, and the thick foliage and luxuri-

ant plantations of Ogwen Bank. Descending from the road into a hollow, we had a fine view of the cataracts of Benglog; down which the waters of five lakes rush into the pool beneath; the lower fall of the three, which is the largest, is seen to the greatest advantage, by climbing a rugged rock. "Here," says Mr. Bingley, "the stream reared with vast fury, and in one sheet of foam, down an unbroken and almost perpendicular rock. The sun shone directly upon it, and a prismatic bow was beautifully formed by the spray. The tremendous roar of the water, and the broken and uncouth disposition of the immediately surrounding rocks, added greatly to the interest of the scene. After a while I climbed a rocky steep to the second or middle fall. Here the river is precipitated, in a fine stream, through a chasm between two perpendicular rocks that each rise several yards above. From the station I took, the immense mountain Trivain was seen to fill up the wide space at the top; heightened greatly in effect by a dark aerial tint arising from the extreme heat of the day, and the lowering clouds that were floating around. The masses of black rocks, surrounded by foam, near the top of the fall, I could have fancied were floating along the torrent, and rushing to the bottom. The stream widens as it descends, and below passes over a slanting rock, which gives it somewhat of a different direction. In the foreground was the rugged bed of the stream, and the water was seen to dash in various directions among the broken masses of rock. The third cataract, to which I now clambered, I found very grand and majestic, yet by no means equal to either of the former. These waterfalls are scarcely known in the adjacent country, and have been unaccountably omitted even in Mr. Pennant's Tour, although this gen-

tleman accurately describes most of the scenery around them.

“ Leaving the falls, the trouble of visiting which had been amply repaid by the pleasure I had derived from them, I regained the road. On crossing the upper end of the vale, I was delighted with a very beautiful and unexpected view for nearly its whole length; where the mountains down each side appeared, to a great distance, falling off in beautiful perspective.”

Mr. Bingley experienced not more pleasure than we did in the view of these cataracts; but he was fortunate in having more leisure to add to it, by viewing Y Trivaen or the Three Summits, which bounds the right extremity of the hollow, and Llyn Ogwen, from which the river of that name takes its rise: Mr. Hutton’s description of it made us greatly regret the pleasure we were obliged to decline; but having upwards of five miles to return to Bangor, although our road was all down hill, we found it necessary so to do, from the previous fatigues of the day: rocks, Welsh roads, and the viewing of slate quarries, prove the stamina of a tourist. Mr. Hutton approached Llyn Ogwen from Capel-Curig, where there is now an excellent inn, much frequented during the summer months by parties of pleasure. His description is as follows:

“ A stranger to the country, to the language, and almost to man, I returned to Nant Gwynant, slept at Capel-Curig, and was wandering over Lord Penrhyn’s new road towards Caernarvon. The cascades on my left were rolling down with violence, after heavy rain, when a sheet of water, one mile long and three quarters wide, presented itself to view; which by the map I knew must be Ogwen Pool. But what was my surprise, when, at the extremity

of the pool, I instantly found myself upon a precipice two hundred feet high, and in a moment, a most beautiful valley burst upon me of nearly one mile wide and four long; the river rushing down this precipice in several stages, and winding full in view through this delightful valley. The rocks appeared tremendous, the mountains sloping, and the verdure increasing with the descent, to the bottom, where, if poetically inclined, I might say, 'Nature sat in majesty, adorned in her best robe of green velvet.' When I had travelled about three miles along this sequestered valley, I saw four people endeavouring to repair a gate. I addressed one who appeared likely to understand English. He readily answered several questions respecting the road, and other objects. 'My way, I am informed, Sir, lies through Nant Frangon; pray how shall I know when I am in it?' 'You are in it now.' Over part of this vale impends Yr ala wen, its front torn into amazing gullies."

The new mail road between Bangor and Cernioga Mawr, through Capel-Curig, saves upwards of nine miles; by this road, through Shrewsbury, the distance to London is two hundred and thirty-six miles three furlongs: the old mail road, through Chester, is two hundred and fifty-one miles one furlong; and the former road, through Shrewsbury, Llanrwst, Conway, and over Penmaen-Maur, is two hundred and forty-five miles, or by Bridgenorth, two hundred and fifty-two miles.

Along this road lies some exquisite scenery: and the following passage from the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, will agreeably illustrate the feelings with which it impregnated the author.

"As Helvidius was making an excursion among the mountains, stretching to the east of Moelshiabod, he ar-

rived at the bridge, across a small rivulet; and sitting down upon the grass, fell asleep under the shade of a large holly tree. He awoke just as the sun was sinking in the horizon; a slight shower succeeded; all nature became renovated; and the perfumes, which embalmed the air, seemed even capable of wafting him to the Elysian Fields. The tree, beneath which he reposed, stood in a valley, matchless even in the Island of Madagascar; and the cones of several mountains gave an air of grandeur to the perspective, which nature has forbidden in most other regions. He was lost, as it were, in the enthusiasm of his admiration! At that moment Lord —— passed in his coach, apparently insensible to the scenes, through which he was conveyed. Oh! how an indiscriminate mingling with men blunts the best feelings of the human heart! ‘Had his Lordship,’ thought Helvidius, ‘seen these lovely pictures, even a thousand and a thousand times before, he might have derived enjoyment from witnessing them again; since it is the autumnal season of the year; and the woods and shrubs growing out of the rocks, are variegated in a manner, that even Salvator Rosa would have loved to look upon them!’

“Though Helvidius was mortified at this insensibility on the part of the statesman, and felt so ready to condemn his taste and want of sensibility, he was weak enough to feel more at war with himself, than with him: and began seriously to question, which were the wiser of the two; the man who loves, or he who neglects, the varied objects of the material world. ‘He is a Peer,’ exclaimed he to himself, ‘a man of education,—a statesman,—one who is looked up to in the world, as being, in a manner, pre-eminent over his species:—he seems to have little relish for all these objects, which I have been looking upon with

such enthusiasm. It must be folly and weakness in me, therefore, to indulge this humour; a humour, which, from what I have seen of mankind, I am sensible, most men, who look not up through every object that he sees, to the Architect, that makes it, would esteem frivolous and idle, if not criminal. There are no silver mines here: nor does this rivulet leave any gold dust upon its shores!’ He sat down mortified. To dissipate his chagrin, he took a volume of Epictetus out of his pocket, and opening the book, his eye alighted upon the following passage. ‘As when you see an asp in a golden casket, you do not esteem that asp happy, because it is inclosed in materials so costly and so magnificent, but despise and would shun it, on account of its venom: so, when you see vice lodged in the midst of wealth and the swelling pride of fortune, be not struck with the splendour of the materials, with which it is surrounded, but despise the gross alloy of its manners and sentiments.’ Upon reading this passage, Helvidius became instantly ashamed of his folly, and reconciled to his enthusiasm. ‘Though this is a man,’ said he to himself, ‘who, like the King of Sweden’s enchanted cup, can almost make the wind turn to any part of the compass, which pleases his humour most: though he is perpetually surrounded by persons, who, if he were to take his shoe from off his foot, hurl it into the air, and proclaim it a god, would worship it as it fell; and though he is a rising sun, whom half the world would worship, yet would I rather be able to trace the Power, which formed this holly tree, up to as far as my imagination is capable of soaring, than be the man for him to shake by the hand; to admit to his banquets; to revel with his minions; to hang, as it were, upon his lips; and to be raised to ecstasy by his smiles!’

Climb at court for me, that will
Tottering favour's pinnacle ;
All I wish is to be still.

Settled in some secret nest,
In calm quiet let me rest :
And far from off the public stage,
Pass away my quiet age."

On leaving Bangor we proceeded to the pretty little village of Aber, which gives its name to the last of the ferries over the Menai. The walk from the village across the Lavan Sands to the ferry is about four miles. This walk it would be hazardous for a stranger to undertake without a guide, as the sands frequently shift. During foggy weather, the large bell of Aber, given for this purpose by Lord Bulkeley, is constantly rung, as a guide to direct those coming from the island.

Near the bridge is a circular mount, seemingly artificial, which was the foundation of a small castle, probably constructed of timber, as many of the Welsh fortresses were: the vestiges of the moat and its feeder from the river still remain.

"Traces of buildings have been discovered near this spot, which were probably the remains of the prince's palace, as the inhabitants still pretend to show strangers the foundation of the old kitchen. Several memorials, &c. appear in our Welsh histories, dated Aber Garth Celyn, which is the ancient name by which this place was distinguished."—WILLIAMS.

At the siege of Montgomery, in the reign of Henry the Third, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth took prisoner a potent baron, named William de Breos, whom he conducted to this castle. William, who was both accomplished and handsome, gained not only the friendship of his conqueror, but like-

wise the affections of his wife *, with whom he ventured to carry on an intrigue. This not having been discovered by Llewelyn till after the baron had been ransomed, he condescended to resort to a breach of hospitality, for the purpose of getting him again into his power.

De Breos having accepted an invitation from Llewelyn to visit him, the latter no sooner got possession of his person, than he caused him to be hung on the side of the opposite hill. The next morning the bard of the palace (the princess being ignorant of his fate) accosted her in the following rhyme :

“ Diccyn, doccyn, gwraig Llywelyn,
Beth a roit ti am weled Gwilym ?”

“ Tell me, wife of Llywelyn, what you would give for a sight of your William ?”

To which the princess answered :

“ Cymru, Lloegr a Llywelyn
Y rown I gyd am weled Gwilym !”

“ Wales and England and Llywelyn,
I’d give them all to see my William !”

The bard, thus aggravating Llywelyn’s cruelty, shewed him to her hanging on a tree, on the side of the hill, at a place called Wern Grogedig. Upon a mountain, about a mile south of Llywelyn’s castle, in a field called Cae Gwlyn du, is a cave where William de Breos was interred, still called Tyddyn Gwilyn.

Aber is much resorted to during the summer season, the sands at high water affording excellent bathing : the

* Princess Joan, daughter of John, king of England.

inn likewise affords good accommodation. It chiefly belongs to Lord Bulkeley, and exhibits numerous proofs of his lordship's benevolence; amongst the rest, a new steeple to the church, with a ring of bells.

From hence, after passing Gosddinog (Mrs. Crawley's) we soon reached the dark lowering promontory of Pen-mawn-mawr, about eight miles from Bangor, rising perpendicularly, in a massy wall, to the height of one thousand four hundred feet: huge fragments of shattered rock are scattered by the side of the road; and a wall, scarcely five feet high, alone protects a carriage from the steep precipice; which from the slightness of the foundation, has even fallen down in many parts. In this awfully sublime situation we remained for some time, astonished at the bold protuberance of the rocks, which seemed to project their dark sides to augment the idle roar of the waves.

The difference between looking up and looking down a precipice is well marked by Mr. Jefferson, in the account he furnished the Marquis de Chastellux, of the Virginian bridge of rocks. "Though the sides of the bridge," says he, "are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them, and look over into the abyss. You voluntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and look over it. Looking from the height about a minute gave me a violent head-ache. If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in the extreme. It is impossible for the emotions, arising from the sublime, to be felt beyond what they are on the sight of so beautiful an arch; so elevated and so light, springing up, as it were, to heaven. The rapture of the spectator is indescribable."

In keeping the direct line of road the traveller leaves behind him many antiquities worthy of attention; Mr. Williams's account of which, from his being a resident near the spot, appearing to be the best, as well as containing a most full and interesting description of the ancient Welsh or British games, I shall transcribe: at the same time, strongly recommending the work to such as wish to take a minute survey of this county.—His route is reversed, “but as most strangers will, no doubt, proceed from Conway to Bangor, it shall be my endeavour to act as their guide, and mention some particulars which are worth their attention along this road. For the first two miles he will proceed up hill, until he comes to an opening between two rocks, near a place called Sychnant, when all of a sudden a most magnificent scene presents itself. From hence, he commands a full view of Beaumaris Bay, generally covered with a number of small vessels; the Puffin, or Priestholm island, the village of Llangoed, the town of Beaumaris, Baron-hill, and the Friars; the former, the beautiful seat of the Lord Viscount Bulkeley, and the latter, that of his brother, Sir Robert Williams, Bart. M.P., all on the Anglesea shore. On the Caernarvonshire side, Bangor and Penrhyn Castle; and last, though not least, the huge Penmaen-mawr, protruding its rocky front into the sea, forming a natural barrier in such manner (to all appearance) as to cut off every communication this way, and render any farther progress impracticable. The art of man has, however, at length conquered these difficulties, and surmounted every obstacle, for about the year 1772, an excellent road was formed along the edge of this once tremendous and dangerous precipice, under the direction of the ingenious Mr. Sylvester, parliament having generously voted

a grant for this purpose. Prior to this event several fatal accidents had happened here; and one or two nearly miraculous escapes are recorded in Pennant's tour through North Wales. At that time, no carriage passed this way, and consequently, all the travelling was either on foot or on horseback. Dean Swift was generally a pedestrian, and in one of his rambles he left these lines, written on a pane of glass, at the old inn, (now a farm-house) near this mountain :—

Before you venture here to pass,
Take a good refreshing glass ;
And when you are over, take another,
Your fainting spirits to recover.

“ Before the traveller descends from the top of Sych-nant, just mentioned, to the little vale Dwygyfylchi, he should deviate a little to the left, in order to examine some antiquities, near a place called Gwddw Gläs, in that parish. Here are several circles of stones, of various diameters, and large Carneddau, viz. barrows, or tumuli; supposed to have been memorials of those heroes who fell in the field of battle, as cistfaens, or stone coffins, are frequently discovered in some of these circular heaps or collection of stones. The principal circle now consists of ten upright stones, at unequal distances: the largest is eight feet three inches high; on the ground is another, eleven feet two inches; the diameter of this circle is eighty feet.

“ Near this are four other smaller circles; in the centre of one is a flat stone, the remains of a cromlech, from which it may be conjectured, that it was a Druidical or bardic circle. About a quarter of a mile from these is a large circle, composed of small stones, and near it another

of large stones; and not far from these another circle, composed of smaller stones.

“ Near the last is a huge upright stone, called *Maen y Campiau*, or the stone of games; and nearly contiguous is a *carnedd*, and a small circle of twelve stones; adjoining to these are also a great number of what are now called in this country, *Cyttiau Gwyddelod*, (woodmen or Irishmen’s huts) being the foundations of small buildings, made of round stones; and the vestige of a road is still visible in a direction from hence towards the Conway. Some of these last, might probably have been the summer habitations or encampment of a small detachment of the Roman legion, stationed at *Caer Rhun*, or *Conovium*, for the purpose of protecting their cattle.

“ Having mentioned *Maen y Campiau*, it may not perhaps be considered a digression to enumerate the twenty-four Welsh or British games, of which there were ten *Gwrolgampau*, or manly games; viz. 1. to lift up great weights; 2. running; 3. leaping; 4. swimming; 5. wrestling; 6. riding. These six were styled *Tadogion*, viz. pertaining to fathers, or grown up persons, and required only bodily strength and activity; this last, *Marchogaeth*, is supposed to have included charioteering, or the skilful driving and management of different kinds of carriages. The other four were, 1. archery; 2. playing with the sword and buckler; 3. playing with the *Cledda deuddwrn*, or two-handed sword; 4. *Chwarau ffoun ddwybig*, or playing with the two-end staff or spear. Next to these were the ten *Mabolgampau*, or those more peculiarly adapted to young men; viz. 1. coursing; 2. fishing; 3. fowling; the remaining seven were of the domestic kind; 1. *Barddoniaeth*, or poetical composition; 2. *Chwareu’r, Delyn*, or playing upon the harp; 3. reading Welsh; 4.

singing with the harp ; 5. singing between three or four, most probably in alternate stanzas, or Pennillion ; 6. drawing or painting, particularly coats of arms ; 7. heraldry. After these were four *Gogampiau*, or minor games ; viz. 1. Chwarau Gwydd-bwyll, a game similar to that of draughts ; 2. Chwarau Tawl-Bwrdd, probably back-gammon, as this word is supposed to be derived from the Welsh language ; viz. Back, little, and Cammawn, or Gammon, Battle ; and Tawl-Burdd, means the toss on the table ; 3. Chwarau Ffristeal, or the game of the dice-box ; in what manner it was played is not known at present ; 4. Cyweiriaw Telyn, or the tuning of the harp.

“ After visiting these circles, the traveller may either proceed to the top of Pen-maen-mawr, or descend to the high road, near Dygyfylchi church, not far from which, just at the foot of Pen-maen-bach, is Pendyffryn, the seat of T. Smith, Esq. In the clefts of the rocks, above the turnpike-gate, near Pen-maen-mawr, grows the *Cratægus Aria*, or white beam-tree. Mr. Pennant observes, the Swiss procure a good kind of ardent spirit from the berries. The summit of this mountain seems to have been fortified by two or three walls, one within the other ; and there are still visible the remains of a great number of huts, or small buildings, most probably at one time, the habitations of soldiers ; it was, no doubt, a strong military post, and is supposed to have been made use of by the Britons and Romans. The Roman road from Segontium to Conovium must have passed near it, probably on the south side ; and this high mountain, so conspicuous and so easily distinguished at a distance, formed a kind of link, no doubt, in the military chain of communication between this county and Denbyshire, as it is very visible from Dinorwick, (now called Pen Dinas), a Roman encampment

in the parish of Llandeiniolen, near Caernarvon on the west, and from many fortified eminences in the other county, on the east. The usual signals in ancient times were fires by night, and a particular kind of flag by day. Having examined the immense ruins of Braich y Dinas, we now proceed along the high road, through the parish of Llanfairfechan; and leaving that small church, on an eminence, a little to the left of the road, and on the right, Brynn y Neuadd, an old neglected family seat, at one time the property of Humphrey Roberts, Esq. and afterwards conveyed to the Wynnes of Plas Newydd, near Denbigh, by the marriage of his daughter to a son of that family; we soon pass Gorddinog," &c. *Williams*.

Pursuing a good turnpike-road from Mrs. Crawley's, we presently came in sight of the towers of

CONWAY CASTLE,

standing on a rock, so picturesquely alluded to in the Bard of Gray.

" On a rock, whose haughty brow,
Frown'd o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in a sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood."

The castle, built by Edward I., is a magnificent fortress, in the form of a parallelogram.

An air of proud sublimity, united with singular wildness, characterises the place. The evening was far advanced; and part of its ruins were shining with the purple glow of the setting sun, whose remaining features stood in darkened majesty, when we entered this monument of desolation. Passing over a plank, originally the site of the drawbridge, we came into the outward court,

conducted me to the bed of the river, near the station from whence it was to be seen to the greatest advantage. The water, from the late dry weather, was very inconsiderable; still, however, the scene was highly picturesque. From the upper part two streams descended at some distance from each other. The range of rock, down which the water was thrown, was very wide and extremely rude, being formed in horizontal ledges, into deep clefts and enormous chasms. On the various lodgments of the rocks were numerous pendant shrubs. The dark shades of the clefts, and the irregular brilliancy of the prominent features of the scene, from the reflected rays of the sun, contrasted again with the foaming of the water, were truly grand. The colours of the rock, which were every where also very dark, were rich and highly varied. The streams united a little above the middle of the fall: they rushed from thence in foam over the rocks, and, from the deep shelvings, in many places the water was entirely hidden from me below. In addition to this, nearly every different stratum of rock threw it into a fresh direction. In the whole scene there was the utmost irregularity. On the right of the cataract, the enclosing rocks were nearly perpendicular, very lofty, and crowned with pendant foliage. Those on the left were very high and towering, adorned on the lodgments with grass and ferns. I should have made a drawing of this cataract, had it been possible to have expressed it with any justice on an octavo plate; this, however, was altogether impossible. The above description is expressed in terms infinitely too feeble to give any correct idea of the scene. This waterfall appeared to me by much the most grand and picturesque of any that I have seen in North Wales.

“ In descending to the road, I had an extensive view

along the whole vale of Conway. It appeared from this eminence to be much varied, and on the whole very beautiful."

Besides this, many other waterfalls and cascades, along this charming river, will amply repay this digression, and entice the tourist forward to its junction with the Lledr and Machno. Near Llanwrst, Gwydir-house and woods, and at that place, the church, and the famous bridge, built by Inigo Jones, will engage his attention. Beyond the vale is beautiful and romantic, far exceeding my powers of description; all that wood, water, and the most rugged rocks, and picturesque mountain scenery can do to delight the lovers of nature, heightened by the relief of a highly cultivated country, interspersed with gentlemen's seats, frequently breaking on the view, are here amply afforded them. Proceeding up the vale, and through Gwydir woods, you reach Bettws y Coed; thence to the new iron Waterloo-bridge over the Conway, on the great Irish road, visit the falls of the Conway and Machno, return to Bettws, proceed up the Lligwy to view the Rhaidar y Wennol, or Cataract of the Swallow, which, when it possesses its customary body of water, is truly tremendous. In going from hence to the excellent inn at Capel-Curig, by making a circuit of about four or five miles to the southward, you may visit Dolwyddelan Castle, the residence of Meredith ap Jevan, before mentioned in the account of Llyn. From Capel-Curig, proceeding towards Bangor, till the road nearly reaches the river Ogwen, he may with labour and difficulty trace the old Roman road, from Segontium to Conovium, or, without any risk of satiety, retread his steps by Llanwrst to Conway.

The trade of Conway consists in the exportation of

slate and copper from the Llandidno mines, from whence the finest specimens of Malachite copper is brought. The town and castle of Conway are seen to great advantage in crossing the river, which is here about half a mile over, and at high water washes the walls of that massy ruin: in the middle of the channel is a small rocky island. We observed from this situation the two castles called Bodscallan and Dyganwy; the small remains of the latter stand on a high rock above the river: the former is a beautiful seat of the Mostyns.

Crossing the ferry we determined on exploring the Criddin, a Commot, or Hundred of Caernarvonshire, at the extremity of which is that noted landmark, the Great Orme's Head. This commot is supposed to contain some of the best arable and meadow land in this part of the principality; the shores and cliffs likewise afford excellent limestone, and pebbles for paving; both of which are shipped in large quantities for Liverpool and other markets. Dyganwy, or Dinas Gonwy, *The Fort of the Conway*, was once the residence of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, who here held his court. The following anecdote of which, as connected with Taliesin, the British Bard, I shall give the heads of from Mr. Bingley:

“Gwyddno Garanhir, brother of Maelgwyn, who likewise resided in the neighbourhood, had near his residence a wier, called Gored Wyddno, *Gwyddno's Weir*, which is even yet known by the same name, and belongs to Sir Thomas Mostyn, as owner of the house of Bodscallan. Elphin, the son of Gwyddno, was an extravagant youth; and at one time he had so greatly exhausted his finances, that he was compelled, as a temporary relief, to ask his father the benefit of the weir for a single night. The re-

quest was complied with, but not a single fish was caught *. A leathern basket was however taken up, which, on examination, was found to contain a child. This was an unfortunate circumstance to one so much in want of even a successful tide. Elphin had, however, the humanity to direct that the child should be taken care of, and that no expense should be spared in his education. The youth, who was named Taliesin, was introduced by Elphin at his father's court; and his first step towards fame was in reciting there a poem containing the history of his life, called *Hanes Taliesin*. Maelgwyn Gwynedd was greatly surprised at his talent, and himself became afterwards his patron. Some time after this a dispute took place at Diganwy, betwixt Elphin and his father, of so serious a nature, as to cause the former to be thrown into prison. His attentions to Taliesin now proved of the utmost importance to him. The bard addressed to the prince a poem on his patron, which excited his commiseration, and caused him to issue an immediate order for Elphin's release. Taliesin continued to receive, throughout the whole of his life, the attentions, the admirations, and the applause which his talents justly merited; and after his death, he was honoured with the appellation of *The Prince of the British Bards*."

Gloddaith woods particularly, and most part of this small district, afford considerable amusement to the botanist; as will the libraries of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. at Gloddaith and Bodysgallen, to the antiquarian and the historian. The former of these seats was built in the

* Elphin was particularly unfortunate, as the Editor has frequently seen from fifty to a hundred fine salmon taken from this weir at a tide; and herrings drawn from it by cart loads.

reign of Queen Elizabeth ; since which period both mansion and furniture have experienced but trifling alterations.

The tremendous precipice on the west side of the Ormstead is worthy of a visit. The sea view is very extensive, and generally enlivened by the passing of Liverpool shipping ; you likewise command a view of the Isle of Man, and occasionally views of the Irish, Lancashire, and the distant haze of the Scottish coast. The sea birds frequent these cliffs and shores in great abundance, more particularly gulls, razor-bills, and guillemots, corvorants, herons, and the peregrine falcon ; the latter of which, in the days of falconry, were held in such high estimation, that the celebrated Lord Burleigh sent a letter of thanks for a present of a cast of hawks from this place to an ancestor of Sir Thomas Mostyn's. Unprotected by any shelter, on the summit of the high promontory, stands the small church of Llandudno, but little famous for any thing but its singular situation, and its service as a beacon. Proceeding along the mail-road, with the sea on our left, and low rocks on our right, nothing particular attracted our attention, till in descending a hill about two miles from the neat bathing-town of

ABERGELE,

we observed on our right, two immense caverns, about half way up the mountain ; they are called Cavern-arogo, and run four or five hundred yards into the ground ; but their real extent has never been ascertained with accuracy. From these mountains vast quantities of lime are shipped for Liverpool and many parts of England.

Abergele, situate on the edge of Rhuddlan Marsh, is a small neat town of one street, resorted to in the summer

season for bathing. The sands afford excellent walking ; in the evening we lingered on the beach for a considerable time, enjoying the calm, but cheerful beauty of nature, and inhaling the pure sea-breeze—for

. " The wind was hush'd ;
And to the beach each slowly-lifted wave,
Creeping with silver-curl, just kiss'd the shore,
And slept in silence." MASON'S GARDEN.

With pleasure mixed with reverential awe, we trod Rhuddlan Marsh, so celebrated in the annals of history: Here the ill-fated Richard II. was betrayed into the hands of Bolingbroke, and taken prisoner to Flint : here, Offa, king of Mercia, met his untimely death : here the Welsh, under the command of Caradoc, in the year 795, were defeated in a conflict with the Saxons, and their leader slain in the action. This memorable and tragic event is handed down to posterity by an ancient celebrated and affecting ballad, called *Morva Rhuddlan*, or the Marsh of Rhuddlan, composed by the bards on the death of Prince Caradoc.

The ground we trod, connected with so many events, revived in our minds the memory of past ages ; a series of historical events came to our recollection : events, that are now so distant, as almost to be obliterated from the page of history. Passing over a bridge of two arches, thrown over the river Clwyd, we entered

RHUDDLAN

once the largest and most respectable town in North Wales. Walking over the ruins of the castle, in which Edward Ist. kept three Christmases, I recurred, by a natural association of ideas, to the times, when the parlia-

ment-house, the halls, and courts, echoed with the voices of those, who have been long since swept from the earth by the unerring hand of death. One solitary Gothic window is now only remaining to distinguish the old parliament-house, where King Edward the 1st. instituted that famous code of laws, under the title of the statute of Rhuddland, from a neighbouring barn : and what once contained the parliament of England, now contains nothing but bark for the supply of a tan-yard.

The old castle is built of red stone; it consists of a square area, strongly fortified with a wall. This court we entered through the grand gateway, between two round towers : the opposite side corresponds. The whole is encircled by a deep entrenchment faced with stone on the river side, with two square towers, one of which still remains.

“ The Bishop of St. Asaph,” says Mr. Evans, “ distributes among the farmers of the parish of Rhyddlan, five guineas for the best crop of turnips ; and three guineas for the best crop of wheat upon a fallow, manured only with lime compost. All the competitors partake of a feast on the day of decision ; and the victors, beside their premiums, have the honourable distinction of being crowned with the garland of Ceres, by some of the ladies present.” This stimulus has had great effect in exciting a spirit of improvement.

The road from hence to

ST. ASAPH,

affords a most rich and beautiful walk, extending along the celebrated vale of Clwyd. This rich tract of land, called the Eden of North Wales, extends in length about twenty-five miles, and in breadth about eight. The

neighbourhood of Ruthin affords the best view of this vale. Though it is by no means so interesting and romantic as the vale of Glamorgan, yet its high cultivation, and the picturesque, but moderate height of the hills, rising on each side of the river Clwyd, renders the scenery pleasing: its chief produce is corn. Both these vales claim the attention of the traveller; and both have to boast of particular beauties. One mile from St. Asaph we passed, on our right, the elegant seat of Sir Edward Lloyd. We still followed the banks of the Clwyd; and at the farthest extremity a light elegant bridge of seven arches, with the dark tower of St. Asaph's cathedral rising on an eminence just over it, gave a picturesque effect to the whole scenery.

The town itself is built on a hill, in one straight line, with a few neat houses. The cathedral naturally demands attention: the inside is remarkably neat and elegant, entirely Gothic, with the ceiling of cheenut, and open ribs like the skeleton of a ship. The monument of David ap Owen, bishop of this diocese, was particularly pointed out to us. The bishop's palace has been entirely rebuilt by the present diocesan. The choir consists of a bishop, dean, six canons, seven prebends, and four vicars. There are no monuments in the churchyard, and few of any importance within its venerable walls.

St. Asaph receives its derivation from its patron, who established a bishop's see here, in the year 590: but in British it is named Llan-Elwy, on account of the conflux of the Elwy with the Clwyd. It is singular, that the cathedral is not used as a parish church, as all the other Welsh cathedrals are; and that the bishop's jurisdiction extends over no entire county, but includes part of Flint-

shire, Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, Merionethshire, and Shropshire.

From St. Asaph to Holywell the distance is about ten miles. The first part of the road continuing through the vale of Clwyd, affords prospects of agricultural riches rarely excelled; the latter part is rocky and rugged, but pleasant. On the one side you enjoy the distant view of Denbigh, with its ancient castle fast mouldering to decay, and on the other that of Rhyddlan, backed by the distant sea view. The whole of this tract of country abounds in lead-mines and calamine. Between this road and the sea stands Downing, late the residence of the celebrated Mr. Pennant, to whom the world was so much indebted for his numerous and laborious literary publications.

On the summit of a lofty hill called Carreg, in the parish of Whitford, about two miles to the left of the road, is an ancient circular building, which Mr. Pennant believed to have been a Roman pharos, constructed to assist in the navigating the difficult channel of *Seteia Portus* to and from Deva. This appears the more probable, as it still forms a prominent landmark, highly useful to the small Welsh sloops and coasting vessels, which in fine weather drop along with the tides from the Limerocks, between Llandrillo and Llanddulas, to Parkgate, Liverpool, &c.; in one of which I witnessed the rising sun just as we opened the rich and beautiful vale of Clwyd;—a scene so pre-eminently fine and impressive, that the lapse of five-and-twenty years has not effaced it from, or weakened it in my recollection.

HOLYWELL

is a place of considerable trade and bustle, with easy access to the sea. It is pleasantly situated on the side of

a hill, possessing many good houses; but is chiefly famous for its well, which although only little better than a mile from the sea, furnishes a sufficiency of water to work eleven mills and factories, viz. one corn mill, four cotton mills, and six copper and brass mills and forges.

The quantity of water thrown up is, on an accurate calculation, proved to exceed eighty-four hogsheads in a minute. It is covered by a small Gothic building, the canopy of which is of most delicate workmanship. For its origin, miracles, &c. I must refer the reader to the Life of St. Winifred, or some of the numerous authorities that have particularized them: suffice it to say, that the devotees of this saint (whose head was cut off, and so effectually replaced on her shoulders, that she survived it fifteen years) were very numerous; and in the last age the well was so noted, that, according to Mr. Pennant, "The Prince, who lost three kingdoms for a mass, payed his respects on the 29th of August, 1686, to our saint, and received as a reward a present of the very shift in which his great grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, lost her head."

"The Church being situated below the town, the sound of the bell can be heard but a short distance; to summon the inhabitants to their devotions, therefore, a person parades the town with a large bell, suspended from his neck *."

The supply of water from this well is scarcely ever perceived to vary; and it has never been known to be frozen, a circumstance of far greater importance than its miraculous qualities.

The stage from Holywell to Flint is only six miles, and,

* Evans.

like Flint itself, affords little subject for observation or remark.

FLINT

is a small market town, created a free borough in the reign of Philip and Mary, and confirmed in the 12th of William III. It, in conjunction with Caerwys, Rhyddlan, Caergwrle, and Overton, sends a member to parliament, elected by such inhabitants as pay parochial taxes. The castle, begun by Henry II., and finished by Edward I., stands upon a rock, in a marsh upon the south bank of the Dee ; the channel of which once ran in considerable depth under its walls, which, even at the present day, are washed at high tides. By whom, and when it was founded, is uncertain. It is chiefly famous for being the place where Edward II. received his obnoxious favourite, *Piers Gaveston*, on his return from banishment ; and where *Percy*, Earl of Northumberland, surrendered Richard the Second into the hands of the Duke of Lancaster. "When Richard arrived at Flint," says the author of the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature* †, "he said to the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry the Fourth, 'Cousin of Lancaster, you are welcome.' 'My Lord the King,' returned the Duke, bowing three times to the ground, 'I am arrived sooner, than you appointed me ; because the common report of your people reached me, that you have, for one and twenty years, governed them rigorously, and with which they are by no means satisfied. It is my desire, if God be willing, to assist you to govern them better for the future.' 'Fair Cousin,' returned the wounded monarch, assuming an air of cheerfulness, 'Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases me

also.' The King and the Duke soon after made their entry into London, which Shakspeare has described so beautifully. Richard resigned his crown; and, as a recompence was soon after murdered in Pontefract castle." In the reign of Charles the First, the castle was repaired by Sir Roger Mostyn, and sustained a lengthened siege, till all the provisions were exhausted, when it made an honorable surrender in December 1646: it, with Hawarden and other castles, was dismantled by order of parliament. In proceeding to Chester, you regain the high road at Northop. Three miles and a half beyond which, to the left, about a quarter of a mile from the road, on the edge of a glen, and surrounded by a wood, are to be traced the remains of Euloe Castle, a small fortress: the proprietor of which, named Howell, was entitled by ancient custom to give the badge of a silver harp to the best harper in North Wales. But it is chiefly remarkable for the defeat which Henry the Second received in the wood in its vicinity, from David and Conan, the two sons of Owen Gwynedd. By stratagem, they drew the English army into a narrow pass betwixt the hills: when attacking its front, flanks, and rear, they routed it with the most dreadful slaughter. Regaining the road, you soon reach Hawarden, a small neat town, chiefly remarkable for the ruins of its ancient castle, so frequently mentioned in history: its remains are to be traced in the grounds of Lady Glynn, at the east end of the town; little now remains of them, but, from the eminence on which they stand, you command a fine view of the Dee, and the county of Chester.

CHESTER,

Carlisle, and Conway are the only three British towns or

cities that have preserved their ancient walls anyways entire. Those of Chester are nearly two miles in circumference, and sufficiently broad to afford room for two persons to walk abreast; for this purpose they are now kept in repair, affording an agreeable lounge, fresh air, and, from the different sides, varied and extensive views.

The rows are another peculiarity belonging to Chester: the streets, which are much broader than those of old towns or cities generally, are considerably excavated: on this lower level are the warehouses, kitchens, &c. and on the first floor, with galleries, or rows as they are termed, in their front, are the shops. These galleries afford a covered walk for foot passengers: they are inconvenient, particularly for ladies, as at every crossing you have to descend and ascend the different steps: they give an air of great singularity to the city.

Chester was formerly termed *Caeleon Gawr*, or *Vawr*, and was, during the time of the Romans, the station of the twentieth legion. Numerous Roman antiquities have been found here, such as altars, &c. and a *hypocaust* or furnace for heating a sudatorium, was a short time back to be seen at the Feathers' inn.

The castle is situate at the north-west extremity of the city. It was founded by Hugh Lupus, in the reign of William the Conqueror, and has within these few years undergone considerable alterations. In it was confined the beautiful, but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots after her defeat at Langside.

The cathedral is a heavy irregular pile of building, affording little either within or without worthy of observation. It is built of bad stone, on which the workmanship bestowed was quite good enough: it stands on the site of the ancient Abbey of St. Werburgh. The altar-piece

is a fine specimen of tapestry, representing the history of Elymas the sorcerer, taken from one of the Cartoons of Raphael.

The bishop's palace, in the Abbey Court, is a handsome modern stone building. The exchange, or town hall, is an elegant and useful fabric, standing in the middle of the city. It is supported on columns, and contains, as well as the common hall, assembly rooms, with every convenience for the corporation meetings and entertainments. The shire hall is a handsome stone building, with one of the most complete and elegant court rooms in the kingdom. The new gaol is likewise a well-constructed edifice, having five yards, and all the necessary conveniences for a separation of prisoners.

Anxious to view the superb seat of the Earl of Grosvenor, Eton Hall, we did not afford that time to examine this ancient city which it merited; it will not, therefore, be right for the tourist to be satisfied with this as a guide to its antiquities, but rather to purchase the local one, which will afford every information.

EATON HALL,

the seat of Earl Grosvenor, recently erected by the present noble earl, is a splendid Gothic mansion, standing on the site of the ancient fabric, in an extensive park, surrounded with fine and venerable timber. The basement of the ancient pile has been preserved, but the superstructure has been enlarged to double the original dimensions. The style of architecture is Gothic: but it is proper to observe, that the cathedral Gothic, of the age of Edward the Third, as exhibited in York Minster, the church of Newark-upon-Trent, and other celebrated structures in England, is chiefly imitated, especially on the outside;

though Mr. Porden, the architect, has not scrupled to avail himself of the low Tudor arch, and the forms of any other age that suited his purpose, which was to adapt the rich variety of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture to modern domestic convenience. The same style prevails through the whole of the interior, but more or less embellished, to suit the uses of the apartments respectively. Round the turrets, and in various parts of the balustrades, are Gothic shields, charged in relief with the armorial bearings of the Grosvenor family, and of other ancient families, that by intermarriages the Grosvenors are entitled to quarter with their own. The windows, which are rich in tracery, are of iron, cast from models in wood by the iron-founders of Chester, and are, perhaps, the first that have been made of that material, moulded on both sides and grooved to receive the glass. The walls, balustrades, battlements, and pinnacles, are of stone, brought by land-carriage about sixteen miles, from quarries near Fordsham. It is of a light and beautiful colour, which harmonises with the hues of nature in the landscape.

The park is flat, but the distant country is elevated and various. To the west the mountains of Wales, with Moel-Famma, rise directly in front; and to the south and east the hills of Shropshire and Cheshire, with that remarkable knoll on which Beeston Castle is situated. The city of Chester lies on the north. From various parts of the park and grounds this noble mansion is seen to much better advantage, than by the regular approaches from Chester, &c.

“The entrance to the house is in the middle of the west front, under a vaulted portico, which admits a carriage to the steps that lead to the hall, a spacious and

lofty room, occupying the height of two stories, with a vaulted ceiling, embellished with the Grosvenor arms, &c. in the knots that cover the junction of the ribs. The pavement is of variegated marbles in Gothic compartments. On each of the sides is an ornamented marble chimney-piece, and four niches with pedestals and canopies. The niches, it is probable, will hereafter be filled with statues, and the walls covered with historical paintings; for which no family can furnish more ample materials, as the heads of it were engaged in most of the military transactions of the English in the chivalrous ages. At the end of the hall, a screen of five arches supports a gallery, that connects the bed-chambers on the north side of the house with those on the south, which are separated by the elevation of the hall. Under this gallery, two open arches to the right and left conduct to the grand staircase, the state bed-room, and the second staircase; and opposite to the door of the hall is the entrance to the saloon. The grand staircase is highly ornamented with niches and canopies, and with tracery under the landings, and in the principal ceiling, which is crowned with a double sky-light of various coloured glass. The steps of the second staircase, with its tracery and balustrade, are all of cast-iron. The state bed-room is lighted by two painted windows, with tracery and armorial bearings, and contains a magnificent bed. On entering the saloon, the eye is struck with the splendour of three lofty painted windows, which contain, in six divisions, the portraits of the Conqueror's nephew, Gilbert le Grosvenor, the founder of the Grosvenor family, and his lady; of William the Conqueror, with whom Gilbert came into England; the Bishop of Bayeux, uncle to the Conqueror; the heiress of the house of Eaton; and Sir Robert le Grosvenor;

who distinguished himself in the wars of Edward the Third, and more particularly by his legal contest with Sir Richard le Scroope, for the family arms—*azure, one bend, or*; in which Sir Richard gained his point. Sir Robert being obliged to add to them *un bordure argent*—objecting to which he was allowed to bear the arms of his relation Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester, *azure, a garbe, or*, which is the family coat to this day. These windows are from cartoons by Mr. Thresham and others. The saloon is a square of thirty feet, formed into an octagon by arches across the angles, which give the vaultings a beautiful form. The chimney-piece is of statuary marble, and opposite to it is an organ, both richly decorated. On the left of the saloon is an ante-room, that leads to the dining-room, and on the right another that leads to the drawing-room, both decorated, but in a subordinate degree to the state-rooms with which they communicate. The windows of these rooms are glazed with a light mosaic tracery, and exhibit the portraits of the six Earls of Chester, who, after Hugh Lupus, governed Cheshire as a county palatine, till Henry the Third bestowed the title on his son Edward; since which time the eldest sons of the kings of England have always been Earls of Chester.

“The dining-room, situated at the northern extremity of the east front, is about fifty feet long, and thirty feet wide, exclusive of a bow containing five arched windows; the opening of which is thirty feet. In the middle window is the portrait of Hugh Lupus. This portrait, with the six Earls of Chester in the ante-room windows are the work of Messrs. Davenport, of Staffordshire, from Cartoons by Mr. Singleton. The ceiling is of bold and rich tracery, with coats of arms in proper colours, and a large ornamented pendant for a chandelier. At the end, oppo-

site to the entrance, is an arched recess containing the side-board, and on each side of it is a large niche, with its pedestal and canopy. The opposite end of the room has a similar recess, under which is the door from the ante-room, and similar niches on each side of it. Other niches and canopies, of smaller size, ornament the jambs of the arched recess and the bow.

“ The drawing-room, which is at the southern extremity of the east front, is of the same form and dimensions as the dining-room ; with the addition of a large window that looks to the south, and commands a view of the groves and fertile meadows of Eaton, with the village and spire of Oldford above them. All the windows of this room are adorned with heads and figures of the ancestors of the family ; among which are the portraits of the present Earl and Countess, in a beautiful brown *chiaro-oscuro*, executed by Messrs. Bachelor and Silk, of New-man-street, and do credit to the talents of those ingenious artists. The niches, canopies, and other ornaments, are the same in situation as those of the dining-room, but of a lighter and richer design. The ceiling is a piece of embroidery of the nicest materials and workmanship ; where all the coats borne by the Grosvenor family are blazoned in their proper colours, and also the arms of Egerton, Earl of Wilton, the father of the present Countess Grosvenor. The arms of Egerton appear in various parts of the house, and will mark the date of this fabric to future antiquaries, if all other memorials should be forgotten or destroyed. The colour of the saloon is blue, the ante-dining-room of light blue, the dining-room of a bright scarlet, the ante-drawing-room is hung with light blue satin, the drawing-room with crimson velvet : the curtains and draperies are of crimson and gold satin, with

gold tassels and fringes, disposed in a striking and picturesque manner by Messrs. Gillow, under the direction of Joseph Kay, Esq. architect to the post-office. All the other furniture of these apartments is the work of the same artificers, and appropriate to the style of the house. The vistas from the dining-room, through the two ante-rooms, and the saloon to the south window of the drawing-room, and in the opposite direction from the drawing-room to the dining-room, terminating with the splendidly furnished side-board of plate, perhaps cannot be exceeded in novelty and variety by any thing of the kind in England.

“ The library is in the centre of the south front. The ceiling and the large bow-window, with their ornaments, are in the same style as the rooms already described, but less rich. The book-cases are of English oak, with arches of tracery, buttresses, pinnacles, and battlements. The sitting-room of the Countess is the only room on this floor with square-headed windows and a flat ceiling, and is an apartment of singular beauty.

“ The middle window of the saloon opens to a vaulted cloister, occupying the space between the dining and drawing-room, in the east front, which affords a sheltered walk in all weathers. A flight of steps leads from the cloister to a spacious terrace, three hundred and fifty or sixty feet long, laid out in gravel-walks and beds of flowers; from whence other steps at each end and in the middle descend to the garden and pleasure grounds, which are disposed with much taste. The view from the terrace is rich and various.

“ Our limits will not admit of a particular description of the offices and stables, though both are deserving of attention. The latter surround a court of 160 feet by 100, and are decorated with battlements and turrets, and a

clock tower, supported by flying buttresses, in a style of Gothic architecture plainer than that of the house.

“Eaton Hall and the buildings here described, with their furniture, were designed by and executed under the direction of Mr. Porden, of Berners-street*.”

Having been highly gratified with the inspection of this noble edifice and grounds, we returned to Chester by the side of the Dee, a pleasant walk of about three miles; amply prepared to do justice to the hospitable board of a kind friend. Finding but little conversation to be obtained from us, but on the subject of Eaton Hall, he kindly furnished us with the preceding account, which he assured us had been corrected, and was the best extant.

Hugh Lupus, before spoken of, was appointed by William the Conqueror, first Earl of Chester; which was erected into a county palatine, enjoying a sovereign jurisdiction, having parliaments and distinct courts of law. There is still kept in the British Museum the identical sword with which Lupus was invested with his dignity; by virtue of which the Earls of Chester were created sword-bearers of England, and as such were accustomed to officiate at the coronation of the kings of England. On the blade of this sword is the following inscription—*Hugo comes Cestrie*.

Chester is famed for the elegant manners of its inhabitants; and no city in the kingdom can, I believe, boast of more polished or agreeable society. Our regret at leaving it was so great, that I should recommend the

* The daughter of this gentleman was married to Captain Franklin, well known for his Expedition to North America, &c. She was an amiable and accomplished woman, and author of two Poems, highly honourable to her memory: “The Veils,” and “Richard Cœur de Leon.”

tourist who carries with him letters of introduction to Chester, to make arrangement for three or four days or a week's stay at this engaging place.

From Chester to Mold there is but little worthy of remark. The distance is about twelve miles: part of the road lies over an extensive flat, called Saltney, a rich and well-cultivated tract of country. Mold is a small neat town, situate in a pleasant valley, surrounded by gentle acclivities: here the assizes for the county of Flint are held. It formerly possessed a strong castle on the north side, built on a mount called the Bailey-Hill, of which but few vestiges are now remaining: it is famed in history for the sieges it sustained. The church is a handsome structure, worthy of attention, built in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and contains some fine monuments.

In the vicinity of Mold are large cotton spinning-mills, belonging to a company at Manchester. The two Lees-woods, one the residence of the Rev. Hope Wynne Eyton, the other of Mr. Garnor, formerly of Sir George Wynne, are more remarkable for the gardens, grounds, and more particularly the beautiful iron gates at the entrance of the lawn of the latter, than for size and architecture.

Tower, the residence of the dowager Mrs. Wardle, is a specimen of the ancient *border-houses* on the confines of Wales and Scotland. It is a square tower, consisting of three stories: in the lower story there still remains a staple in the ceiling—a memorial of the rudeness of the times. During the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, this place was inhabited by Reinallt ap Gryffydd Bleyddyn; one of the six gallant captains who defended Harlech Castle on the part of Henry the Sixth. He and his people were in continual feud with the citizens of Chester. In 1465, a considerable number of the latter

came to Mold fair. A fray ensued between the two parties, and dreadful slaughter was made on both sides. Reinallt however got the victory, taking prisoner Robert Bryne or Browne, Mayor of Chester, who, in his private capacity as a draper, had attended the fair ; whom he led to this tower, and hung on the staple in his great hall. About a mile north-west of the town is Maes Garmon, famous for the celebrated battle of the Victoria Alleluia-tica ; in which the Britons, under the two bishops Germanus and Lupus, in Easter week, 448, defeated and destroyed the Picts and Saxons. Germanus, having previously directed his soldiers to repeat loudly and generally the word he should give, he at the proper time pronounced *Alleluja!* The whole army caught the sacred sound ; which they repeated with such energy, that the mountains echoed the religious exultation ; and both combined to strike such terror into the invading foe, that he fled in the utmost consternation : numbers fell by the sword, and as many perished in the adjacent river. This event is commemorated by the Hallelujah Monument, erected by the late Nehemiah Griffith, Esq. of Rhual. Mold has two inns, the Black Lion and Griffin : its market is on a Saturday.

From Mold to Denbigh the distance is about sixteen miles and a half. On the left of the road is Kilken, visited on account of the beautiful carved roof of its church, brought from Basingwerk Abbey, on the dissolution of that house. Above it, on the summit of Moel Famma, is the monument, erected by the inhabitants of the counties of Flint and Denbigh, in commemoration of his late majesty King George the Third having completed the fiftieth year of his reign. The column was designed by Mr. Harrison, of Lancaster, the architect of Chester Castle,

&c. Under the column were deposited in a vase numerous coins, illustrative of this memorable reign. Lord Kenyon laid the first stone on the 25th of October, 1810. In the neighbourhood of Kilken are numerous rich lead mines and other works; amongst which, Pen y fron, belonging to Mr. Ingleby, and Llyn y Pandu, held under Lord Grosvenor, by the late John Wilkinson, Esq., are amongst the richest for their veins, these being from four to six feet thick; but the great bodies of water from which they have to free these mines, by means of powerful steam-engines, are great drawbacks upon their profits.

Moel Arthur, another portion of the Clwydian Hills, has on the top of it the remains of a fortified British camp, having two very deep fossæ, with corresponding valla, on the approachable sides; and on the precipitous one is a smooth terrace, apparently levelled by art, for exercising the troops.

Penbedw Hall, the seat of Mr. Williams, is a handsome object. On the left of the road, at a small distance from the house, is a carnedd or tumulus, and the remains of a Druidical circle.

Bodfari is by some conjectured to be the Varis of Antoninus; but on this point antiquaries and historians are not agreed, others believing Caerwys to have been that station.

Bachegraig is a most singularly constructed house, built by Sir Richard Clough, who served his apprenticeship to Sir Thomas Gresham; and having acquired a great fortune by trade, contributed liberally, like his master, towards the building of the Royal Exchange. The house consists of a kind of centre and three sides, which form a quadrangle, enclosing a square area or court. The principal part comprises a hall, with an adjoining parlour

of large dimensions; and the other parts of the building are carried up to the unusual height of six stories, terminating with a cupola. We from hence turned back to

CAERWYS,

which lies to the right of the road. It was formerly a place of much consequence, at which the assizes for the county of Flint were held, as were likewise a species of British Olympics, it being the seat of the "Eisteddfod," or Sessions of the Bards and Minstrels; the grand theatre where, in honourable contention, they tried their skill, poured forth their extemporaneous effusions, awaked their harps to melody,

"And gave to rapture all the trembling strings."

Under the British princes, the bards and minstrels were associated in corporate, or rather collegiate bodies; into which none were admitted, but such as had given proof of their skill in the respective sciences before proper judges, duly appointed by royal commission. And although the institution is now dissolved, and the character officially no more, yet those who, "born with music in their souls, *that* wish to feast on raptures ever new," will consentaneously say,

"But hail ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe;
For well I know wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide."

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

The distance from Caerwys to Denbigh is about ten miles. You pass Lleweni Hall, formerly occupied by the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, uncle to the Marquis of Lansdown, brother to the Earl of Shelburne, and father of the late noble possessor. Mr. Fitzmaurice used here to bleach the cloths made on his estates in Ireland. He travelled to Chester in his coach and six, and when there stood behind a counter selling cloth. He lived with the affected humility of a tradesman, and the pomp of a lord : his conduct was singular, but his motives were good.

DENBIGH,

situated nearly in the centre of the vale of Clwyd, is a well-built town, standing on the declivity of a hill. A large manufactory of shoes and gloves is here carried on, and annually supplies London with a vast quantity. The ruins of the Castle, still remaining on a rock commanding the town, are too celebrated in history, and too cruelly shattered by the ravages of war, to be passed unnoticed. The principal entrance forms a fine Gothic arch, with the statue of King Edward the First, its founder, above it, in an elegant niche, curiously carved, encircled with a square stone frame. No part of this castle is perfect ; but the huge thick fragments, which are scattered in the most extraordinary and fantastical manner, seem to tell its former magnificence ; and a present view of things, such as they are, with a retrospect of what they originally were spreads a gloom over the mind, and interrupts the pleasure of contemplation ; yet still the singular character of this ruin is particularly interesting. Masses of wall still remain, the proud effigies of sinking greatness ; and the shattered tower seems to nod at every murmur of the blast, and menace the observer with immediate annihila-

tion. Amongst these ruins we lingered till the whole was silvered by the pale rays of the moon. To form a conjecture on the extent of its apartments is now impossible; but it is thus described by Leland in his *Itinerary* :

“ The castelle is a very large thinge, and hath many toures in it ; but the body of the work was never finischid. The gate-house is a mervelus strong and great peace of worke, but the fastigia of it were never finischid. If they had beene, it might have beene counted among the most memorable peaces of workys in England. It hath dyverse wardes and dyverse portcolicis. On the front of the gate is set the image of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in his stately long robes. There is a nother very high towre, and large, in the castelle, caullid the Redde Towre. Sum say, that the Earl of Lincoln’s sunne felle into the castelle welle, and there died ; wherapon he never passid to finisch the castelle. King Edward the Fourth was besiegid in Denbigh castelle, and ther it was pactid betwene King Henry’s men and hym that he should with life departe the reaulme, never to returne. If they had taken King Edward there debellatum fuisset.” After the restoration of Charles II., it was blown up by gunpowder.

The parish church stands within the walls of the original town. Below the castle are the fragments of an old church, which, for particular reasons, that cannot now be ascertained, was never finished : it contains nine windows on two sides, with a large and handsome one on the east.

In this town was born the famous Sir Hugh Myddleton. The market is held on a Wednesday : its distance from London, through Mold, is 218 miles.

In conjunction with Ruthin and Holt, it sends a mem-

ber to Parliament. The principal inns are the Bull and the Crown.

The vale of Clwyd still retains the character of luxuriant fertility. About two miles from hence, in our way to

RUTHIN,

“Denbigh, fair empress of the vale,” with its tottering towers, formed a most beautiful landscape; whilst the neat little hamlet of Whitchurch peeped from among the pomp of groves.

At the small village of St. Fynnon St. Dyfnog, this curious inscription over a door,

“Near this place, within a vault,
There is such liquor fix’d,
You’ll say that water, hops, and malt,
Were never better mix’d;”

invited the “weary-way wanderer” to partake of the *good things* within. This inclined us to be better acquainted with the author of this *extraordinary* stanza; and we entreated the landlord to be our director to the much-esteemed well of St. Dyfnog. Passing through the church-yard, and from thence through the passage of an alms-house, we reached a plantation of trees, with a broad gravel walk, almost concealed from day’s garish light by the thick foliage. This brought us to the fountain, enclosed in an angular wall, which forms a bath of considerable size; and so

“far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale,
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal’d,”

that the "lovely young Lavinia" might here plunge into the flood, secure from the intrusion of Palemon. Many wonderful qualities are attributed to this fountain; but it is more particularly celebrated for the cure of the rheumatism: the water has no peculiar taste. We returned by a subterraneous path under the road, which led to the pleasure grounds adjoining the seat of Major Wyllyn.

Several seats were beautifully dispersed on each side of the vale; among which, Lord Bagot's and Lord Kirkwall's formed the most prominent features in the landscape.

Ruthin is a large neat town, only divided from the parish of Llanruth by a strong stone bridge: the church, which is beautifully situated, is a handsome modern edifice: and the site of the old chapel is now converted into a bowling-green. Owen Glendwr, as an act of revenge on Lord Grey, plundered the town in the year 1400, during a fair, and then retired among the mountains. In the last century, the loyalists fortified the castle, and sustained a long siege in the year 1646.

We still continued skirting the rich vale of Clwyd; but winding up a steep hill, overlooking the whole of it from one extremity to the other, we were reluctantly compelled to bid a final adieu to all its vistas, hamlets, steeples. The whole prospect, glowing with luxuriance, seemed to assume fresh beauties at this our farewell view: the cattle, which were grazing in the shorn meadows, and beautifully contrasted with the ripening corn, appeared more animated; and we discovered, or thought we discovered, an additional number of villages, peeping from the woody skirts of the aloping hills. From this point the vale is certainly seen to great advantage. To give a still greater

effect, a thunder-storm came rolling on ; and the clouds were

“ Silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.”

This storm compelled us to seek for shelter in a miserable pot-house ; but the civility of the landlady fully compensated for its want of accommodations. The effects of the storm rendered the remainder of our journey much more agreeable, and the heat less oppressive : a dull uninteresting road continued till we arrived within four or five miles of

WREXHAM.

The contrast was too striking to escape our notice ; but, having climbed a steep eminence, the eye commanded an almost boundless range of land ; and the faint colour of the hills, retiring in the distance, was beautifully combined with the mellow green of nearer woods. The counties of Cheshire, Shropshire, and a considerable part of Wales, were extended like a map, for our inspection ; the town of Wrexham, rising in the bottom, animated the scene, with its noble tower overtopping the numberless little steeples near it. Close to the road we observed several coal and lead mines, and a melting-house for forming lead into pigs : these works belong to Mr. Wilkinson.

The dirty outskirts of Wrexham by no means preposessed us in favour of the town ; but, viewing it more leisurely, we can safely affirm, that it is not only the largest, but the best built town in Wales.

A friendly clergyman conducted us to the church, an elegant building of the reign of King Henry the Seventh,

and called one of the seven wonders of Wales. The tower is an hundred and forty feet high, and esteemed "a beautiful specimen of the florid, or reformed Gothic, which prevailed about that time:" all the figures and ornaments are well designed, and still in high preservation. The inside is not less elegant; it has lately been neatly repaired, with a good gallery and organ: the painted altar-piece is well executed. On the left, facing the altar, is a very handsome monument by Roubilliac, to the memory of Mrs. Mary Middleton; both the design and execution reflect the highest credit on the sculptor. The subject is the Last Day: at the sound of the trumpet a tomb of black marble bursts open, and a beautiful female figure, clothed in white, appears rising from it, just awoke from the sleep of death; her form dignified; candour, innocence, and celestial joy shine in her countenance, and give it the most feeling and animated expression. In the back ground, an obelisk, supposed to be erected to her memory, is rent asunder: above, an angel, enveloped in a cloud, is pointing to brighter scenes.

In this church are two other monuments, executed by the same celebrated master, in memory of some of the Middletons. Their designs, though striking, cannot be compared to his Last Day.

The altar-piece was brought from Rome by Elihu Yale, Esq. whose tomb bears the following inscription:—

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed:
Where long he lived and thrived—in London died.
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
And that his soul, through mercy, 's gone to heav'n!

You that survive and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare.

When blest in peace, the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust.

Our worthy conductor, perceiving we were great amateurs of painting, and careful that nothing of consequence should be passed unnoticed by us, particularly wished us to examine the performance of a young artist then at Wrexham. A copy, amongst others, of a painting of Rembrandt's, taken by Mr. Allen from a celebrated picture, in the possession of Lord Craven, was most ingeniously executed. The subject is an old man instructing a young boy; the attention of the latter most admirably preserved; the head of the former, and the hand particularly, most highly finished. Without any exaggeration, this painting would do credit to the most scientific painter, and be esteemed invaluable; it is therefore to be hoped, from the hands of so young an artist as Mr. Allen, that this performance will be disposed of where judges of painting may view it with a critic's eye, and recommend its merits to those who can afford to encourage industry and ingenuity.

Our friend's invitation to his hospitable parsonage, and agreeable family, was too kindly urged possibly to be refused: and, in our way to

MARCH WIEL,

we visited the seat of P. Yorke, Esq. The grounds and plantations are very extensive; and the bowery walks, while they afford refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, allow partial views of the counties of Cheshire and Shropshire, with the Wrekin and Brydyork Hills; in short, through these groves

"How long see'er the wanderer roves, each step
 Shall wake fresh beauties, each short point presents
 A diff'rent picture—new, and yet the same."

The tower of Wrexham, and the town itself, as occasion offers, is a nearer and an additional charming object. In an alteration of the walks, a few years since, were discovered below the surface of the ground the shattered walls of an ancient castle. These fragments Mr. Yorke has left unimpaired, and they remain a memento of the vicissitudes of fortune: the entrenchments round the castle, and likewise the original site of the keep, are still very apparent.

The house itself is very indifferent: Watt's Dyke runs through part of the grounds. In a parlour opposite the garden we observed some fine paintings of the Hardwicke family. Mr. Yorke has dedicated another room to the royal tribes of Wales*, where the arms and lines of the descent, as far as they can be traced, are emblazoned and hung up.

In the coolness of the evening our hospitable host conducted us to the neat and elegant little country church of March Wiel, lately cased with stone; and in the year 1788 ornamented with a new painted window, by Mr. Egington, near Birmingham. The twenty-one compartments contain the arms and crests of the Middletons and Yorkes, with rich transparent borders. This window is undoubtedly very elegant, but the subject, in my opinion, more adapted to a hall than an ornament to a church

* Since our visit to this spot, Mr. Yorke has published a most excellent and valuable book, entitled, *An History of the Royal Tribes of Wales.*

window. The high tower appears not in proportion with the body of the church.

Deeply impressed with sentiments of gratitude towards our reverend friend, and sensible of his hospitality and kind intentions, we took our leave of him early the next morning, and pursued our route to

RUABON,

purposing to visit Wynnstay Park, the much-admired seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. On leaving March Wiel, a most delightful prospect spread before us; in the retrospect, the tower of Wrexham church brought to our recollection the views of Magdalen College tower, in the vicinity of Oxford.

The park of Wynnstay is well stocked with red deer; excellent plantations; and the house is an elegant modern structure; but has nothing in the inside particularly deserving the attention of the traveller. In the grounds, the chief object worthy of inspection, is a very elegant obelisk, erected to the memory of the present Sir Watkin's father. The height is an hundred and one feet; the base of it sixteen, and the top nine, built with free-stone, and fluted. Round the top is formed a gallery, with a handsome urn in bronze, after an elegant design, cast in London: round the base of the column are wreaths of oak leaves, in the beaks of four eagles, cast in the same metal. On the south-west side is a door, with a stair-case within the obelisk leading to the top. We regretted that the key could not be procured, as the prospect from that elevation must be extremely fine. On the other three sides, an appropriate inscription, in English, Welsh, and Latin, is to be carved.

Through this park runs Offa's Dyke, thrown up by the

great king of Mercia, from whence it derives its name, to check the irruptions of the Welsh, mark the confines of each country, and give greater security to his own. It begins at Basingwerk in Flintshire, and ends at Chepstow in Monmouthshire; extending in a line of not less than one hundred and fifty miles over rocks and mountains. This great undertaking still retains the ancient name of Clawdh Offa, or Offa's Dyke.

Passing through the little village of Ruabon, situated at the extremity of Sir Watkin's park, a very interesting and picturesque country, composed of rich valleys and gently sloping hills, presented itself to our view; and, at some distance, we soon caught a glimpse of Chirk Castle, a noble seat of the family of the Middletons, standing on an eminence. Four miles from Llangollen we inquired for the wonderful

PONTCYSYLLTY AQUEDUCT*,

(pronounced Pont y Casulte) or famous aqueduct, erected near that bridge, over the river Dee, and found ourselves within half a mile of this great and astonishing undertaking. The stone of which it is built resembles that of Portland; and the effect which it produces, from whatever point it is viewed, is highly pleasing. On the middle column is the following inscription:

“The Nobility and Gentry of
The adjacent counties,
Having united their efforts with
The great commercial interest of this country,

* Enquire the way to this aqueduct at the turnpike, about four miles from Llangollen.

In creating an intercourse and union between
 England and Wales,
 By a navigable communication of the three rivers,
 Severn, Dee, and Mersey ;
 For the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade,
 Caused the first stone of this aqueduct of
 PONTCYSYLLTY,
 To be laid on the 25th day of July, M.DCC.XCV.
 When RICHARD MYDDLETON, of Chirk, Esq. M.P.
 One of the original Patrons of the
 Ellesmere Canal,
 Was Lord of this Manor,
 And in the reign of our Sovereign,
 GEORGE the Third ;
 When the equity of the Laws, and
 The security of Property,
 Promoted the general welfare of the nation ;
 While the Arts and Sciences flourished
 By his patronage, and
 The conduct of Civil Life was improved
 By his example."

" Pont y Cyssyllte, a bridge of several arches, close to it, is quite eclipsed by its stupendous height and magnitude. In it we recognize the great water conveyances of ancient Rome, which, though superior in point of length, were inferior in other respects. Its direction is north and south, crossing the Dee at right angles. It forms, connected as it is with the surrounding fine scenery, a noble and magnificent picture ; but to view it to the best advantage, the stranger must ascend the acclivities on either side of it : from whence he will be highly pleased with a scene, in which there is every concomitant circumstance that can please the lover of nature and art."

The extent of the aqueduct is nine hundred and eighty-eight feet, and exhibits nineteen arches, each forty-five feet span. The summit has a water-trough of cast iron, one thousand and nine feet in length, and in breadth eleven feet eight inches. The elegant piers lessen upwards gradually, from ten feet width, and twenty-one feet depth at the base, to seven feet width, and twelve feet depth at the top. These piers are one hundred and sixteen feet high from the river, and, from their ending, to the greatest height of the building, twenty feet; making the total elevation, one hundred and twenty-six feet. To each end of the aqueduct are added ten feet six inches of iron-work. From centre to centre of each arch are screwed together eleven strong iron plates, as strengtheners.

The lime rocks here are very great; and, by calcination on the spot, are rendered fit for immediate use; and, as the Ellesmere canal is opened for public traffic, they must yield immense profit to the proprietors, who are now enabled to supply all the neighbouring counties, Chester, Liverpool, &c.

Wood, water, and sloping hills, all combine to render this vale interesting. Several detached cottages are sprinkled through its wooded declivities; and here and there a gentleman's seat, "embosomed high in tufted trees," makes a pleasing feature in the fascinating landscape. Returning to the turnpike road, a short saunter soon brought us to the romantically-situated town of

LLANGOLLEN,

(pronounced Thlangothlen) completely environed with mountains, with a high hill to our right, bearing on its narrow peak the small remains of Castle Dinas Brân.

The bridge, adjacent to the town, thrown over the rapid Dee, consisting of six arches, and formerly esteemed one of the principal wonders of Wales, by no means answered our expectations. Some difficulty, no doubt, attended its first erection, as the foundation is built on the solid rock. The elegant description of the valley in the kingdom of Amhara, by Dr. Johnson, is very applicable to Llangollen; for "all the blessings of nature seemed here to be collected, and its evils extracted and excluded." Without a sigh of regret, not like the discontented Rasselas, I could here pass the remainder of my days, "in full conviction, that this vale contains within its reach all that art or nature can bestow. I could pity those, whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance, and the slaves of misery." Such is the enviable situation of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby; who, thus veiled in obscurity, have fitted up in a true characteristic style an elegant little cottage, at the west extremity of the town, situated on a knoll. The two rooms which are allotted for the inspection of strangers are very handsomely furnished: the dining-room is ornamented with drawings, the most favourite spots in the vicinity being selected as the subjects. The window commands a prospect of the mountains, which awfully rise in front. The study, looking on the well-arranged plantations of the garden, was appropriately furnished with a choice collection of books. We regretted, in the absence of the gardener, that we could not gain admittance to the grounds. The vale of Llangollen, and this enviable retreat, have been the subject of much admiration, both in verse and prose; and highly deserve the praises which have been lavished upon it:

" Say, ivy'd Valls Crucis, time delay'd,
 Dim on the brink of Deva's wand'ring floods,
 Your ivy'd arch glitt'ring through the tangled shade,
 Your grey hills tow'ring o'er your night of woods;
 Deep in the vale recesses as you stand,
 And, desolately great, the rising sign command;
 Say, lovely ruin'd pile, when former years
 Saw your pale train at midnight altars bow;
 Saw superstition frown upon the tears
 That mourn'd the rash, irrevocable vow;
 Wore one young lip gay Eleanora's* smile?
 Did Zara's † look serene one tedious hour beguile?"

The bridge of Llangollen is thus described by the elegant pen of Mr. Pennant:—"The bridge, which was founded by the first John Trevor, bishop of St. Asaph ‡, who died in 1357, is one of the Tri Thlws Cymru, or three beauties of Wales: but more remarkable for its situation than structure. It consists of five arches; whose widest does not exceed twenty-eight feet in diameter. The river usually runs under only one; where it has formed a black chasm of vast depth, into which the water pours with great fury from a high broken ledge, formed in the smooth and solid rock, which composes the whole bed of the river. The view through the arches, either upwards or downwards, is extremely picturesque."

Having satisfied our curiosity, Dinas Brân, or Crow Castle, next invited our attention; and having attained the summit of a steep and craggy hill, commanding a pleasing view of Llangollen, we arrived at the ruins, which crest this precipice. The remains of this castle are now so trifling, that it scarcely repays even the enthusiast

* Lady Eleanor Butler. † Miss Pensoyby.

‡ Willis's St. Asaph, p. 52. 285.

the trouble of ascending. Its appearance is by no means picturesque; not a tree to give effect to the crumbling walls: nor has time spared one of the towers. It was formerly the residence of Myfanwy Vechan, so celebrated in verse. The castle is built of the stone which composes the hill, on which it is erected.

The prospect is very pleasing. Chirk Castle, Wynnstay Park*, and many other seats of respectability, more particularly conspicuous. Great part of the vale, and the meandering course of the Dee, may here be traced; whilst the opposite hills are shelved off in an extraordinary and unusual manner, resembling so many walls or fortifications.

The Author of the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, thus describes his ascent up this mountain. "The sun was shooting its evening rays along the vale, embellishing every thing they touched. It having rained all the morning, the freshness with which spring had clad every object, gave additional impulse to all our feelings. Arrived at the summit, the scene became truly captivating: for nature appeared to have drawn the veil from her bosom, and to glory in her charms. The season of early spring, which, in other countries, serves only to exhibit their poverty, displayed new beauties in this. Nature had thrown off her mantle of snow, and appeared to invite the beholder to take a last look of her beauties, ere she shaded the cottage with

* From a second survey of my note-book, I perceive, when speaking of the house, I omitted mentioning that there are several family pieces, both of the Wynne and Williams, worthy the inspection of the connoisseur. The house has been built at various times.

woodbine, or screened with leaves the fantastic arms of the oak. The clouds soon began to form over their heads, and a waving column lightly touched their hats. Around was one continued range of mountains, with *Dinas* rising above the river. Immediately below, lay a beautifully diversified vale, with the Dee,—Milton's 'Wizard Stream,'—combining all the charms of the Arno and the Loire, winding through the middle of it: while on the east side of the mountain several villages seemed to rest in calm repose. This beautiful scene was soon converted into a sublime one. For the clouds assuming a more gloomy character, the tops of all the mountains around became totally enveloped; and our heads were now and then encircled with a heavy vapour. A more perfect union of the beautiful and magnificent it were difficult to conceive. No object was discernible above; but below, how captivating! Their feet were illumined by the sun, their heads, as it were, touching the clouds. Above, all was gloomy and dark; below, the sun, from the west, still illumined the villages and spires, the cottages and woods, the pastures and fields, which lay scattered in every direction; while the Dee, at intervals, swept, in many a graceful curve, along the bottom of the vale. These objects, so variously blended, and so admirably contrasted with the sombre scene above them, called to the imagination the golden thoughts of Ariosto; and inspired such a combination of feelings, that, for a time, they were absorbed in silent meditation. While they were indulging in this repose, the sounds of village bells, in honour of a recent marriage, came floating on the breeze from below. The sounds, softened by the distance, and coming from a region so far beneath, filled them with a choral symphony, that excited the most de-

lightful sensations. And such must ever be the effect on those whose happiness has not been smothered beneath a load of splendid vacuities; in whom society has not engendered an infinity of wants; in whom ignorance has not awakened pride, arrogance, and vanity; and in whom content has the power of lulling every fever of illegitimate desire."

Having descended this steep eminence, we continued our route to Vale Crucis Abbey, about two miles distant from Llangollen. It would be advisable for strangers first to visit Valle Crucis, and take Dinas Brân Castle in their way back to their inn. The transmutations of time are frequently ridiculous: the long aisles of this monastery, which were once only responsive to the slow-breathed chant, now repeat the rude dissonance of ducks, cows, and all manner of poultry. Instead of these emblems of rusticity, the mind's eye is more accustomed to appropriate these antique edifices to the midnight procession of monks issuing from their cells to perform the solemn service. These neglected walls are too deeply shrouded by the melancholy grove of towering ash, contiguously formed, to be seen to advantage. An axe, judiciously used, would be of service to the ruin, as the elegant window of the chapel is completely concealed by the luxuriant vegetation around; still, however, a pleasing melancholy pervades the whole scene. The abbey is beautifully skreened on all sides by woody hills, which entirely protect it from the inclemency of the winter.

This ancient Cistertian monastery was founded by Madoc ap Griffith Maelor, in the year 1200, and is sometimes called Llan-Egwiste, or Llanegwast. In this vale is the pillar of Eglwyseg: but the country people appeared quite ignorant of its situation. Returning to

Llangollen, we pursued the turnpike road to the neat village of

CHIRK.

For some way we followed the straight and formal course of a canal, near this, communicating with the Pont-y-Cyssyllte; we again paused to survey this wonderful design. The vale, on our left, was indescribably beautiful; and over the whole was diffused the purple glow of the evening. The prospect was composed of the miniature parts of the immense landscape we had viewed from Dinas Brân Hill, each of which we now contemplated separately as a scene. The moon's chequered gleam besilvered the walls of Chirk castle, just as we entered the Hand inn, where, after the fatigues of a long walk, we met with excellent accommodation, when considered as a village.

After breakfast the next morning we endeavoured to obtain admission to see the inside of Chirk Castle, but without success; though now only inhabited by servants, who were peremptorily commanded to admit no strangers. It is situated on an eminence, surrounded by a park and fine plantations, which are very judiciously laid out. This elegant mansion has been in the possession of the Middleton family ever since the year 1614. Having gratified ourselves with a survey of this noble park, we returned to the Oswestry road. Leaving the village of Chirk, we crossed a new bridge of one arch, elegantly constructed. Near it is another aqueduct, of considerable extent, now erecting over this river and valley, which though very inferior to the Pont-y-Cyssyllte, is still a great undertaking: it is several hundred yards in length, and the brick piers

rise fifty or sixty feet above the level of the water. Near this is a rich coal mine, lately discovered.

From hence to Oswestry we traversed a rich enclosed country, and enjoyed a scene particularly pleasing : all the inhabitants were collected, to gather in the produce of the ripened field ; and

“ Through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fled harmless.”

To the traveller and the poet such scenes afford an ample field for amusement ; but waving corn is ill adapted to the canvas of the painter. About two miles from Oswestry, we passed through the little town of

WHITTINGTON.

At this place was fought the battle between Oswald, the Christian King of the Northumbrians, and Penda, the Pagan King of the Mercians, in which the former lost his life. An easy walk soon brought us to

OSWESTRY.

Its only relics now remaining are the ruins of a chapel, built over a remarkably fine spring of water ; to this was formerly attributed the cure of various diseases, incident both to man and beast ; and though its miracles have long ceased, yet it still bears the name of the saint. The remains of the castle, supposed to have been built at the time of the conquest, are now almost too trivial to be noticed. This town was garrisoned by the king, in the beginning of the civil wars, but captured in June, 1644, by the Earl of Denbigh and General Mytton.

In passing through the town of Oswestry we noticed

the church, as being a very neat building; but, either from our own neglect, or imagining it not to be ancient, we did not inspect the interior. Oswestry suffered greatly by fire in the year 1542, and likewise in 1567.

“The church of St. Oswalde, (says Leland), is a very faire leddid chirch, with a great tourrid steeple, but it standeth without the new gate; so that no chirch is there withyn the towne. This chirch was sum tyme a monasterie, caullid the *White Minster*. After turnid to a parochie chirch, and the personage impropriate to the abbey of Shrewsbury. The cloister stode in hominum memoria ubi monumenta monachorum. The place and streete was the churche standithe is called Stretlan,” From this place to

LLANYMYNACH,

situate on the north bank of the Ewyrwy, a continuation of the rich enclosed country, showing to advantage the agriculture of these parts, attended us till we reached the foot of the hill of Llanymynach. From the summit of this we enjoyed a most beautiful and boundless prospect, commanding the whole dome of the sky. All individual dignity was overpowered by the immensity of the whole view, which consisted more particularly of the rivers Virnwy and Tannad, joining their waters with the Severn; the lofty waterfall of Pystyll Rhaiadr—the Breddin Hills—and the Ferwyn Mountains. The geological observations on Llanymynach Hill, by Mr. Aikin, are so accurate, that to attempt any further description would be deemed highly presumptuous in me; I shall therefore avail myself of an account, so ably delineated.

“The hill of Llanymynach is not only remarkable for the fine prospect from its top, it is still more worthy notice, as containing by far the most extensive lime works

of any in this part of the country. The lime of Llanyrnach rock is in high request as a manure, and is sent by land-carriage as far as Montgomery, New-town, and even Llanidloes: it sells at the kilns for sevenpence a bushel; and from thirty to thirty-six bushels are reckoned a waggon load; the coal with which it is burnt, is brought partly from the neighbourhood of Oswestry, and partly from Sir Watkin Williams Wynne's pits, near Ruabon. The lime lies in strata, parallel to the horizon, varying in thickness from three inches to five feet; it is of an extraordinary hardness, with but little calcareous spar, and few shells, or rather marine exuvial; its colour reddish brown, burning to almost white. Between the strata of lime we found a very tenacious smooth clay, orange colour ochre, and green plumose carbonate of copper, or malachite. It was in search of this copper, that the Romans carried on here such extensive works, of which the remains are still very visible: they consist of a range of from twenty to thirty shallow pits, the heaps of rubbish from the mouths of which abound with small pieces of copper ore, and a cave of considerable dimensions, terminating in an irregular winding passage of unknown length, connected with which are too air shafts still remaining open, and the appearances of several others now filled up: in some of these caverns are found large and beautiful specimens of stalactite. One of the levels was explored some years ago, and in it was discovered a skeleton, with mining tools, and some Roman copper coins. The whole mass of the hill seems more or less impregnated with copper: whenever the surface is uncovered, there are evident marks of the presence of this metal, and the stones composing the rampart of Offa's Dyke, which encompasses two sides of the hill, are in many parts covered

with cupreus efflorescences. Between the village and the rock passes a branch of the Ellesmere canal, which, when navigable, will add much to the value of these works, by rendering them more accessible to the surrounding country, and may induce some spirited adventurer to recommence a search after copper, which, it is evident, was formerly prosecuted with considerable success."

This description of Llanymynach Hill we pronounce, from our own observation, to be very accurate, so that the length of the quotation will be readily excused. Leaving the pretty village of Llanymynach, situated on the banks of the Virnwy, we resumed our journey to Welsh Pool. The face of the country was pleasing, and we soon reached the Breddin Hills, on whose summit a column is erected to commemorate the victory of Admiral Lord Rodney over the French, in the year 1782. Not far from hence we passed a handsome aqueduct, admirably constructed over the river Virnwy, of great strength and stability. The vale of the Severn affords much picturesque scenery, and we at length arrived at

WELSH POOL QUAY,

about three miles from that place. Several vessels were lying here, which carry on a constant traffic with Worcester, and the towns situated on the banks of this noble river. Before our entrée into Pool, Powis castle appeared on an eminence, immediately rising behind the town, and beautifully backed by a large plantation of trees.

Welsh Pool derives its name from a black pool in its neighbourhood, (its Welsh appellation signifying a quagmire or pool), and is one of the five boroughs in Montgomeryshire, which jointly send a member to Parliament. The town is by no means neat: it stands on a low hill,

and consists of one principal street, in which are situated the new county hall and market-places. The Severn is navigable within three quarters of a mile of this town, which is computed at not less than two hundred miles from its junction with the British channel. It is the great market for the Welsh flannel, called gwart, or webh, prepared in many parts of Merionethshire, and generally used for soldiers' clothes. This trade, however, has of late been very inconsiderable.

Pŵis castle (anciently called Poole Castle) the seat of Lord Olive, lies to the right, about one mile from Pool, on the ridge of a rock, retaining a mixture of castle and mansion. Here Lucien Buonaparte lived several years. It is built of red stone, and originally contained within its walls two castles: the entrance is between two round towers. There are several family portraits in a long gallery, measuring one hundred and seventeen feet by twenty. The gardens still retain that stiff formality so much in vogue many years ago; but the curious water-works, in imitation of the wretched taste of St. Germain en Laye, are now destroyed. The prospect from the castle is very extensive, comprehending a view of Welsh Pool, Vale, and Ffriddin Hills. From hence to

MONTGOMERY,

the Ellesmere canal accompanied us part of the way; and at length, after a fatiguing walk, we reached the Green Dragon, a small and comfortable inn. The site of Montgomery is very pleasing, on a gentle ascent, and backed by a steep hill, beautifully clothed with the rich plantations belonging to Lord Powis. The town itself is a straggling place, and has little to recommend it. The

remains of the castle are now too trifling to interest the passing traveller.

In the year 1094, this castle was gallantly defended by the Normans; but the Welsh, at last, finding means to undermine the walls, took it by storm; and after putting the garrison to the sword, levelled it to the ground. It was rebuilt by King Henry III., in the year 1221, as a check to the incursions of the Welsh: but a second time razed to the ground by Llewelyn the Great, Prince of Wales. It afterwards became the seat of the ancestors of the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, who was born here, and continued in possession of their descendants, till reduced to its present ruinous condition by the civil wars.

The road to

BISHOP'S CASTLE

brought us through a very rich country; and, on ascending a hill, about five miles from Montgomery, a retrospect of the far distant mountainous country of Wales, to which we were now bidding a last adieu, irresistibly brought on a train of serious reflections. In a retrospect like this, where the subject and the scene must inspire serious thoughts, such traces are not unpleasing; they tend to promote one general effect—the love of contemplation. We enumerated the little incidents which had taken place, indulging reflections on scenes for ever past:—we erected on the spot which we esteemed most adapted to retirement, the visionary cottage: our schemes were instantly arranged: fancy fashioned its ornaments, adapted its appendages,—and fancy will ever exceed realities. But all our air-built plans of future happiness soon vanished: and, alas! when

. . . “fancy scatters roses all around,
What blissful visions rise! In prospect bright

Awful! they charm the soul; but scarce attain'd,
 The gay delusion fades. Another comes;
 The soft enchantment is again renew'd,
 And youth again enjoys the airy dreams
 Of fancied good."

Bishop's castle is situated in a bottom. We found it a more extensive place than we expected; but being shortly convinced that there was nothing particular to require a long stay, and having recruited ourselves at the Castle Inn, we hastened to leave the town. The road, for the first seven miles, continually dipped into shallow valleys, well wooded; affording cursory views, with many a substantial farmer's habitation lurking amongst the trees. At length a rich and noble vale, with extensive woods on our right, animated with several gentlemen's seats, and watered by an overflowing stream running immediately close to the road accompanied us to.

LUDLOW,

situated on an eminence in the midst of this most luxuriant country. After the many indifferent Welsh towns which we had passed through since the commencement of our pedestrian excursion, we felt ourselves not a little chagrined at our uncouth appearance on entering so gay a place. The streets are commodious, and the houses and public buildings extremely neat. The gravel walks round the castle are extensive, and command, at occasional points, distinct prospects of the gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood, with their grounds and noble plantations. The river Teme gives additional beauty to this fascinating spot: the new bridge recently erected a little below the castle, forms likewise, from this spot, by

no means an uninteresting object; add to this, at suitable distances, the river, by means of dams, is formed into small artificial cascades. At the extremity of the town is another bridge, separating the counties of Shropshire and Hereford. These walks were laid out in the year 1772, by the Countess of Powis, at a great expense. The overshadowing trees not only afford refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, but are likewise a protection from the piercing winter's wind: indeed,

. " I could rove

At morn, at noon, at eve, by lunar ray,
In each returning season, through your shade,
Ye rev'rend woods; could visit ev'ry dell,
Each hill, each breezy lawn, each wand'ring brook,
And bid the world admire; each magic spot again
Could seek, and tell again of all its charms."

Towards the north, the mazy course of the Teme,—Oakley Park, the elegant seat of the Dowager Lady Clive,—the Clee Hills,—the celebrated Caer Caradoc, with the other eminences near Stretton, terminating the view, present a most pleasing landscape. Towards the west, a combination of rock, wood, and water, gratifies the warmest wish of fancy.

The Whitecliff, opposite to the castle, and Hackluyt's Close, near the Leominster road, are the two other most favourite walks; but that round the castle is resorted to as the most fashionable promenade. The town of Ludlow has been calculated to contain seven hundred and two houses, and nearly three thousand five hundred and sixty-five persons*. The public buildings are the market

* This estimation is taken from the Ludlow guide; from which

house, the guildhall, the prison (called Gaelford's tower), and the cross. The rooms over the latter are dedicated for the instruction of thirty poor boys, and fifteen poor girls; and the former at a proper age are apprenticed out. The town enjoys no particular manufactory, but its chief trade consists in the article of gloves.

The castle, the palace of the Prince of Wales in right of his principality, is now entirely in ruins, except Mortimer's Tower, which was repaired by Sir Henry Sidney, during his presidency. It is now inhabited by an old servant of Lord Powis's, a very civil and intelligent man, who related with the utmost concern the sad vicissitudes this castle had experienced: he insisted on our entering the tower of his habitation, and ascending the crumbling stairs, for a full display of the various beauties in the vicinity of Ludlow. He expatiated much on a valuable diamond ring, which he had discovered himself when attempting to drain a cellar; the inscription of Hebrew characters round the gold within the ring was interpreted by the learned, "a good heart;" this, and several coins of silver and gold, which were found at the same time, are now in the possession of Lord Powis: near the same spot a number of skeletons were likewise dug up. He next conducted us to a small room in this tower, to observe an old stone placed over the fire-place, with a cross, the letters W. S. and the date 1575, engraven on it.

Over the south-east gateway, leading into the interior

I have taken such extracts, as, I flatter myself, will not be unacceptable to the tourist. We dedicated two or three days to the investigation of this interesting town; and, consequently, in those parts where the guide is defective, we have made considerable additions.

of the castle, are the arms of Elisabeth, Queen of England; and beneath, those of the Sydney family, with the following inscription :

HOMINIBUS INGRATIS LOQUIMINI
LAPIDES.—ANN, REGNI REGINÆ
ELIZABETHÆ 23.—THE 28 YEAR
COPIET OF THE RESIDENCE
OF SIR HENRY SYDNEY KNIGHT
OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER, 1581.

This castle, founded by Roger de Montgomery, on a rock, in the north-east angle of the town, supposed to be in the year 1112, was considerably enlarged by Sir Henry Sidney. Its ancient British name, Dinan Llys Tywysog, signifies the Prince's Palace. The vicissitudes of war have frequently been exemplified in this castle; it has had its lords and its princes; it has been plundered, captured, dismantled, and repaired, in those periods of civil warfare, which this unfortunate country in former times continually experienced. Phillips, in the History and Antiquities of Shrewsbury, during those melancholy troubles, gives some account of this castle. Some historians affirm that King Edward V. and his brother were born in Ludlow Castle; but others, not crediting this assertion, attribute their birth-place to Wigmore; certain, however, it is, that during their minority they here held their court, under the tuition of Lord Anthony Woodville and Lord Scates, till they were removed to London, and soon after smothered in the Tower by the command of their cruel and ambitious uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. Here, likewise, Prince Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry VII., celebrated his marriage with the virtuous Catherine

of Arragon ; and in the year 1502 he here paid the debt of nature, and was buried in the cathedral church of Worcester.

The account of the representation at Ludlow of Milton's celebrated mask of Comus, is thus mentioned in the life of that poet, prefixed to Newton's edition :—" It was in the year 1634 that this Mask was presented at Ludlow Castle. There was formerly a president of Wales, and a sort of a court kept at Ludlow, which has since been abolished ; and the president at that time was the Earl of Bridgewater, before whom Milton's Mask was presented on Michaelmas night ; and the principal parts, those of the two brothers, were performed by his lordship's sons, the Lord Brackly and Mr. Thomas Egerton ; and that of the lady, by his lordship's daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton."

In the first year of William and Mary the presidency was dissolved by act of parliament, " being a great grievance to the subject, and a means to introduce an arbitrary power, especially in the late reign, when a new convert family were at the head of it."

The church next demanded our attention, the only one belonging to this town. The time of the foundation of this ancient and elegant structure cannot now be strictly ascertained : it is situated on an eminence, in the centre of the town. The square tower is lofty, and of very light architecture, but the upper part suffered much from the all-destroying hand of Oliver Cromwell. The highly finished statues round the battlements are much mutilated, and many entirely destroyed. On entering the church, six light Gothic fluted arches on each side, with four similar ones of larger dimensions, supporting the tower, are strikingly grand. Under the organ-loft we

passed into the chancel, now only made use of for the administration of the sacrament. This is a most elegant building, with thirteen stalls on each side, similar, in style, to the generality of cathedrals. The seats of the stalls, all of which turn back, exhibit specimens of curious workmanship, with strange devices and ridiculous conceits. Some of the glass painted windows are still in good preservation: the large one over the altar-piece represents the history of St. Lawrence, to whom this church is dedicated, in fifty-four compartments. The other windows of the chancel are much mutilated, collected from different parts of the church, and several panes broken by the unmeaning idleness of boys, regardless of these valuable relics of antiquity.—In the side of the wall, near the altar, are two stone stalls, with a piscina opposite.

In this chancel is a handsome monument, erected to the memory of Robert Townsend and his wife, with several figures of their sons and daughters carved round the bottom; over them are the arms of their family and connexions; it bears the date of 1581: a modern monument to Theophilus Solway, Esq. An ancient one to Ambrosia Sydney, who died at Ludlow Castle. This lady was daughter to Sir Henry Sydney, who attained the important situation of the presidency of Wales in the year 1564. He died at Bewdley in 1584, and left this singular injunction to his executors: "That his heart should be buried at Shrewsbury, his bowels at Bewdley, and his body at Ludlow, in the tomb of his favourite daughter Ambrosia." This order was punctually executed; and the leaden urn, containing his heart, was six inches deep, and five inches in diameter at the top, with this inscription carved three times round it:

" Her lith the Harte of Syr Henrye Sydney, L. P. anno

Domini, 1586." For an engraving of this urn, taken from a drawing of Mr. S. Nicholas, see the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1794. Another monument to Edward Weston and his wife, kneeling opposite to each other.

In this church is likewise buried Sir John Bridgeman, the last president but one of Ludlow Castle. He was extremely rigid in his office; and one Ralph Gittins, who had probably experienced his severity, composed the following epitaph on him :

" Here lies Sir John Bridgeman, clad in his clay :
God said to the Devil, Sirrah, take him away."

Should the Tourist find time to make any stay at Ludlow, several excursions in the neighbourhood will prove highly gratifying. Oakley Park, the elegant seat of the Dowager Lady Clive, claims the greatest attention; it is situated about two miles from Ludlow, on the banks of the Teme River: just beyond this, a seat of — Walpole, Esq. About five miles distant is Downton Castle, the noble mansion and fine walks of Richard Payne Knight, Esq. one of the representatives in parliament for the borough of Ludlow. Being necessitated to leave this charming country by a particular day, we had no opportunity of visiting these celebrated and much admired houses.

With regret we left the delightful situation of Ludlow; and, crossing Lawford's bridge, we ascended an eminence along a beautiful terrace, commanding a most charming and pleasant country to our left, with the fertile county of Hereford, abounding with orchards, which were all bending with the produce of the year. About two miles from Ludlow, on the right, we paused to admire the de-

lightful seat of Theophilus Richard Solway, Esq., situated on an eminence, and skirted by a rich plantation of wood towards the west : it is called the Lodge. Descending into a bottom, a rich country, studded with farm-houses, soon brought us to the town of

LEOMINSTER,

or Leminster, consisting of one long street. The market-place in the centre, bearing a very old date, and likewise the church, are both deserving of the traveller's notice. It is situated in a flat, and the country round it is not particularly interesting. From hence a turnpike-road, showing to advantage the rich culture of the country, soon brought us within sight of the venerable cathedral of

HEREFORD,

hacked by a sloping eminence just rising behind, and beautifully clothed with wood. Being under a particular engagement to meet a party at Ross, to accompany us down the Wye the following day, time would not allow us to investigate this respectable city so minutely as it deserves. Our observations, therefore, were so cursory, that the Hereford Guide must supply the deficiencies in this part of our journal ; this neglect the Tourist must attribute to our delay at the engaging town of Ludlow.

At Hereford we for some time hesitated respecting the hire of a boat to convey us to Ross ; but the exorbitant demand of the boatmen soon determined us to pursue the turnpike road, and follow as near as possible the course of the Wye. The orchards were overcharged with " bending fruit," and seemed to prognosticate a more favourable cider season than has of late been experienced. The retrospect of the city, with its ancient cathedral,

formed a most attracting view; and about three miles a most lovely vale, bounded by the hills of South Wales, arrested our attention. A continuation of the same scenery of orchards, in which Herefordshire so peculiarly abounds, with the road continually dipping into shallow valleys, attended us within five miles of Ross; when, ascending a steep hill, a view of that town, or, rather, of its far conspicuous spire, broke in upon the reposing character of the scene. This presently conducted us to Wilton bridge, thrown over the Wye; and, leaving the castle to the left, we ascended the town of

ROSS,

to the inn, so celebrated as the original habitation of Mr. Kyrle; more generally known by the name of the Man of Ross. The landlord seems rather to depend upon the custom of strangers, from this circumstance, than the accommodations the inn offers. On the bridge we paused a short time to take a view of the meandering Vaga, which here considerably widens. Several pleasure-boats, of various constructions, were riding at anchor, and united to enliven the watery scene; whilst its smooth tranquil surface reflected and reverted every object situated on the banks.

The life and character of Mr. Kyrle has too often been insisted on, and too frequently celebrated in verse, to be again repeated, unless to "point out its moral to the heart;" teaching us that self-approbation can confer an inward happiness superior to all worldly applause; for,

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy;
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

Such a bustle pervaded the whole town, of parties assembling here for an aquatic expedition to Monmouth the following day, that with difficulty we obtained a small room. From this circumstance it would be advisable for parties to secure themselves accommodations during the summer months, a considerable time beforehand ; such is the continued assemblage of parties forming for the Wye. A boat likewise should be hired, and by mentioning the number of your party, the landlord will be a proper judge respecting the size. Strangers may pass with pleasure the greatest part of a day in surveying the views in the vicinity of Ross ; views, which must gratify the most superficial observer, but more particularly from the churchyard. A walk may be preferred through the latter place to the Prospect, so called from the profuse variety of objects in the beautiful and the sublime, which are presented from this spot. The sudden bursts of such a collection of beauties, the eye, indeed, cannot contain without gratification. The river below bends itself in the whimsical and fantastical shape of a horse-shoe ; this singular wind of the river—the ruins of Wilton Castle—the luxuriant counties of Hereford and Monmouth, and the beautiful Chase Woods, all combine to promote one peculiarly grand and striking effect. To enter into a minute description of objects so various and extensive, is impossible : in fine, to delineate the beauties of the Vaga, with all its accompaniments, would be enumerating every object that is interesting in nature. Having sufficiently contemplated the view from the Prospect, a ramble through the meadows will next prove highly pleasing.

The situation of Ross, though exceedingly beautiful, has nothing in itself to detain attention : the streets are narrow, dirty, and inconvenient. The castle of Wilton,

situated on the banks of the Wye, was founded in the reign of King Henry the First: it was formerly a nunnery, from whence the Greys de Wilton derive their title.

Early in the morning we congratulated each other on the favourable state of the weather, and with good spirits provided all the necessaries requisite for our water expedition; the enjoyment of which depends much upon the season. The hire of the boat to Monmouth by water is one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, not including ten shillings for provisions for the men, who likewise expect an additional small sum, after the fatigues of the day. The boat, navigated by three men, will contain ten or twelve people without any inconvenience, and is properly protected by an awning from the heat of the sun. The distance from Ross to Chepstow, by water, is more than forty miles, which strangers occasionally accomplish in one day: but this hurrying method will not allow them an opportunity of inspecting, with proper attention, the various objects which deserve to be noticed; and they cannot possibly find time to leave their boat, and climb the rugged steep banks of the Wye in search of views, which, though visited by the discerning few, yet merit the regard of every amateur of nature's landscapes. And here it may not be improper to mention, that the boatmen too frequently suffer these most interesting spots to be passed unnoticed by strangers, merely from laziness, or to avoid the delay of a few minutes. Gilpin, in his excellent treatise, *Observations on the River Wye*, thus analyzes, in the second section, the beauties of the "echoing Vaga," and divides its constituent parts into—the steepness of its banks, its mazy course, the ground, woods, and rocks, which are its native ornaments, and, lastly, the buildings. To this he might with propriety

have added its echoes, the variety of views from its banks, the fishing coracles, which are continually on the river; for all these contribute to form one pleasing and interesting effect.

We embarked on board our boat a little below the town; and the first object which drew our attention was the ivy-mantled walls of Wilton castle. The annual growth of the few trees which encircle it, will in time render it a more picturesque object; it is at present so sufficiently seen from the water as not to require the stranger to disembark for farther inspection. A few yards below we passed under Wilton bridge; an elegant structure of several arches. From hence, for four or five miles, the banks are tame and uninteresting, and so high above the river as to prevent a prospect of the adjacent country; but a group of cattle, some ruminating on the brink, some browsing on the ashlings which overhung the stream, and others

—————" From their sides,
The troublous insects lashing with their tails,
Returning still,"

formed a "rural confusion." The velocity of the stream shortly brought us to that noble scenery, about four miles from Ross, which so eminently distinguishes and constitutes the beauty of the Wye: before us, the noble remains of Goodrich Castle, cresting a steep eminence, enveloped with trees, presented themselves; behind, the thick foliage of Chase Woods closed the picture. The happiest gradation of tints, and the liveliest blending of colours were here conspicuous. On the right hand we landed on the shore, in order to make a minute investigation of the castle: it is certainly a grand ruin, and stands

on an eminence, naturally so steep as to render it, in former times, capable of some resistance against a formidable enemy. On our first entrance into the ruin we naturally indulged reflections on past scenes, contemplated the traces of ancient splendor; and, connecting what remains with what is destroyed, we pondered on the vanity of human art and the ravages of time, which exhibit, in this ruin, their completest triumph. The warrior who strove to preserve its original grandeur against the attacks of Cromwell is buried in Walford Church, situated on the opposite side of the river, and seen from the castle. The different parts of the building bear evident marks of its having been erected at various times: from a seat in the castle-yard is the most advantageous spot for surveying, in one view, the whole of this ruin*: an octagon pillar of light and elegant workmanship, is seen to great advantage through the gateway, and adds considerably to the magnificence of this ancient pile: it now belongs to Dr. Griffin, of Hadnock, the lord of the manor.

To return to our boat, we took a different and more circuitous route, for the purpose of inspecting the remains of Goodrich Priory, now converted into a farm. The chapel has experienced the same vicissitude; and those walls, which formerly re-echoed with the chanting of voices and the solemn peal, now repeat the continued strokes of the flail. In many parts of the walls, the initials of names of persons who have long since paid the debt of nature, and left behind no other memorial, are carved with characteristic rudeness, showing to every

* "This view," says Mr. Gilpin, "is one of the grandest on the river, which I should not scruple to call *correctly picturesque*, which is seldom the character of a purely natural scene."

passing stranger the prevalency of that universal passion—the love of fame. The Gothic windows, and the cross erected on each end of the building, show evident marks of its former purpose. The boat usually meets the passengers at another reach of the river; but it is a plan by no means to be recommended; since by missing a circuit round the castle, its different tints and variety of attitudes, occasioned by one of the boldest sweeps of the Wye, are entirely lost. A short time after we had taken our last retrospect of Goodrich castle, the spire of Rure-dean Church* appeared in front, just peeping from among the woody skirts of the forest of Dean; a little below, Courtfield House, belonging to Mr. Vaughan, was seen in a very picturesque point of view, with the ruins of the chapel, forming the back-ground. In Courtfield House, tradition reports, the warlike King Henry the Fifth was nursed; and in the church of Welsh Bicknor, situated to the right in a noble amphitheatre enclosed with rocks, first embraced the Christian religion.

A busy scene of craft loading and unloading, and coals shipping for various parts from the quay at Lidbrook, presents a picture of cheerful activity, and forms a pleasing contrast to the quiet, rich, and retired spots we had left behind us: such spots as were well adapted to form

* “The view at *Rure-dean Church*,” says Mr. Gilpin, “is a scene of great grandeur. There both sides of the river are steep and both woody; but in one the woods are intermixed with rocks. The deep umbrage of the forest of Dean occupies the front; and the spire of the Church rises among the trees. The reach of the river, which exhibits this scene is long: and, of course, the view, which is a noble piece of natural perspective, continues some time before the eye: but when the spire comes directly in front, the grandeur of the landscape is gone.”

the mind of Britain's glory—the virtuous Henry. The banks now became richly clothed with wood, from the summits of the highest rocks to the water's edge; and a hill in front, called Rosemary Topping, from the mellow luxuriance of its sides, closed the prospect. Almost every sweep presents a new object to strike the admiration of the spectator; the transitions are sudden, but never so harsh as to disgust. Even the contrast between the embellishments of art we had just left, and the wild rocks which here exhibit nature in her most striking attitudes, gave an additional impression to each other.

We now reached the fine mass of rocks called Coldwell; one of which, Symond's Yatch to the left, it is customary for company to ascend, in order to view the mazy and circuitous course of the river, and the extensive prospect around. The forest of Dean, the counties of Monmouth, Hereford, and Gloucester were extended before us, studded with villages, diversified with clusters of half-visible farm-houses; with many a grey steeple, “embosomed high in tufted trees.” In painting the several views from this summit the happiest description would fail; the impression can only be conveyed by the eye. The river here makes a most extraordinary winding round the promontory; and having completed a circuit of more than five miles, flows a second time immediately under Symond's Yatch*. The whole of this mazy course may be traced

* “The river is wider at this part,” says Mr. Gilpin, “and takes a sweep round a towering promontory of rock; which forms the side-screen on the left, and is the grand feature of the view. It is not a broad fractured face of rock; but rather a woody hill, from which large rocky projections, in two or three places, burst out; rudely hung with twisting branches and shaggy furniture,

from this eminence. From hence we discovered a very remarkable polysyllabical articulate echo, and we reckoned twelve distinct reverberations from the explosion of a gun fired on this spot. It is here again customary for the boatmen to impose on strangers, and if they can prevail on them, during their walk to Symond's Yatch, will take the boat round the circuit of five miles, and meet them at New Wier, in order that no time should be lost; but this laziness we by no means encouraged; and the whole course of this extraordinary and romantic sweep proved highly gratifying. Goodrich Spire, which we again wound round, presented itself: huge fragments of massy rocks which have rolled down from the precipices opposite Manuck farm, here almost choked up the course of the stream. The changing attitudes and various hues of Symond's Yatch, lifting its almost spiral head high above the other rocks, as we receded and drew near it, supplied a combination of tints surprisingly gay and beautiful; and having accomplished a sweep of five miles, we reached, within a quarter of a mile, the spot where we began our ascent to this steep eminence.

which, like mane round the lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of nature. Near the top a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has rather a fantastic appearance; but it is not without its effect in marking the scene. A great master in landscape has adorned an imaginary view with a circumstance exactly similar:

Stabat acuta silex, præcisus undique saxis,
 ———dorso insurgens, altissima visu,
 Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum,
 ———prona jugo, lævum incumbbat ad amnem.

ÆN. VIII. 233.

The view of New Wier next unfolded itself; but a disagreeable scene here generally occurs, and interrupts the pleasure of contemplation: a large assemblage of beggars, men, women, and children, on the banks, bare-footed and scarcely a rag to cover them, followed our boat, imploring charity; and several almost throwing themselves into the water, to catch your money, which every now and then the bigger seize from the less.

But I have omitted to mention, that before we reached the New Weir, the spire of Haunton on Wye, cresting a hill at the extremity of a long reach, and a fantastic barren rock, jutting out from the green foliage which encircles it, presenting itself bold and conspicuous, formed prominent and interesting features in the landscape; this is called Bearcroft, receiving its appellation from the very respectable and learned counsellor of that name. Several rocks, indeed, particularly in this part of the river, are named by the council, who have long made it a practice of exploring the rich and bold scenery of the Wye on their assize circuit. Gilpin, considering New Weir as the second grand scene on the Wye, thus describes it:

“ The river is wider than usual in this part, and takes a sweep round a towering promontory of rock, which forms the side screen on the left, and is the grand feature of the view. On the right side of the river the bank forms a woody amphitheatre, following the course of the stream round the promontory: its lower skirts are adorned with a hamlet, in the midst of which volumes of thick smoke thrown up at intervals from an iron forge, as its fires receive fresh fuel, add double grandeur to the scene. But what peculiarly marks this view is a circumstance on the water: the whole river at this place makes a precipitate fall, of no great height, indeed, but enough to merit

the name of a cascade, though to the eye above the stream, it is an object of no consequence. In all the scenes we had yet passed, the water moving with a slow and solemn pace, the objects around kept time, as it were, with it; and every steep, and every rock, which hung over the river, was solemn, tranquil, and majestic. But here the violence of the stream, and the roaring of the waters, impressed a new character on the scene: all was agitation and uproar; and every steep, and every rock stared with wildness and terror."—The accuracy and elegance of this description, drawn by so masterly a pen, I hope will amply compensate for the length of this quotation. The extensive iron works mentioned in this passage belong to Mr. Partridge.

Below the New Weir a continuation of the same rich scenery still arrested our attention, and rocks and wood seemed to contend which should be most conspicuous; till the winding of the river round Doward's Rock, on which was formerly a Roman station, brought us under the house of Mr. Hatley, which commands a view of the river as far as Monmouth, when it is terminated by the town, and bridge of six arches. As we drew near

MONMOUTH,

the house of Dr. Griffin, situated on an eminence, and a banqueting-room erected by the inhabitants of the place, appeared above the town on the left.

The town of Monmouth lies too low to form a grand appearance from the water, but is, in itself, neat and well-built, and pleasantly situated on the banks of the Wye. As we repaired to our inn, we were both involuntarily led to take a retrospect of the past amusements of the day. The partial gleams of sunshine had given additional tints

to the rich and bold scenery, and every thing had conspired to render it a most interesting aquatic excursion. The variety of scenes which Claude would have selected, had he now existed, for his canvass; with rapture, too, would he have caught the tints, and with the happiest effect combined the objects into a picture; kept up our attention, and removed that sameness which too often accompanies water excursions. Such has been the pleasure of our first day's water expedition; and from the impression it made on us we eagerly looked forward to some future period when we may again retrace views which memory will ever hold dear, and the pleasure be then redoubled with the remembrance of past occurrences.

Opposite the Beaufort Arms, the most convenient inn in the town, is the town-house, handsomely built, with a full length statue on the outside, facing the street, with this inscription under it: "Henry the Fifth, born at Monmouth, August the ninth, 1387." On the birth of this warlike and virtuous prince, the charter was granted to the town of Monmouth; it is governed by a mayor, two bailiffs, fifteen aldermen, nine constables, two sergeants, and two beadles. The castle now bears few vestiges of its former grandeur; and of the regal dome, scarcely a wreck has escaped, through the long lapse of years, and the ravages of time: where a mighty king once gave audience, and where vassals knelt, now assemble the animate appendages of a farm-yard.

Near the castle is a very antiquated house, now converted into a school, the property of the Duke of Beaufort. To this town Wihenoc de Monemue, or Monmouth, in the reign of Henry the First, brought over a convent of Black Monks from St. Florence, and placed them first in the church of St. Cadoc near the castle, and

after in the church of St. Mary. It was among other ancient priories seized by the crown during the wars with France, but was restored again, made denison, and continued till the general suppression in the reign of King Henry the Eighth*. From hence we walked to the church-yard; close to which is the room where Geoffery of Monmouth composed his well-known history: this is now a day-school. Monmouth has likewise to boast of a free-school founded here from the following curious circumstance: Mr. Jones, a native of Newland, being in distress, left this parish, and went to London, where he engaged himself as servant to a Hamburgh merchant, and proving trusty in his office, he was by degrees advanced, till at length he attained a fortune of his own. Willing to prove how far the charity of his native place would extend towards him, in disguise he applied for that relief which he was enabled to show towards others; but his parish taking no notice of him, referred him to Monmouth, and would not redress his pretended complaints; the latter, however, being more charitably disposed, relieved him according to his wishes. Having thus proved their generosity, he acquainted them of his real situation, and promised to repay their kindness by obliging them in any demand they should request. On this they solicited the foundation of a free-school, which he immediately built, liberally endowed, and which, from that time, has been well supported. The walk to the Folly, we were informed, would have afforded us some beautiful and extensive prospects; the whole of which information we should probably have found true, but the evening closing we were very reluctantly necessitated to return to our inn.

* Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*.

Early in the morning we renewed our survey of Monmouth. The church first demanded notice : it is a handsome structure, but the inside offers nothing remarkable for the inspection of the antiquary. The gaol, built after the plan of the benevolent Howard, is situated in a healthy spot ; and in every respect rendered as commodious and comfortable as such a place will allow for the unfortunate inhabitants. Monmouth, indeed, contains several good houses, and the neighbourhood is respectable. A bridge at the extremity of the town, with the ancient gateway, bears every mark of antiquity.

The hire of a boat from Monmouth to Chepstow is on the same plan as from Ross to Monmouth, the distance being nearly equal. Nothing now remained but to recommence our water excursion ; and we accordingly embarked a quarter of a mile below the town, where the river Monnow joins itself with the Wye ; from hence Monnow-mouth, or Monmouth. The weather still continued favourable for our schemes : the banks on the left were at first low, but as we receded from the town, the spire of Monmouth in the retrospect, with the Kymin Woods rising from a rock of great height on our left, under which the river meanders, and to our right Pen-y-vall Hill engaged our attention, and was the bold and rich scenery we enjoyed on our first re-embarkation.

The same scenery of rock, wood, and water, which so captivated us on the preceding day, still continued, occasionally diversified by light vessels skimming by our boat, and increasing in number as we approached nearer the sea. The rude hail of the boatmen as they passed, was re-echoed by the rocks ; and the dingy white sails of the vessels, which soon disappeared round some bold promontory, were particularly picturesque. Coleman's

Rocks appeared alternately mantled with underwood and pointed crags; large fragments scattered in the river here divide the counties of Monmouth and Gloucester. At Redbrook Hills, the curling smoke issuing from the iron-works formed a pleasing accompaniment to the scenery, and the whole exhibited a picture of industrious labour. These works belong to Mr. Turner: the wood and meadow-land of Whitebrook Hills were finely contrasted with the busy scene at Redbrook. From hence a long reach, with Fidenham Chase Hill rising conspicuously in the front, brought us to the village of

LLANDOGO,

diversified with cottages from the base to the highest summit of the sloping eminence. This village is about nine miles from Monmouth, and arrests particular observation: here vessels of considerable burden were loading with iron and other commodities for various ports. The appearance of the river here changed; the translucent stream, which had hitherto alternately reflected, as in a mirror, the awful projection of the rocks, and the soft flowery verdure of its banks, was affected by the influence of the tide, and rendered turbid and unpleasant to the sight.

A turn of the river soon brought us to the village of

TINTERN,

where we observed the ruins of a mansion belonging to Mr. Farmer of Monmouth. This house appears of an old date, and might probably claim the attention of the curious antiquary, was he not so wrapt up in contemplating the venerable abbey, which presents its Gothic pile in solemn majesty. This august building, great in ruins,

and awfully grand in appearance, impels the stranger, as it were imperceptibly, to land and inspect its noble arches, tottering pillars, and highly-finished windows : the specimens of ancient architecture, which formerly were delicately wrought by the hand of art, are now finely decked by that of nature. On our first entrance our attention was too much engrossed to exchange the mutual communication of thought ; but the care which has been officiously taken to remove every fragment lying scattered through the immense area of the fabric, and the smoothness of the shorn grass, which no scythe should have dared to clip, in a great measure perverts the character of the scene : these circumstances but ill accord with the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin, which has braved the pitiless storms of so many centuries. In this respect we by no means agreed with Mr. Gilpin, who thus describes it : “ We excuse—perhaps we approve—the neatness that is introduced within. It may add to the beauty of the scene—to its novelty it undoubtedly does.” But when this disgust was a little abated, we indulged those reflections which scenes of ancient grandeur naturally recall.

This beautiful ruin is cruciform, measuring two hundred and thirty feet in length, and thirty-three in breadth ; the transept is one hundred and sixty feet long*. This Cisterian Abbey was founded by Walter de Clare in the year 1131, and dedicated to St. Mary in the reign of King Henry VIII. It experienced the same fate with many other monasteries, and was granted at its dissolution to the Earl of Worcester in the year 1537.

“ As the Abbey of Tintern,” says the author of the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, “ is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our Gothic monu-

* Warner's first Walk through Wales.

ments, so is the situation one of the most sequestered and delightful. One more abounding in that peculiar kind of scenery, which excites the mingled sensations of content, religion, and enthusiasm, it is impossible to behold. There every arch infuses a solemn energy, as it were, into inanimate nature : a sublime antiquity breathes mildly into the heart ; and the soul, pure and passionless, appears susceptible of that state of tranquillity, which is the perfection of every earthly wish. Never has Colonna wandered among the woods, surrounding this venerable ruin, standing on the banks of a river, almost as sacred to the imagination as the spot, where the Cephissus and the Ilyssus mingle their waters, but he has wished himself a landscape-painter. He has never sat upon its broken columns and beheld its mutilated fragments ; and its waving arches and pillars, decorated with festoons of ivy ; but he has formed the wish to forsake the world, and resign himself entirely to the tranquil studies of philosophy. Is there a man, my Lelius, too rich, too great, too powerful, for these emotions ? Is there one too ignorant, too vain and too presumptuous to indulge them ? Envy him not ! From him the pillars of Palmyra would not draw one sigh ; the massacre of Glencoe, the matins of Moscow, or the Sicilian vespers, would elicit no tear."

As we receded from the banks, Tintern Abbey, with the Gothic fret-work of the eastern window, seemingly bound together by the treillage of ivy, appeared in the most pleasing point of view ; sloping hills and rich woods forming a fine back-ground. As we drew nearer

CHEPSTOW,

some most noble rocks, "Nature's proud bastions," opened upon us to the left, grander than any we had hitherto

admired, and which we had previously determined were inconceivably fine, and surpassed any idea we had formed of the channel of this romantic river. To add to the magnificence of the whole, the setting sun tinged the rocks with the most resplendent colours, and the dewy freshness of the evening improved the charm of the scene; the one enchanting the sense, the other refreshing it. The lofty Wynd Cliff to the right; and Piercefield, with the curious projecting rocks, called the Twelve Apostles and Peter's Thumb, heighten to the very extent of beauty this noble view; gratifying beyond measure to the admirer of nature. Another reach brought us in sight of Chepstow Castle on a prominent rock, of which it seemed to form a part; noble in situation, and grand in appearance. The handsome new bridge, the rocks, and the scarce visible town, here made a most charming picture: this we enjoyed exceedingly, but regretted a few more minutes would set us on shore, and conclude our excursion on the Wye; an excursion, which, the farther we proceeded the more we were interested; and so much so, as to determine a renewal of this pleasing tour another summer. The former wooden bridge over the Wye at this place was of very singular construction; the boards forming the flooring were all designedly loose, but prevented by pegs, fastened at the extremity of them, from being carried away by the tide, and by that ingenious contrivance they gradually rose and fell with it, which is here frequently known to rise to the extraordinary height of seventy feet.

Not having visited the church in consequence of the bad weather at the commencement of our tour, we determined now to inspect it. The entrance through the western door is an elegant specimen of Saxon architecture,

richly wrought, with three arches; in the inside is the monument of Henry Marten, one of the regicides who presided at the condemnation of King Charles I., and was confined in the castle twenty years. A curious carved one to the Marquis of Worcester and lady, though not buried here; and another of the date 1620, to the memory of Mrs. Clayton and her two husbands, both kneeling. This church originally belonged to the alien benedictine priory of Strigule, but was converted at the Reformation into the parish church of Chepstow.

Admittance to the celebrated walks of Piercefield can only be obtained on Tuesdays and Fridays. To survey these with that attention which they deserve would occupy several hours; the liveliest description cannot do justice to the rich and bold scenery, with all its accompaniments; the eye can alone receive the impression, for,

“ How long soe'er the wand'rer roves, each step
 Shall wake fresh beauties, each short point presents
 A diff'rent picture; new, and yet the same.”

“ The winding of the precipice (says Gilpin) is the magical secret by which all these enchanting scenes are produced.” At one point, both above and below, as far as the eye can reach, rolls in majestic windings the river Wye: at another, the Severn, hastening to meet “ its sister river,” is discovered, till at last they are both lost in the Bristol Channel: at another, these scenes are concealed, and thick woods, apparently coeval with time itself, and a long range of rock, burst upon “ the wanderer” with irresistible beauty and attraction. The occasional recurrence also of the rude beach, overshadowed by some umbrageous tree, and concealed from the steep pre-

cipice below by thick underwood, allow only glimpses of the surrounding scenery.

I have thus brought my Tour to a conclusion ; a Tour, which has been productive of much amusement, and, I hope, not entirely devoid of advantage. It only remains, therefore, for me to add, that the two friends, having completed a pedestrian circuit of near eight hundred miles, parted with mutual regret, jointly exclaiming,

“ Cambria, as thy romantic vales we leave,
And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
Where fond attention seems to linger still,
Tracing the broad bright landscape ; much we grieve
That mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
We may return thy varied views to mark.”

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANION OF MY TOUR.

O BALMY comfort through this varied maze
Of life ! thou best physician to the breast,
With deep affliction's venom'd sting opprest,
A thousand arts, a thousand winning ways
Are thine, to smooth the rugged brow of care,
And mitigate misfortune's keenest hour :
Yes, A....., partner of my Cambrian Tour,
Friend of my heart, how gladly do I share
Thy confidence ; whate'er my part may be
Hereafter on this shifting stage of life,
This busy theatre of jarring strife,
May health and happiness attend both thee
And thine!—on One, thy Heav'nly guardian, trust,
Nor doubt protection—all His ways are just.

SONNET II.

THE CONTRAST OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY;

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

How gay was yesterday !—no storm was heard
To mutter round thy steep—yon sun arose
With golden splendor, and in still repose
Nature majestic through her works appear'd.
To-day how chang'd—loud howls the hollow blast !
The thin mists undulate ! thy tow'ring height
Is veil'd in tempest and eternal night !
So 'tis with man ! contrasting prospects past
With dreams of future happiness—to-day
In gallant trim his little bark may glide
On the smooth current of the tranquil tide :
To-morrow comes !—the gathering storms display
A sad vicissitude—the whirlwind's sweep
Grasps at its prey, and whelms it in the deep.

SONNET III.

ON LEAVING WALES.

WHY bursts the tear, as, Cambria, now I leave
Thy wild variety of dale and hill,
Where fancy, fond intruder, lingers still?
Why do these parting sighs my bosom heave?
'Tis that, alas! I ne'er may view again
Those haunts, those solitary scenes I love;
But through this vale of tears forsaken rove,
And taste the sad vicissitudes of pain:
'Tis that I sadly breathe a warm adieu
To long-lost scenes of mutual amity;
'Tis that I turn, my absent friend, to thee,
"Think on past pleasures, and solicit new!"
For thee my fervent prayers to Heaven ascend,
And may we meet again as friend to friend.

SONNET IV.

TO THE WELSH HARP.

LOVED instrument ! again repeat those sounds,
Those plaintive airs, that through my senses steal
With melancholy sweet. Their pow'r I feel
Soothing my sadness, healing sorrow's wounds.
Gently thou lull'st my suff'rings to repose,
Inclin'st my heart to ev'ry virtuous deed ;
Removing from my mind each dark'ning shade
That clouds my days, increasing all my woes.
Now swelling with the breeze, along thy vales,
Romantic Cambria ! the strain I hear,
Then dying soft away, comes o'er my ear
In whispers soft, still wafted by thy gales !
Loved instrument ! again repeat those sounds,
Soothing my sadness, healing sorrow's wounds.

SONNET V.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY MOON-LIGHT,
ON THE SEA-SHORE AT TENBY.

I LOVE to mark the silver-curling spray
Just kiss the pebbled shore ; the zephyr blows,
And ocean slumbers in serene repose ;
While the moon's beams in quiv'ring radiance play
Upon its surface : yet ere long, that tide
May heave its foaming billows to the shore,
And the sea boil in one tempestuous roar.
See here thy picture, man ! reason, thy guide,
Can lull each gust of passion into rest !
Her aid divine, her energy once lost,
In what a sea of angry tumults tost,
Raves the mad whirlwind of thy troubled breast !
Blind passion then can reason's aid refute,
And degradate the man to worse than brute.

SONNET VI.

ON SEEING LLANGOLLEN VALE.

O THOU, too captious of each airy scheme,
Fancy ! thou dear delusive traitor, say,
Are not thy charms the phantoms of a day,
That mock possession, like a fleeting dream ?
Here could I spend, if such had been my lot,
Quiet my life ; nor should the shiv'ring poor
Depart unfed, unaided, from my door.
“ Content is wealth,” the emblem of my cot.
Here, by the brook, that gently babbles by,
Should stand my garden ; there, the blushing rose
And woodbine should their sweetest scent disclose.
But ah ! farewell these dreams ;—my big full eye
Swells with the bursting tear—I think, how few
The road to real happiness pursue !

SONNET VII.

PROSPECT OF SUN-RISE FROM SNOWDON.

How grand the scene from this stupendous height !
How awfully sublime ! the king of day
Flames in the east ; old Ocean's waves display
One globe of fire ! one boundless flood of light !
With what unclouded lustre blaze the skies !
While Mona's flats tinged with a golden hue,
Burst with transcendant beauty on the view ;
And, Man *, thy scarce seen mountains proudly rise.
Nature beneath, seems prostrate ; and my sight
Can hardly grasp the vast immensity !
Can then the muse attempt to sing of thee,
Nature's great God ! Father of life and light !
Who bade the sun his annual circle roll,
Who guides, directs, and animates the whole.

* The isles of Anglesea and Man are discovered from Snowdon.

SONNET VIII.

TO MY DOG.

Yes, thou hast been companion of my Tour,
And partner of my toils ! hast rov'd with me
Through Cambria's rude and wild variety,
And often sooth'd the solitary hour
With thy caresses ; yet false man can claim
Superior reason, claim a mind endued
With love, with faithfulness and gratitude ;
Love a mere sound, and gratitude a name.
Yes, faithful creature ! and when thou art gone,
With fond attention shall thy bones be laid ;
And a small tribute to thy memory paid
In these few words, engraven on thy stone :
" Here let in peace the faithful Sylvio lie,
The truest picture of fidelity."

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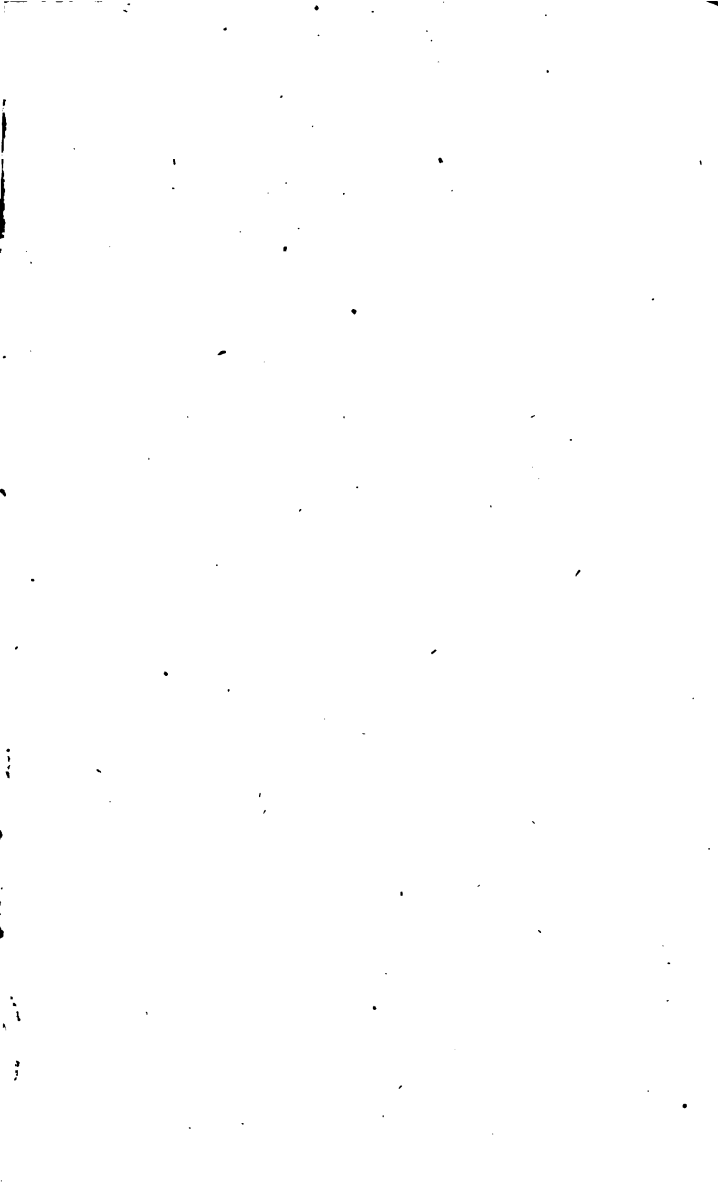
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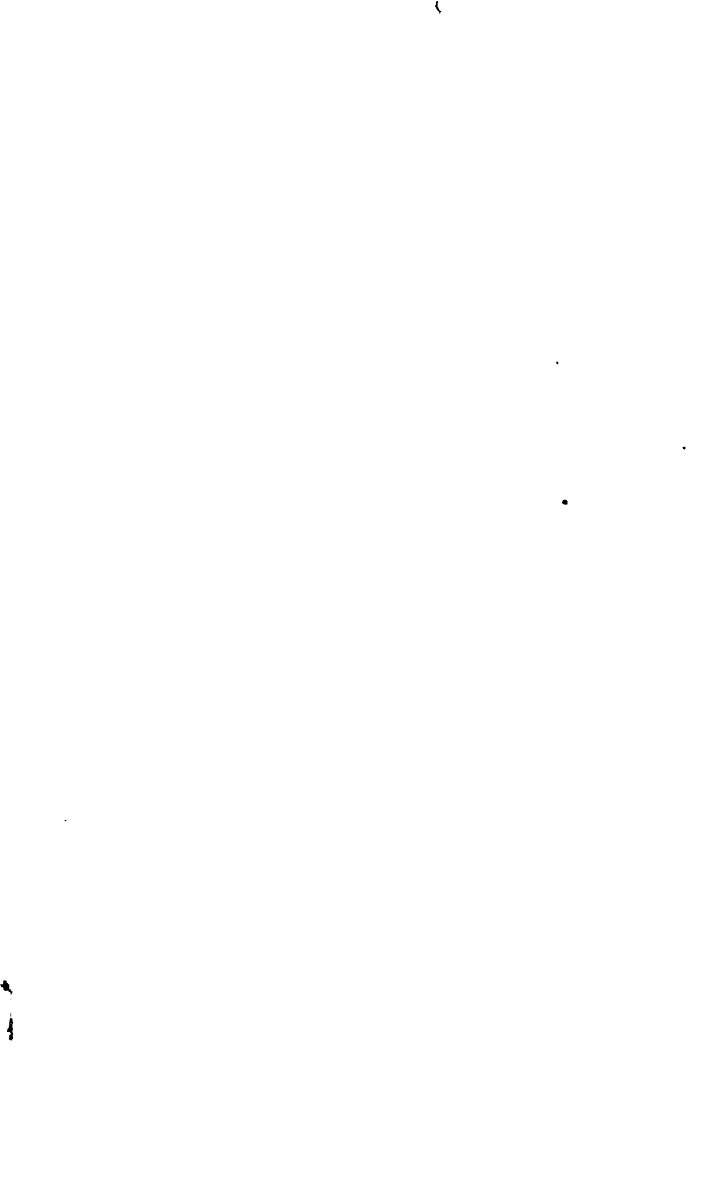
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